The Poetical Works of Robert Burns

The Poetical Works of

ROBERT BURNS

"There's wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between."
—OF A' THE AIRTS.

The Poetical Works of
ROBERT BURNS

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CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON

Volume Four

Songs with Music

LONDON MCM IX
THE GRESHAM PUBLISHING COMPANY
Thirty-four and Thirty-five Southampton Street Strand

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PREFATORY NOTE

The main object kept in view in the present edition, of the music to the songs of Burns, has been to make it useful to as wide a circle of singers as possible.

To that end a selection only of songs has been made, excluding those which were unsuitable for general use, or in little demand.

The melodies adopted, and to some extent the forms of these melodies, have been those which seemed most in use at the present day. They are not always the original melodies. It is recognized that many of the airs for which Burns wrote his songs are, owing to their instrumental character and wide compass, unsuitable for singing; while the forms of others have undergone many changes by successive generations of singers. In cases of doubt a preference has usually been given to the older and more characteristic forms. The keys have been kept as low as possible, so as to suit the greatest number of voices, and alternative forms in small notes have been frequently suggested.

In the accompaniments, simplicity along with harmonic interest has been the aim. Elaboration of any sort has been avoided, so as to make them a support and not an embarrassment to the singer, and in order to present no difficulty to an average player. They have not been overloaded with marks of expression or phrasing, as considerable freedom must be allowed to the taste of the singer, and to that the accompaniment must be subordinate.

H. C. M.

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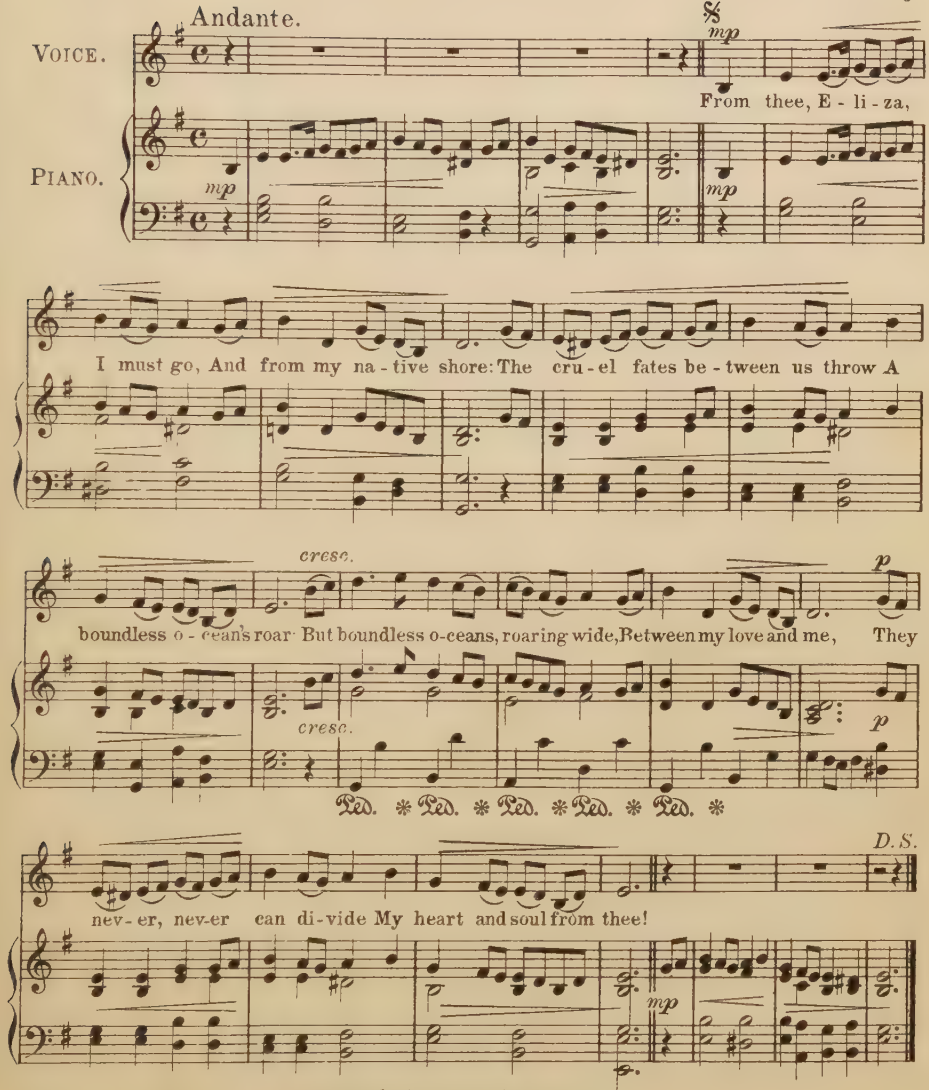
SONGS

With Music

Eliza.

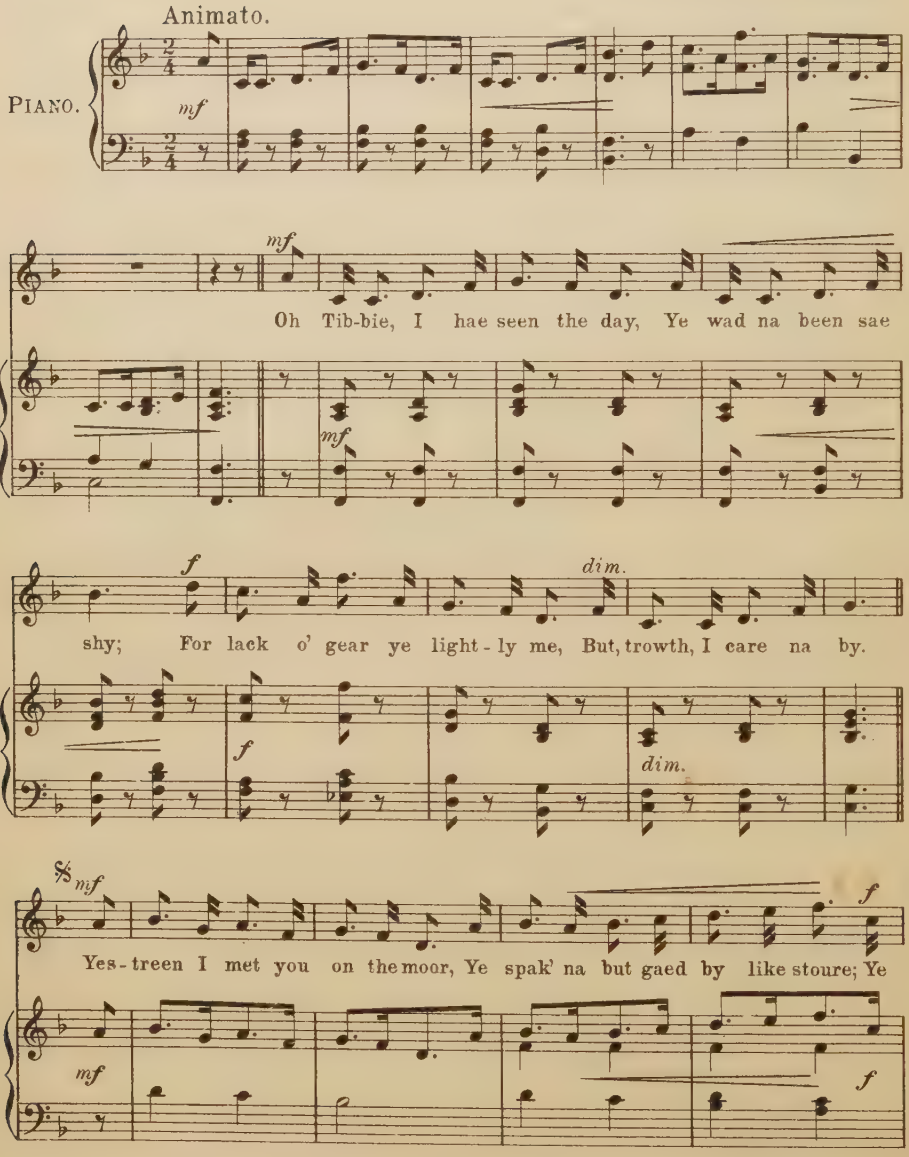
Tune: *"Gilderoy."*

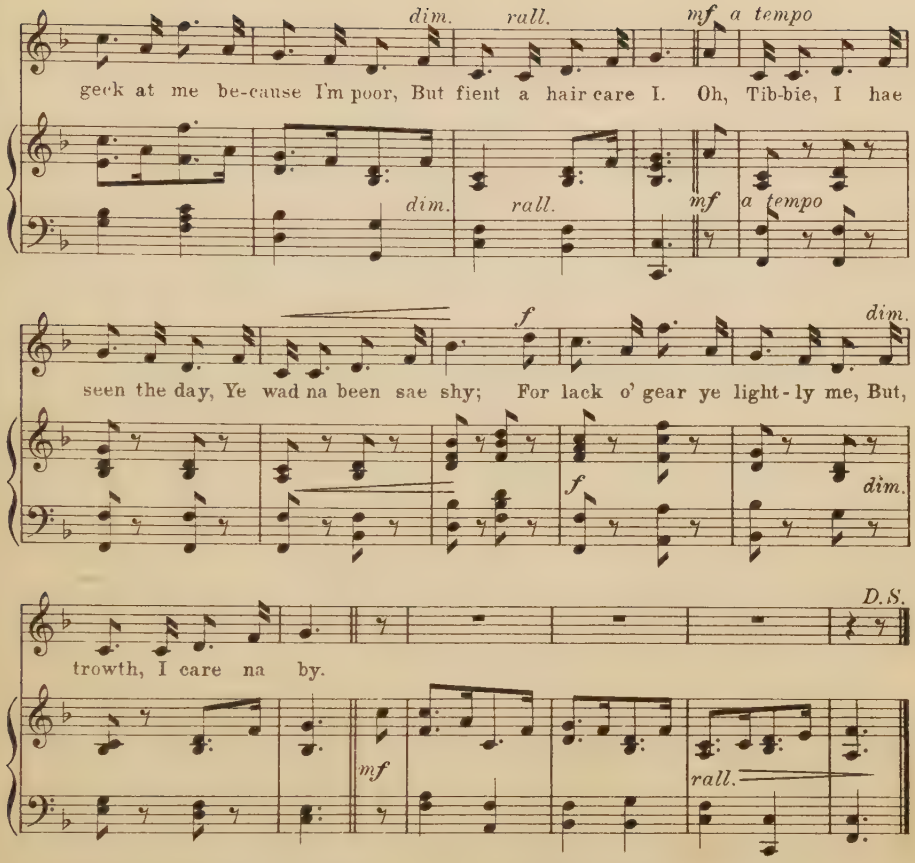

Andante.
VOICE.
PIANO.
mp
From thee, E - li - za,
I must go, And from my na - tive shore: The cru - el fates be - tween us throw A
cresc.
p
boundless o - cean's roar But boundless o-ceans, roaring wide, Between my love and me, They
cresc.
p
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
D.S.
nev - er, nev-er can di-vide My heart and soul from thee!
mp

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!

Tibbie, I hae seen the day.

Tune: *"Invercauld's Reel."*


Animato.
PIANO.
mf
Oh Tib-bie, I hae seen the day, Ye wad na been sae
shy; For lack o' gear ye light-ly me, But, trowth, I care na by.
dim.
Yes-treen I met you on the moor, Ye spak' na but gaed by like stoure; Ye



Yestreen I met you on the moor,
Ye spak' na, but gaed by like stoure;
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
But fient a hair care I.
Oh, Tibbie, &c.

When comin' hame on Sunday last,
Upon the road as I cam' past,
Ye snufft an' gae your head a cast,
But, trowth, I care't na by.
Oh, Tibbie, &c.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.
Oh, Tibbie, &c.

But sorrow tak' him that's sae mean,
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean
That looks sae proud and high.
Oh, Tibbie, &c.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry.
Oh, Tibbie, &c.

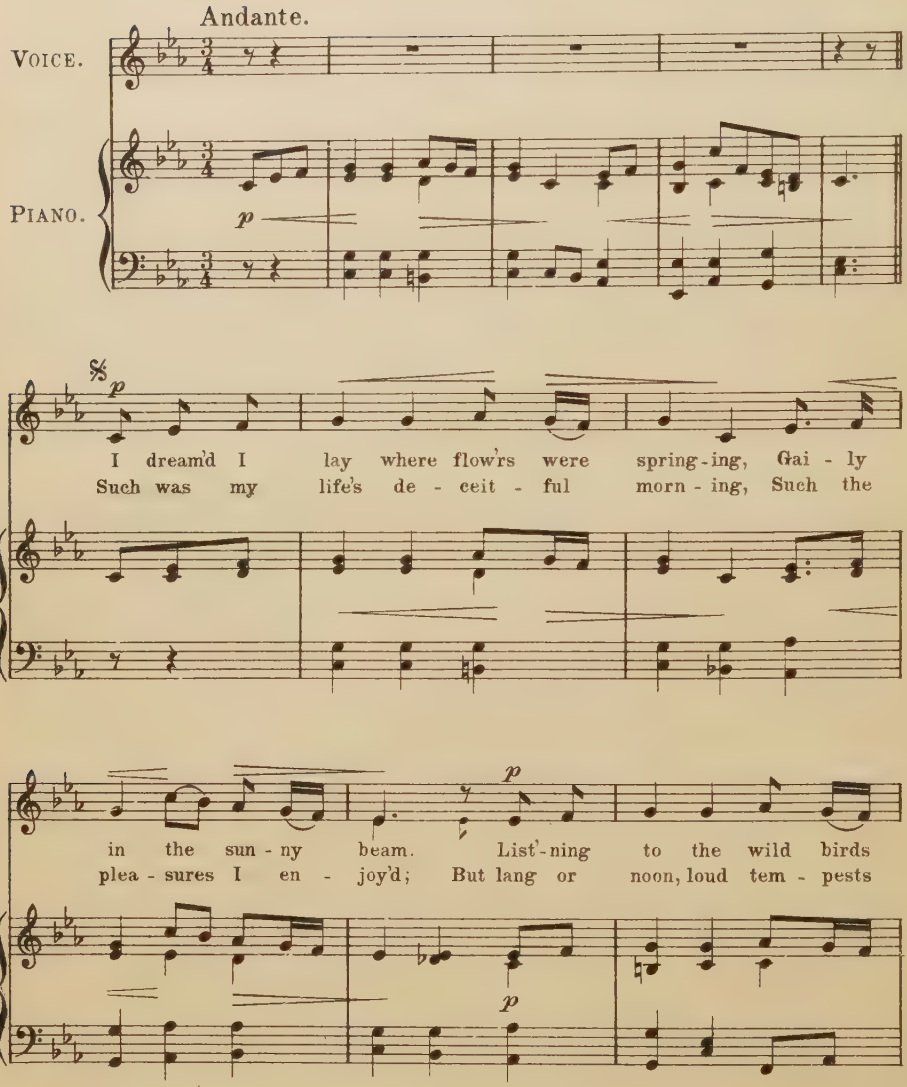
But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear,
Be better than the kye.
Oh, Tibbie, &c.

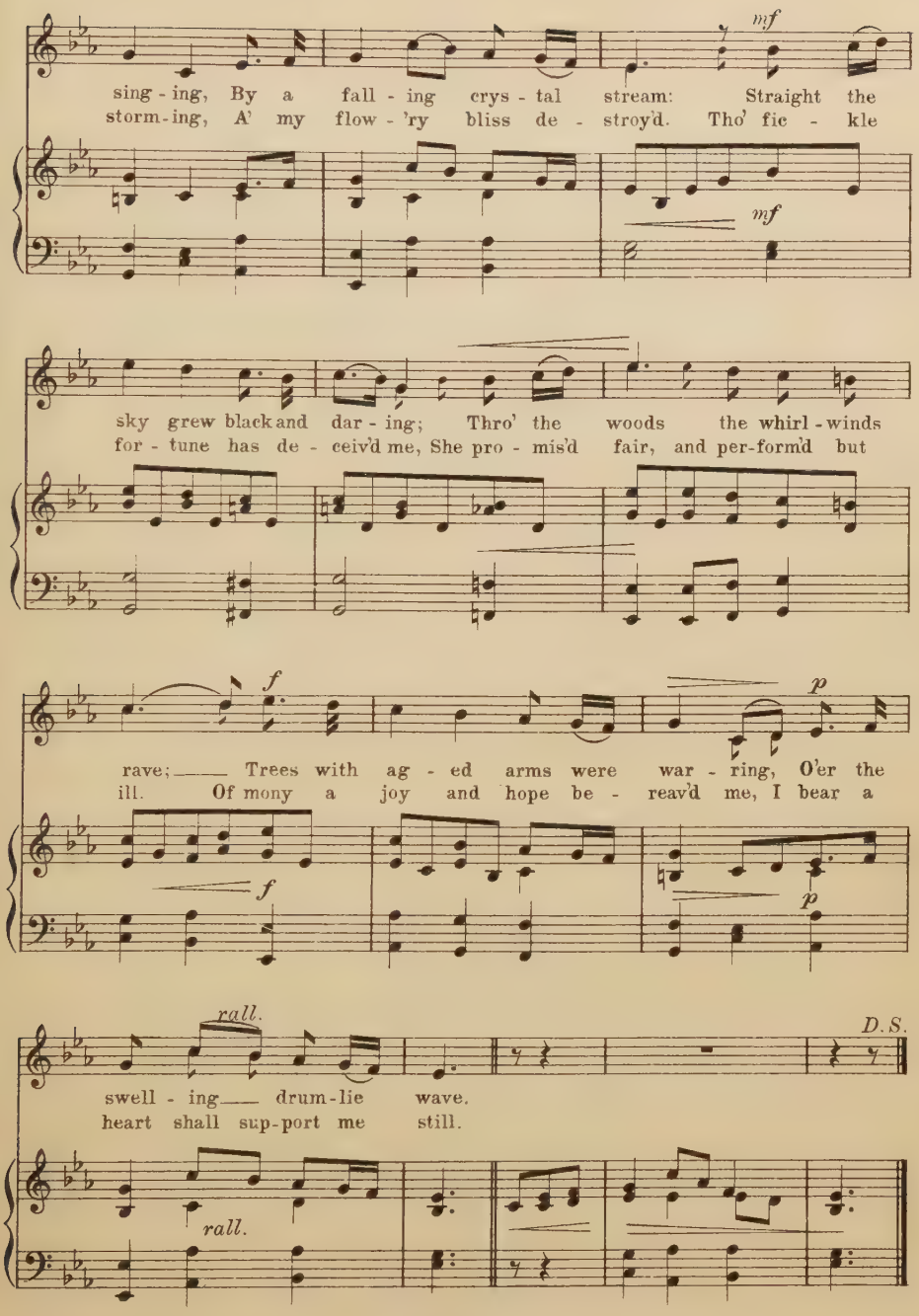
But, Tibbie, lass, tak' my advice,
Your daddie's gear mak's you sae nice;
The deil a ane wad speir your price,
Were ye as poor as I.
Oh, Tibbie, &c.

There lives a lass beside yon park,
I'd rather hae her in her sark,
Than you wi' a' your thousand mark;
That gars you look sae high.
Oh, Tibbie, &c.

I dream'd I lay.

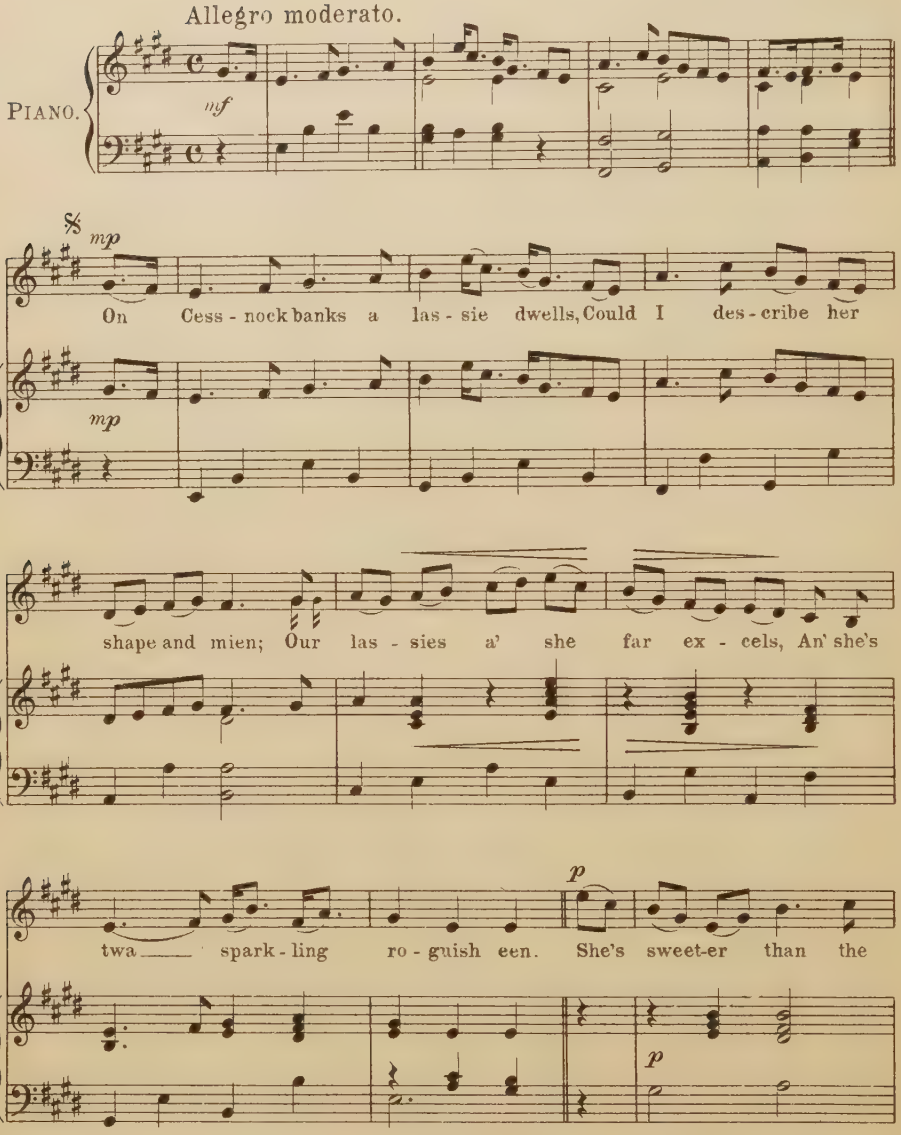
Tune: *"I dream'd I lay."*

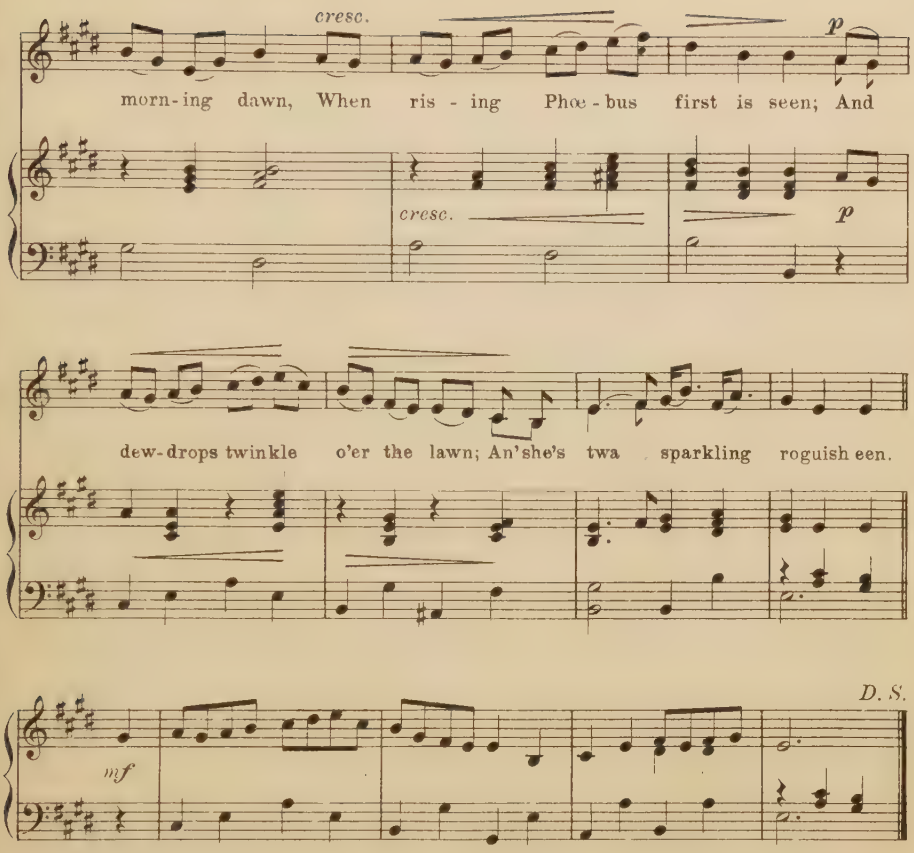

Andante.
VOICE.
PIANO.
p
I dream'd I lay where flow'rs were spring-ing, Gai - ly
Such was my life's de - ceit - ful morn - ing, Such the
in the sun - ny beam. List'-ning to the wild birds
plea - sures I en - joy'd; But lang or noon, loud tem - pests


mf
sing - ing, By a fall - ing crys - tal stream: Straight the
storm - ing, A' my flow - 'ry bliss de - stroy'd. Tho' fic - kle
mf
sky grew black and dar - ing; Thro' the woods the whirl - winds
for - tune has de - ceiv'd me, She pro - mis'd fair, and per-form'd but
f
p
rave; Trees with ag - ed arms were war - ring, O'er the
ill. Of mony a joy and hope be - reav'd me, I bear a
f
p
rall.
D.S.
swell - ing drum - lie wave.
heart shall sup-port me still.
rall.

On Cessnock Banks.

Tune: *"The Cardin' o't."*


Allegro moderato.
PIANO.
mf
mp
On Cess - nock banks a las - sie dwells, Could I des - cribe her
mp
shape and mien; Our las - sies a' she far ex - cels, An' she's
p
twa spark - ling ro - guish een. She's sweet-er than the
p



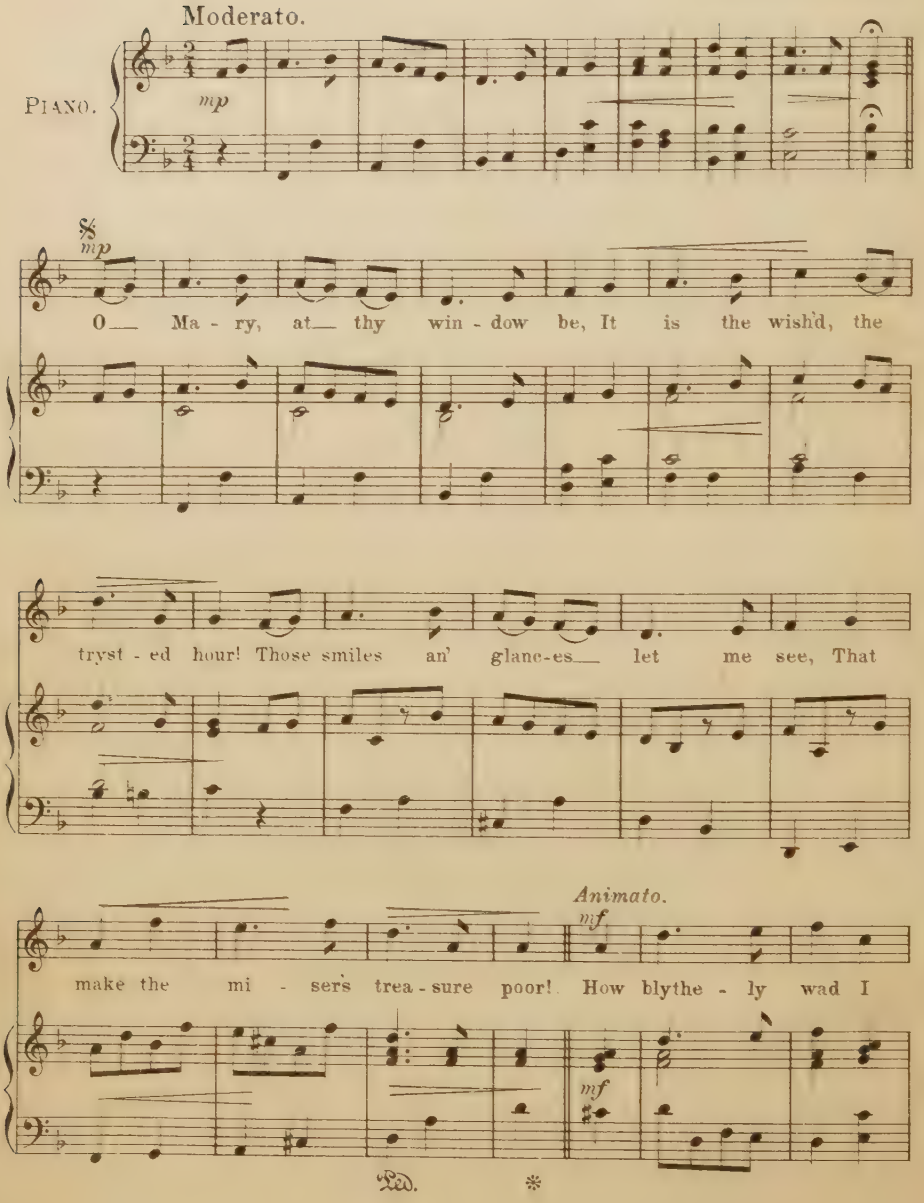
She's stately like yon youthful ash,
That grows the cowslip braes between,
An' drinks the stream with vigour fresh,
An' she's twa sparkling roguish een.
She's spotless like the flowering thorn,
With flowers so white and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn;
An' she's twa sparkling roguish een.

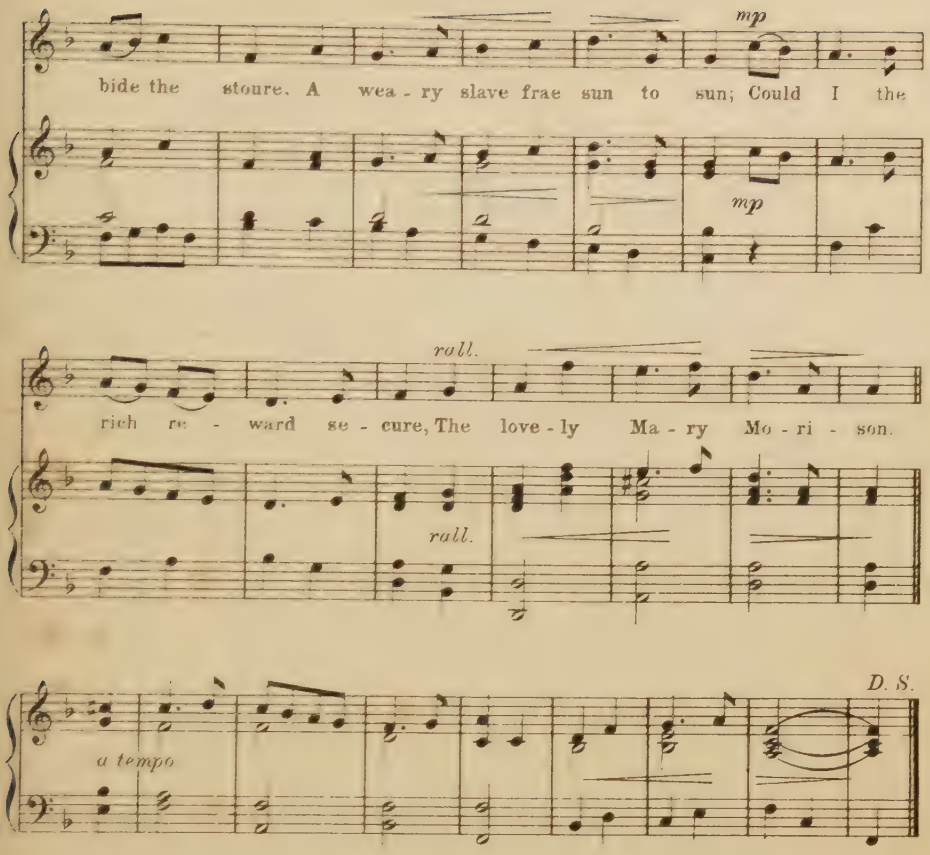
Her looks are like the vernal May,
When ev'ning Phœbus shines serene;
While birds rejoice in every spray;
An' she's twa sparkling roguish een.
Her hair is like the curling mist
That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en,
When flow'r-reviving rains are past;
An' she's twa sparkling roguish een.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush,
That sings on Cessnock banks unseen;
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
An' she's twa sparkling roguish een.
But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen,
'Tis the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
An' chiefly in her roguish een.

Mary Morison.

Tune: "*The millér.*"


Moderato.
Piano.
mp
O — Ma - ry, at — thy win - dow be, It is the wish'd, the
tryst - ed hour! Those smiles an' glanc-es — let me see, That
Animato.
mf
make the mi - ser's trea - sure poor! How blythe - ly wad I
mf

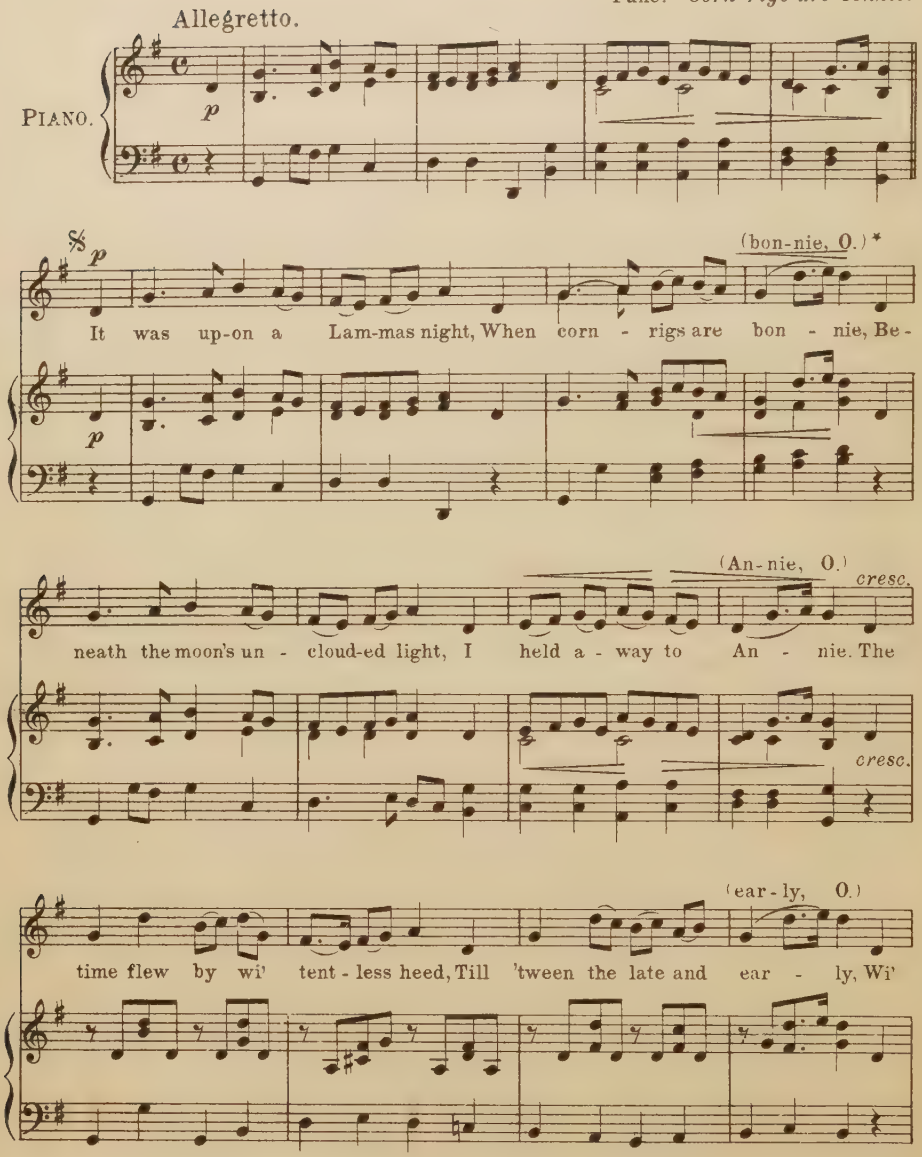

mp
bide the stoure. A wea - ry slave frae sun to sun; Could I the
mp
rall.
rich re - ward se - cure, The love - ly Ma - ry Mo - ri - son.
rall.
D. S.
a tempo

Yestreen, when, to the trembling string,
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

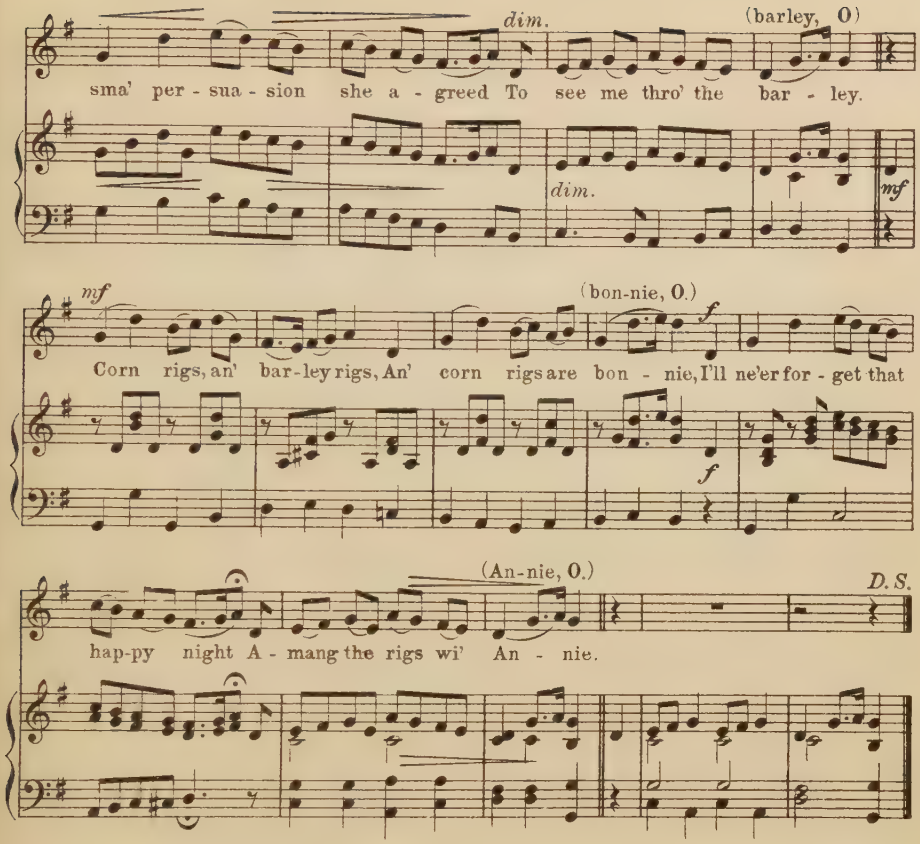
O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

The Rigs o' Barley.

Tune: *"Corn rigs are bonnie."*


Allegretto.
PIANO.
p
It was up-on a Lam-mas night, When corn - rigs are bon - nie, Be-
(bon-nie, O.)*
neath the moon's un - cloud-ed light, I held a - way to An - nie. The
(An-nie, O.)
cresc.
time flew by wi' tent - less heed, Till 'tween the late and ear - ly, Wi'
(ear-ly, O.)

* This alteration is now very commonly used.


dim.
(barley, O)
sma' per - sua - sion she a - greed To see me thro' the bar - ley.
dim.
mf
mf
(bon-nie, O.)
f
Corn rigs, an' bar-ley rigs, An' corn rigs are bon - nie, I'll ne'er for - get that
f
(An-nie, O.)
D.S.
hap-py night A - mang the rigs wi' An - nie.

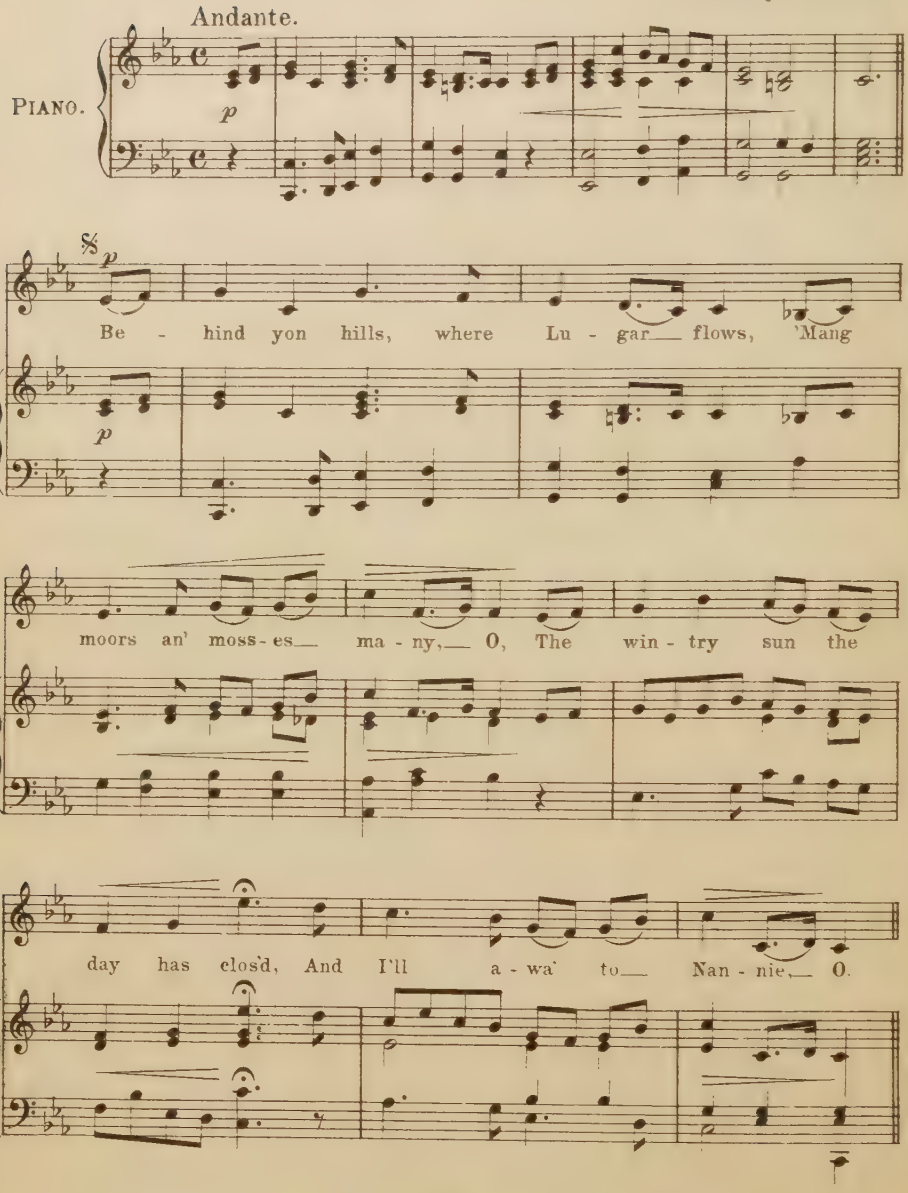
The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly:
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley:
I ken't her heart was a' my ain:
I lov'd her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, &c.

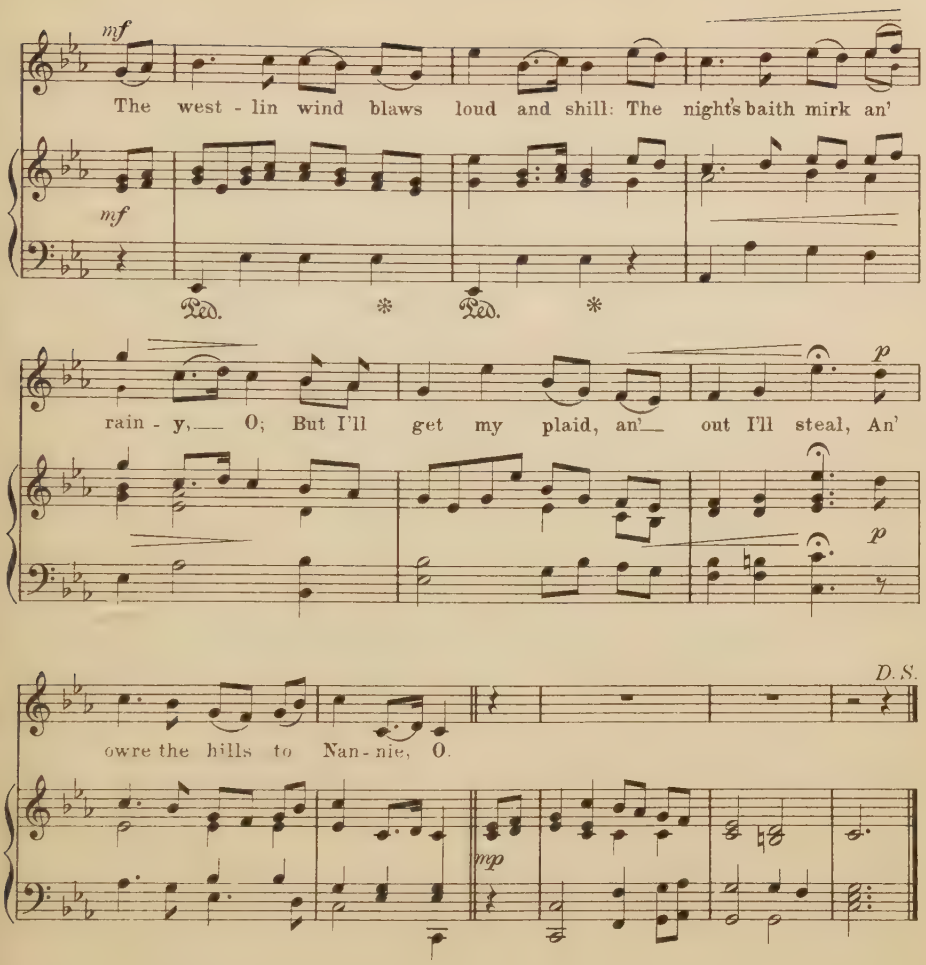
I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely:
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley!
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly!
She aye shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, &c.

I ha'e been blythe wi' comrades dear;
I ha'e been merry drinkin';
I ha'e been joyfu' gatherin' gear;
I ha'e been happy thinkin':
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubled fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, &c.

My Nannie, O.

Tune: *"My Nannie, O."*


Andante.
PIANO.
p
Be - hind yon hills, where Lu - gar flows, 'Mang
moors an' moss-es ma - ny, O, The win - try sun the
day has clos'd, And I'll a - wa' to Nan - nie, O.


mf
The west - lin wind blaws loud and shill: The night's baith mirk an'
mf
Ped. * Ped. *
p
rain - y, O; But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal, An'
p
D.S.
owre the hills to Nan - nie, O.
mp

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young:
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
She's spotless as she's bonnie, O:
The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
And few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be?
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

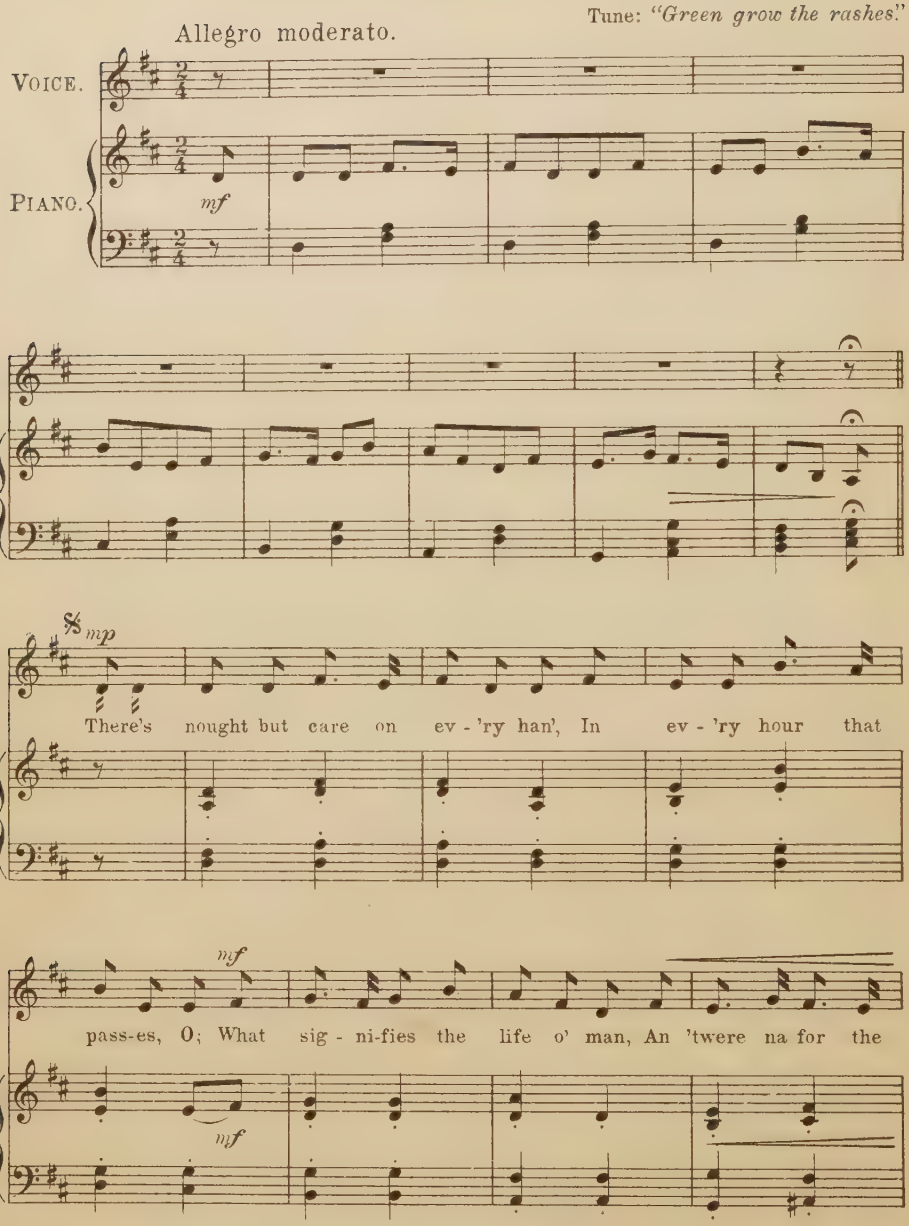
My riches a' 's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

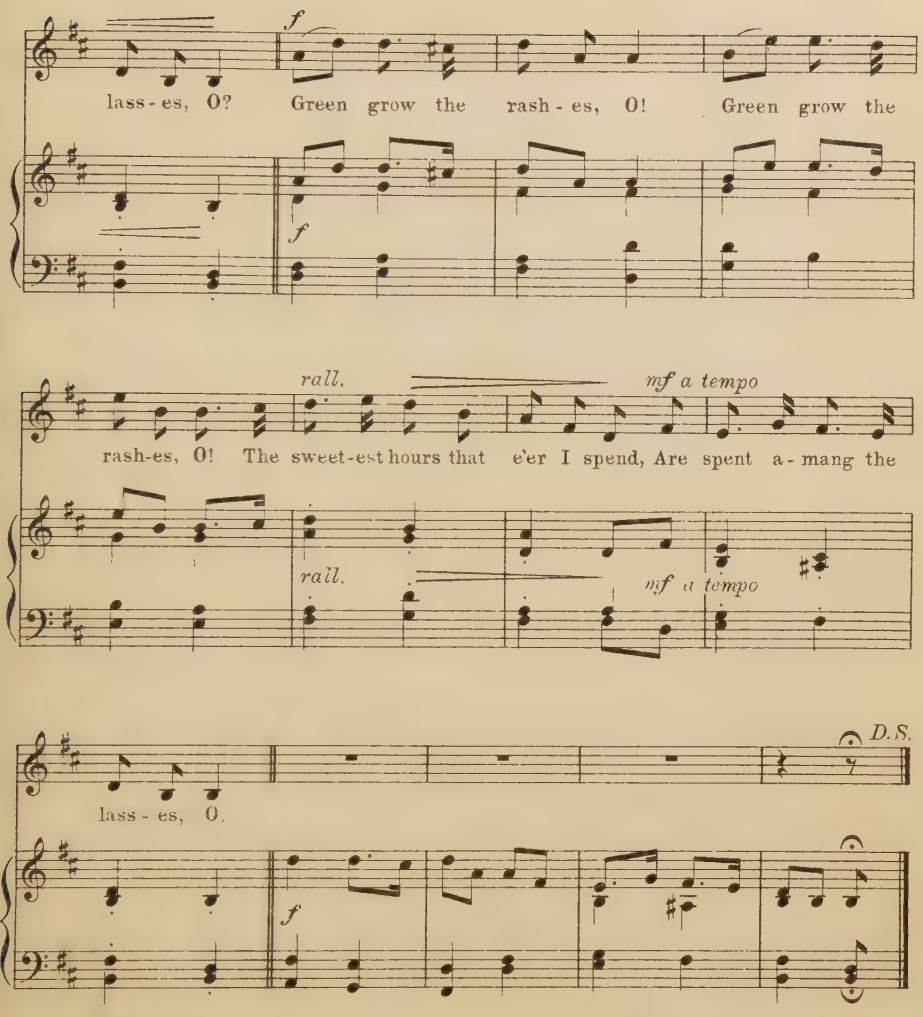
Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak' what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nannie, O.

Green grow the rashes.

Tune: *"Green grow the rashes."*


Allegro moderato.
Voice.
Piano.
mf
mp
There's nought but care on ev - 'ry han', In ev - 'ry hour that
mf
pass-es, O; What sig - ni-fies the life o' man, An 'twere na for the
mf


lass - es, O?
Green grow the rash - es, O!
Green grow the
rall.
mf a tempo
rash-es, O! The sweet-est hours that e'er I spend, Are spent a - mang the
rall.
mf a tempo
D.S.
lass - es, O.

The war'ly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

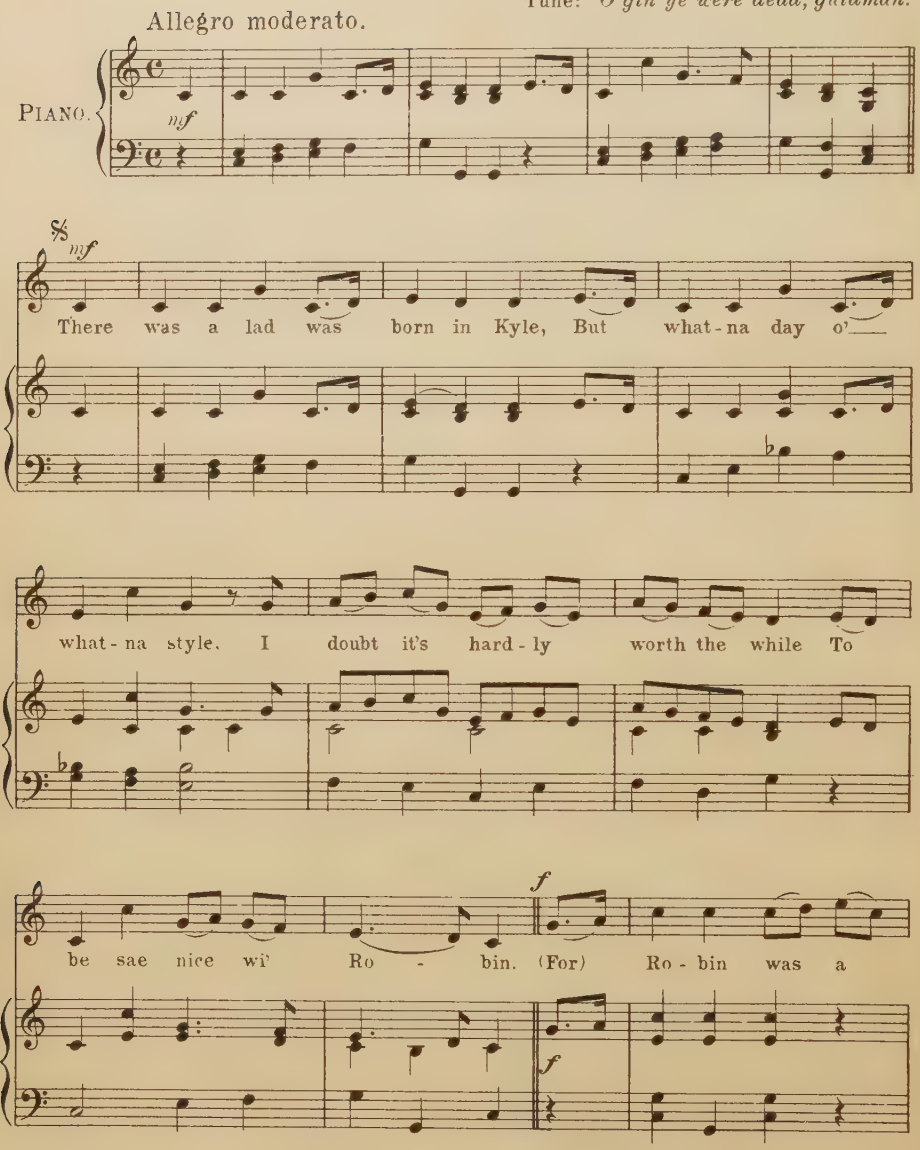
But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' war'ly cares, and war'ly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!
Green grow, &c.

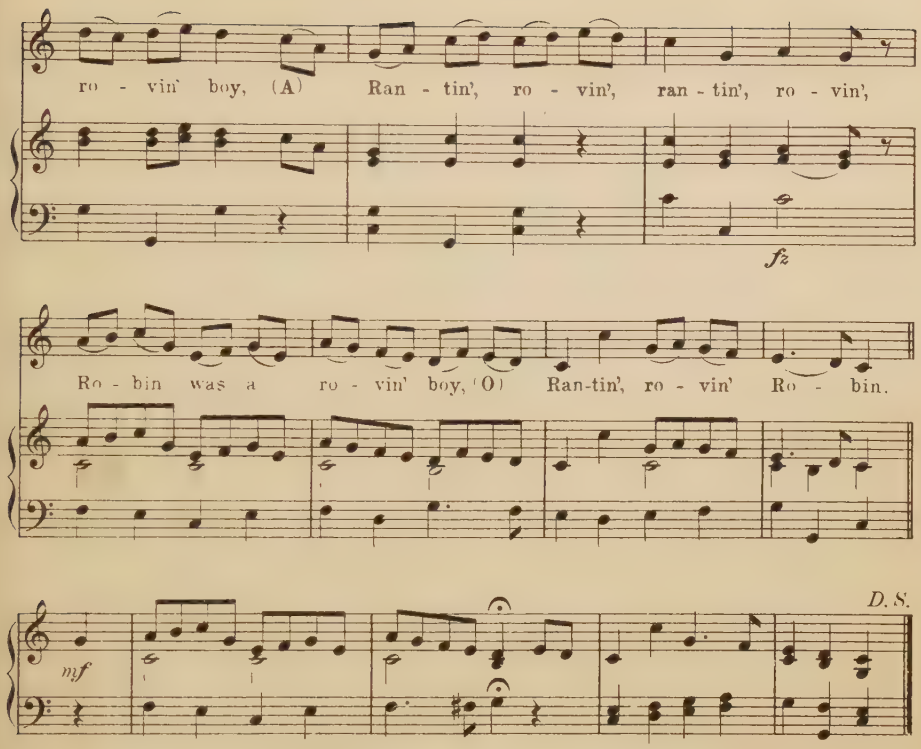
For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

Rantin' Rovin' Robin.

Tune: *"O gin ye were dead, guidman."*


Allegro moderato.
Piano.
mf
There was a lad was born in Kyle, But what-na day o'
what-na style, I doubt it's hard-ly worth the while To
be sae nice wi' Ro - bin. (For) Ro-bin was a



Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five and twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win'
Blew hansel in on Robin.
Robin was, &c.

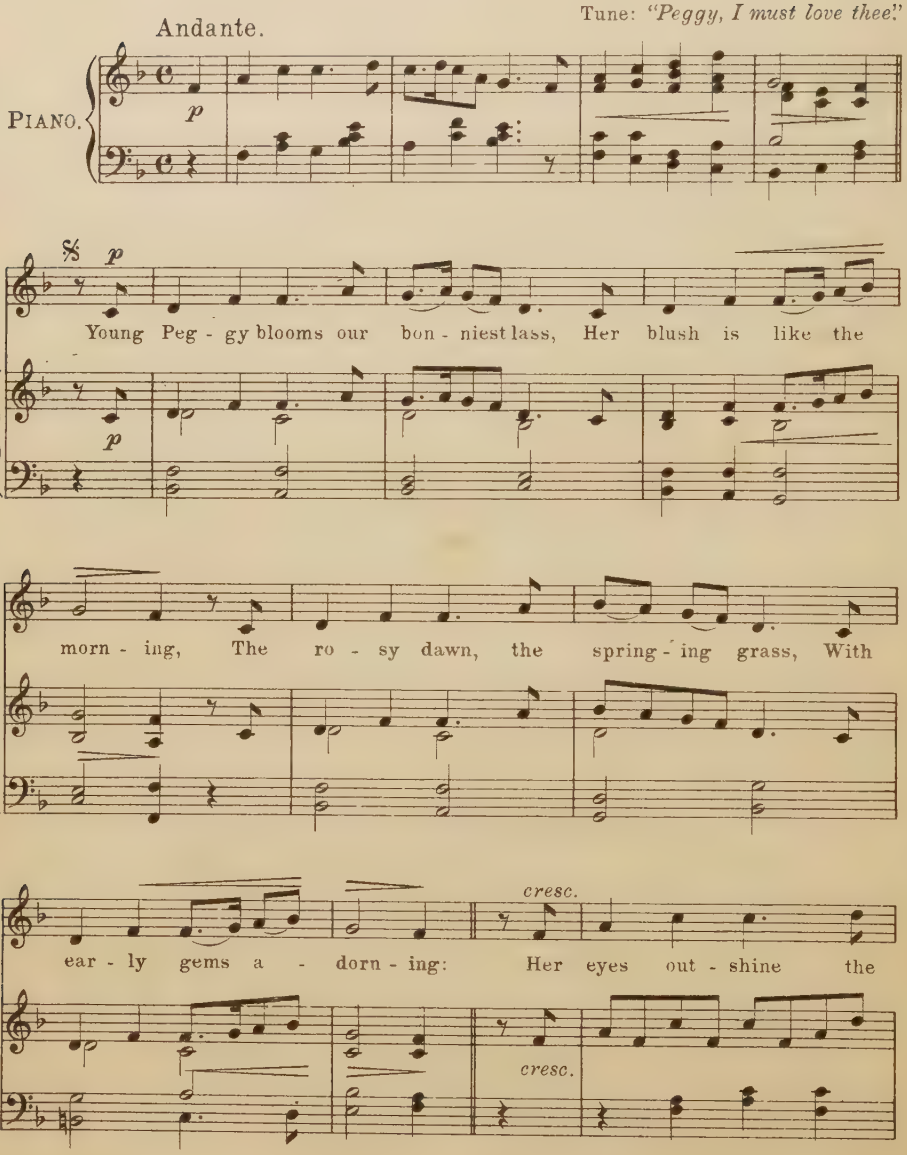
The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' scho, wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof,
I think we'll ca' him Robin.
Robin was, &c.

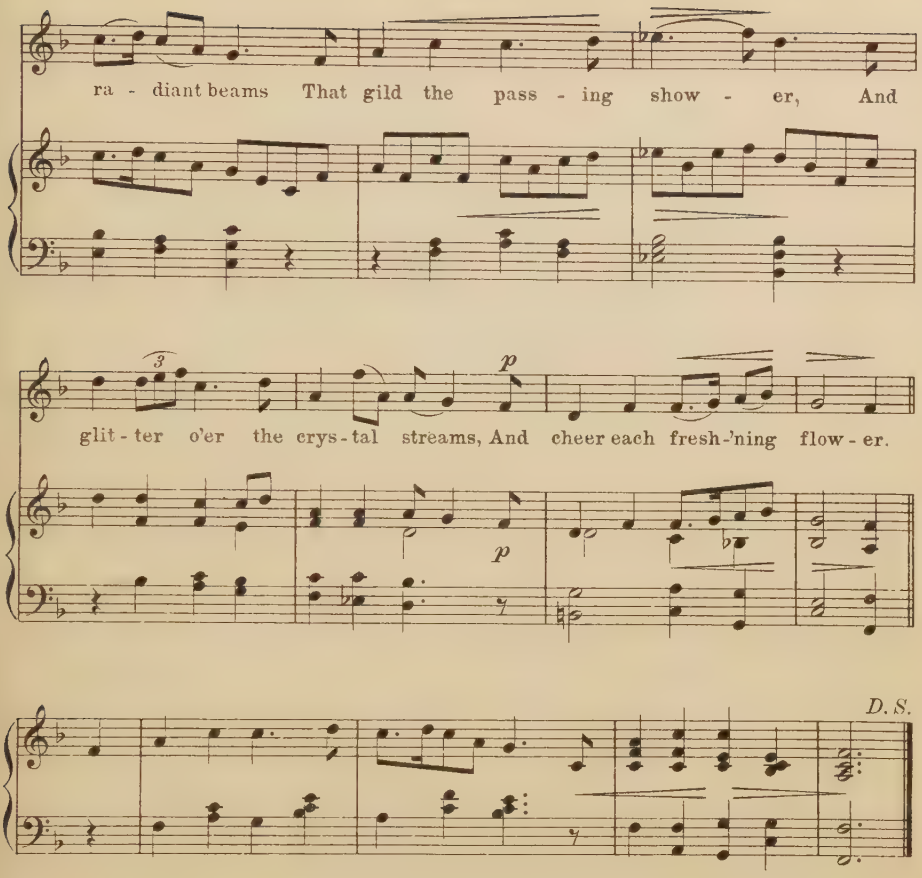
He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit till us a',
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.
Robin was, &c.

But sure as three times three mak nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee, Robin.
Robin was, &c.

Young Peggy blooms.

Tune: *"Peggy, I must love thee."*


Andante.
PIANO.
p
Young Peg - gy blooms our bon - niest lass, Her blush is like the
morn - ing, The ro - sy dawn, the spring - ing grass, With
cresc.
ear - ly gems a - dorn - ing: Her eyes out - shine the
cresc.

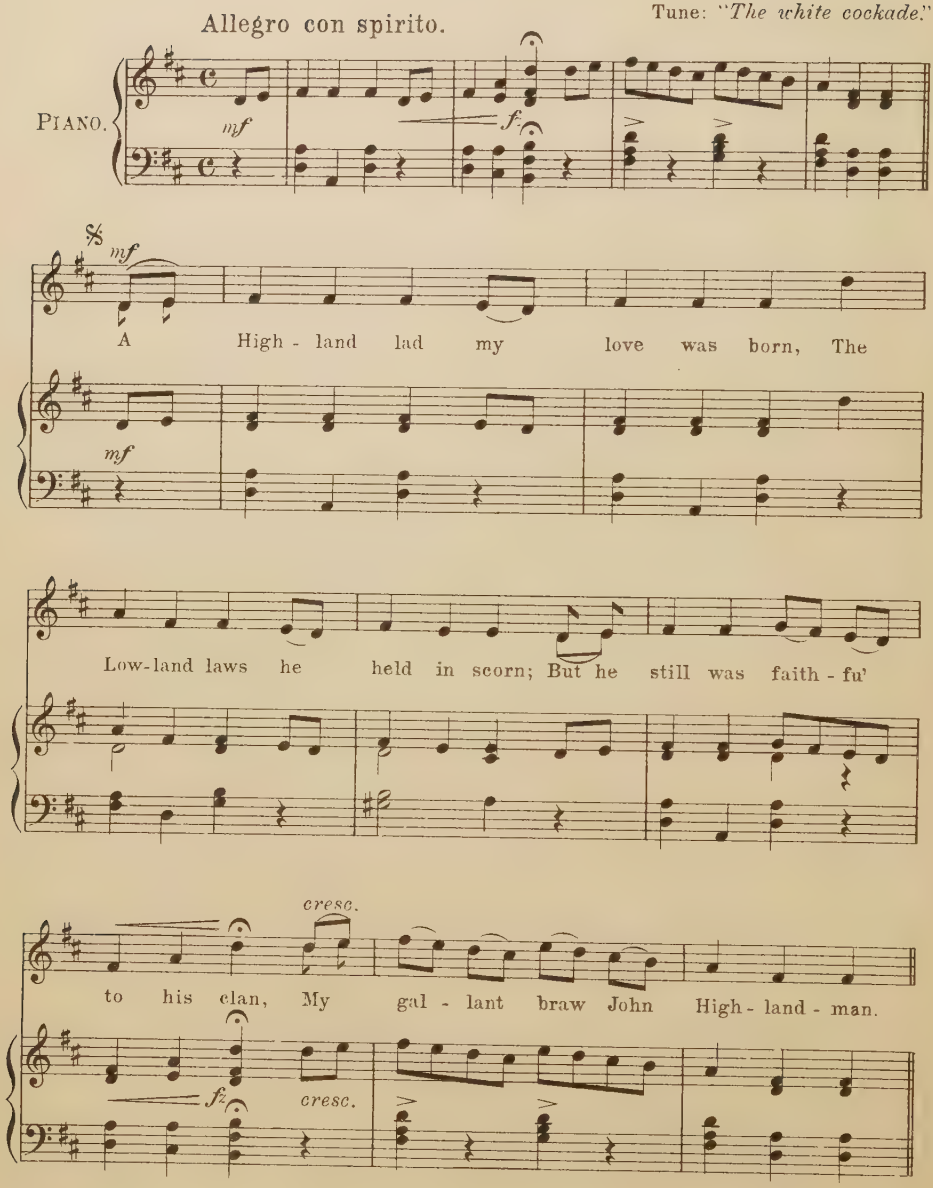


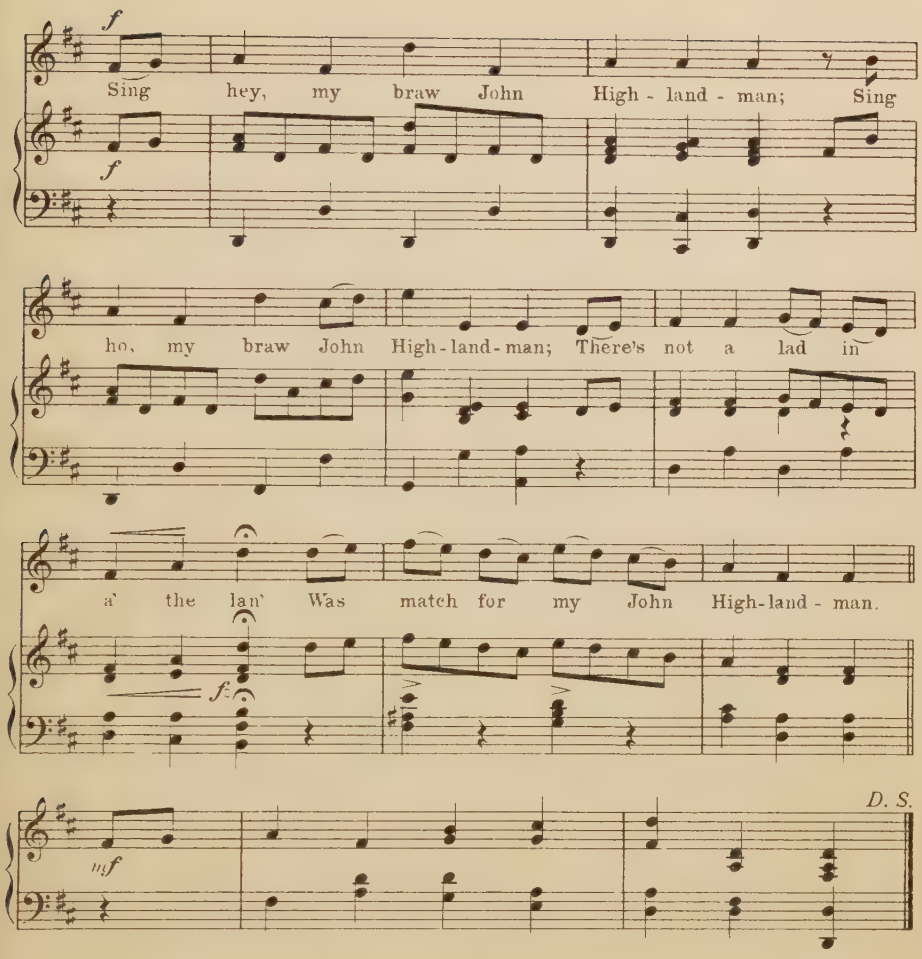
Her lips more than the cherries bright,
A richer dye has grac'd them,
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
And sweetly tempt to taste them:
Her smile is as the ev'ning, mild,
When feather'd pairs are courting,
And little lambkins wanton wild,
In playful bands disporting.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such sweetness would relent her,
As blooming Spring unbends the bow
Of surly, savage Winter.
Detraction's eye no aim can gain
Her winning powers to lessen;
And fretful envy grins in vain,
The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye pow'rs of Honour, Love, and Truth,
From ev'ry ill defend her;
Inspire the highly favour'd youth
The destinies intend her.
Still fan the sweet connubial flame
Responsive in each bosom;
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom.

A Highland lad.


Allegro con spirito.
Tune: "The white cockade."
Piano.
mf
f
mf
A High - land lad my love was born, The
mf
Low-land laws he held in scorn; But he still was faith - fu'
cresc.
to his clan, My gal - lant braw John High - land - man.
fz
cresc.


f
Sing hey, my braw John High - land - man; Sing
f
ho, my braw John High-land-man; There's not a lad in
a' the lan' Was match for my John High-land - man.
f
D. S.
mf

With his philibeg and tartan plaid,
And guid claymore down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

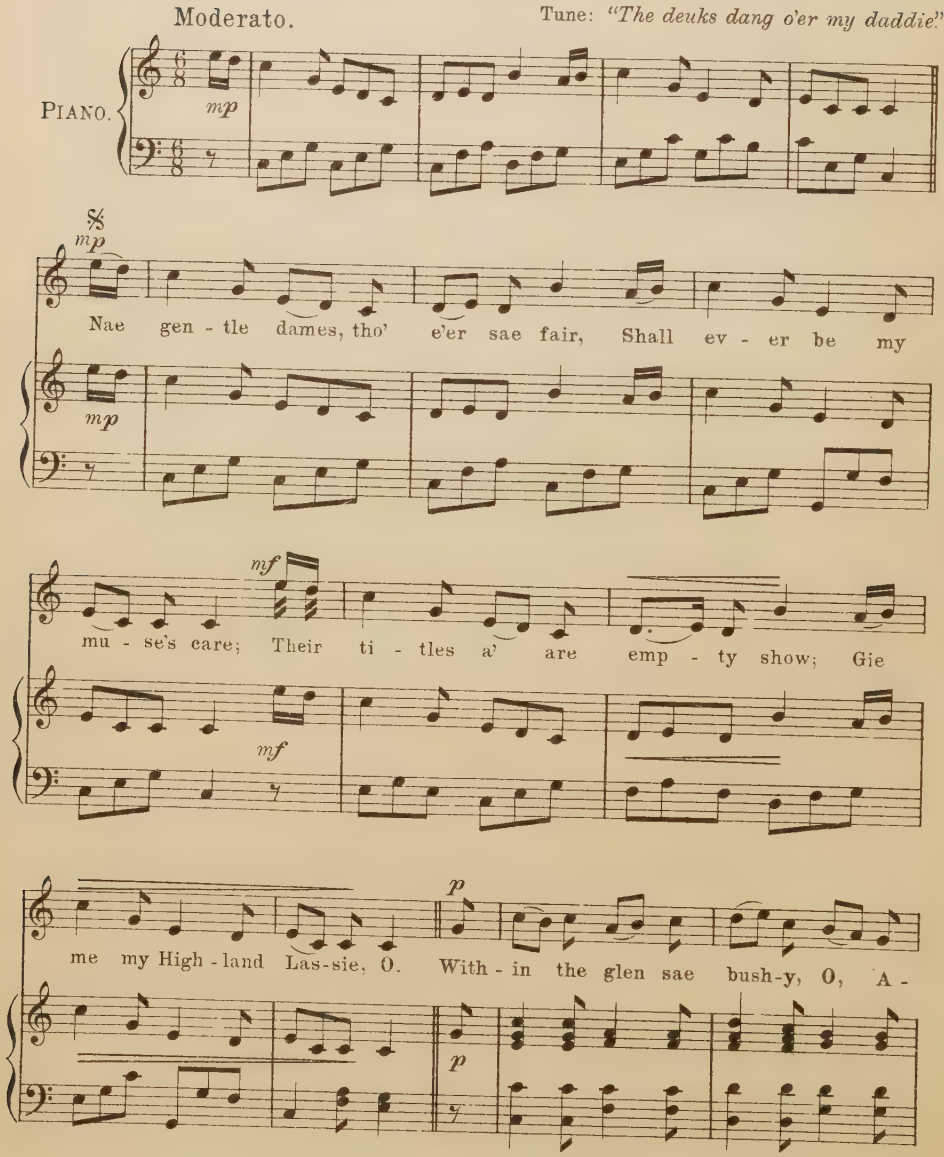
We rangèd a' from Tweed to Spey,
And lived like lords and ladies gay;
For a Lawland face he fearèd nane,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

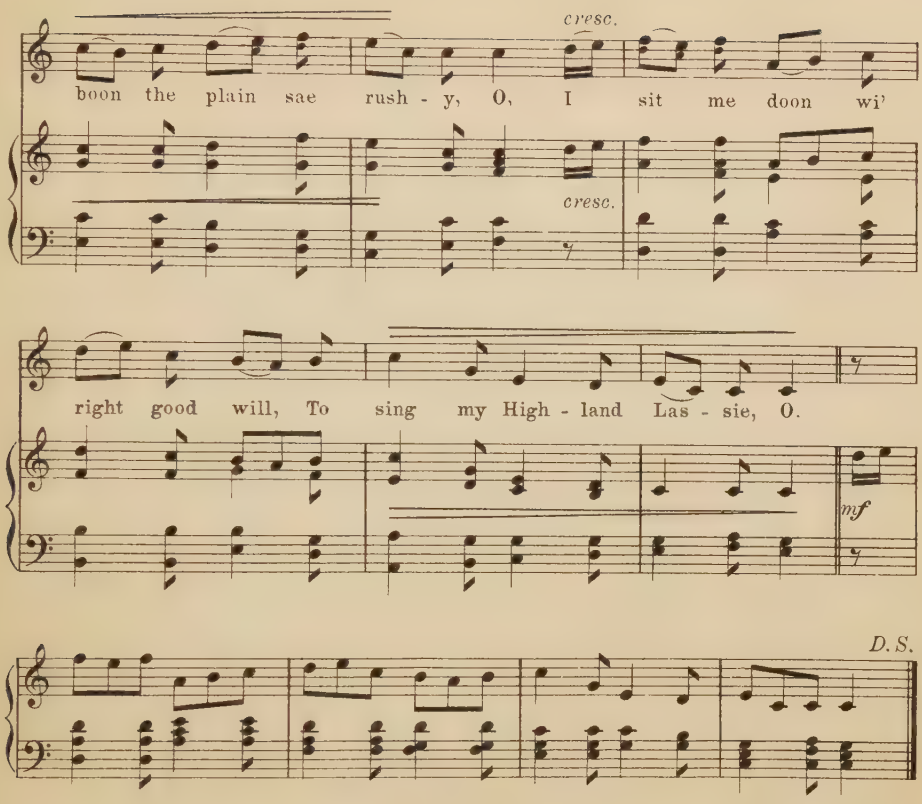
They banish'd him beyond the sea,
But ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

But och! they catch'd him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast;
My curse upon them every one,
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

And now a widow, I must mourn
The pleasures that will ne'er return;
No comfort but a hearty can,
When I think on John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

My Highland Lassie, O.


Moderato.
Tune: "The deuks dang o'er my daddie."
Piano.
mp
Nae gen - tle dames, tho' e'er sae fair, Shall ev - er be my
mf
mu - se's care; Their ti - tles a' are emp - ty show; Gie
p
me my High - land Las - sie, O. With - in the glen sae bush - y, O, A -



Oh, were yon hills and valleys mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine!
The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland Lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea;
But while my crimson currents flow
I'll love my Highland Lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

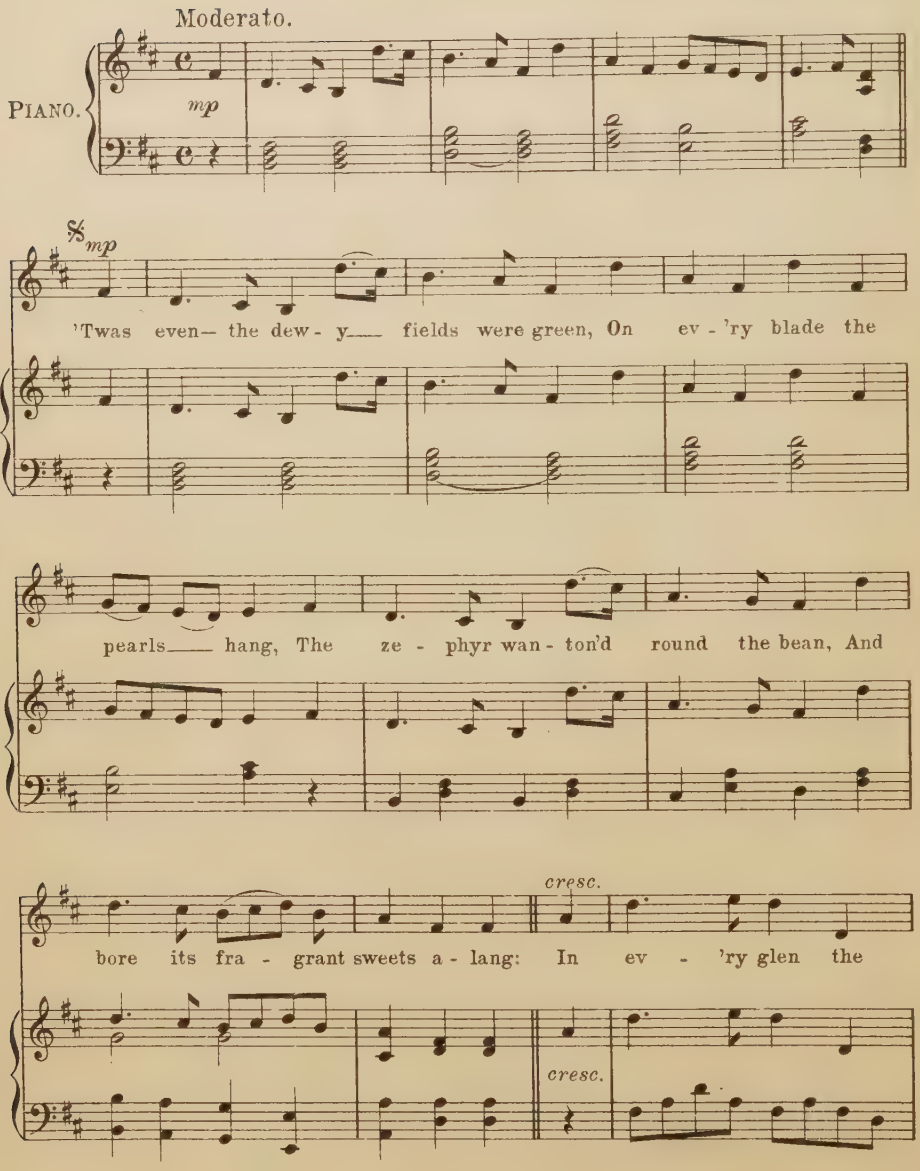
Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
My faithful Highland Lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

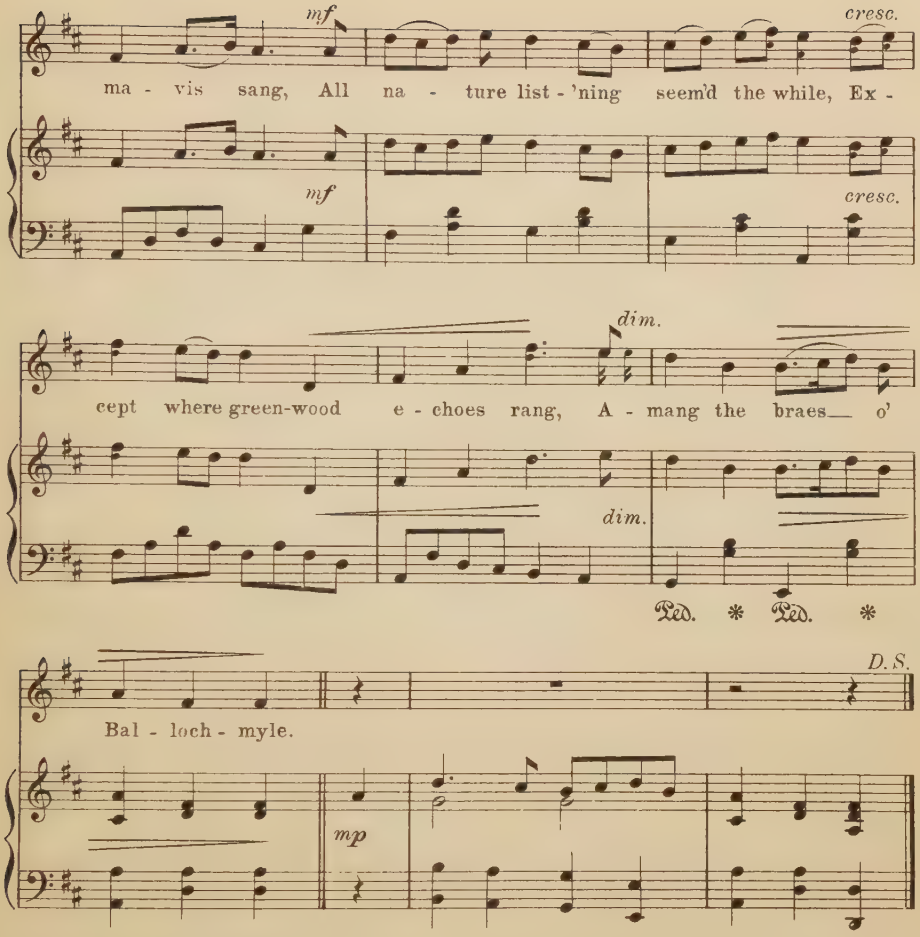
For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
For her I'll trace a distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland Lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred troth and honour's band!
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my Highland Lassie, O.
Farewell the glen sae bushy, O!
Farewell the plain sae rushy, O!
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my Highland Lassie, O.

The Lass o' Ballochmyle.

Tune: *"Ettrick Banks."*


Moderato.
PIANO.
mp
mp
'Twas even— the dew- y— fields were green, On ev - 'ry blade the
pearls— hang, The ze - phyr wan - ton'd round the bean, And
cresc.
bore its fra - grant sweets a - lang: In ev - 'ry glen the
cresc.



With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,
When musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy.
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like nature's vernal smile,
Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
"Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!"

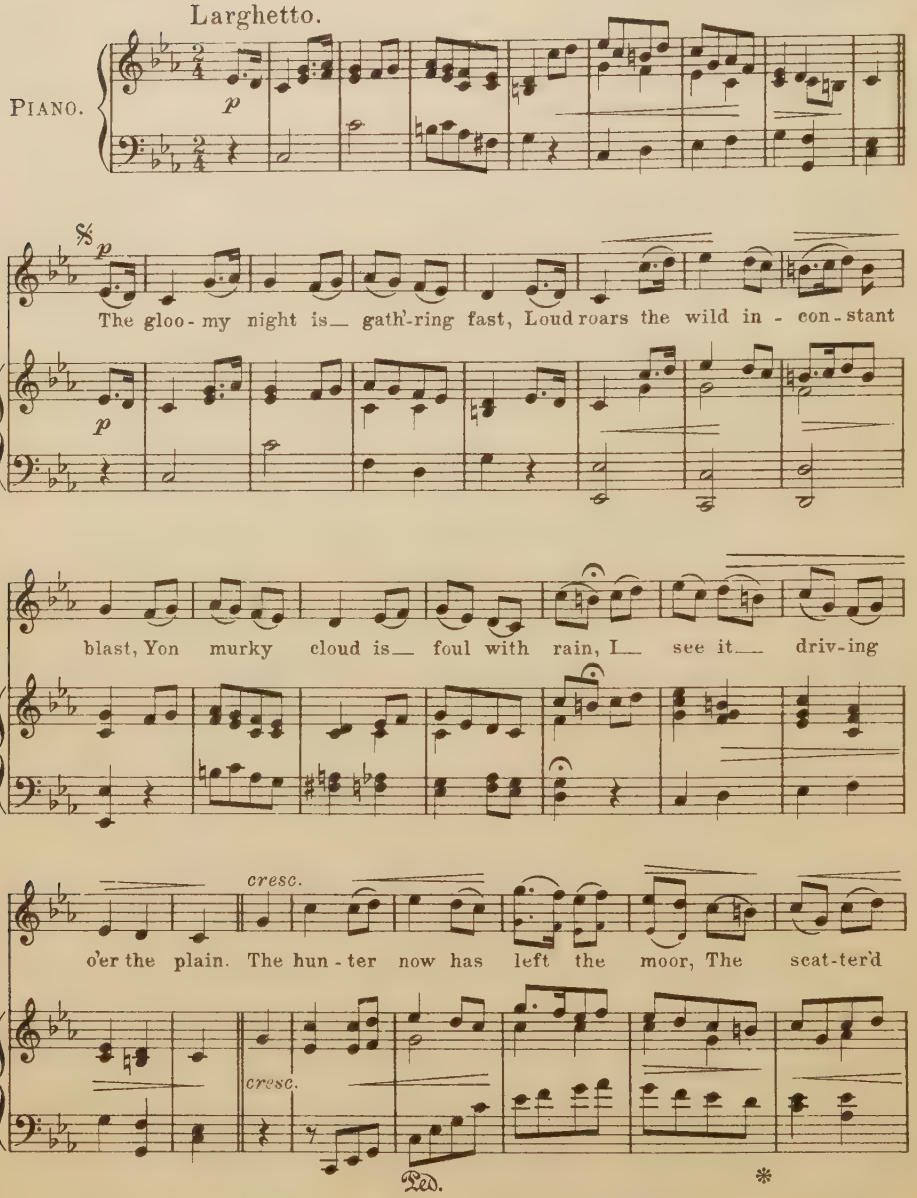
Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in autumn mild,
When roving thro' the garden gay,
Or wandering in the lonely wild.
But Woman, Nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile;
Ev'n there her other works are foil'd
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

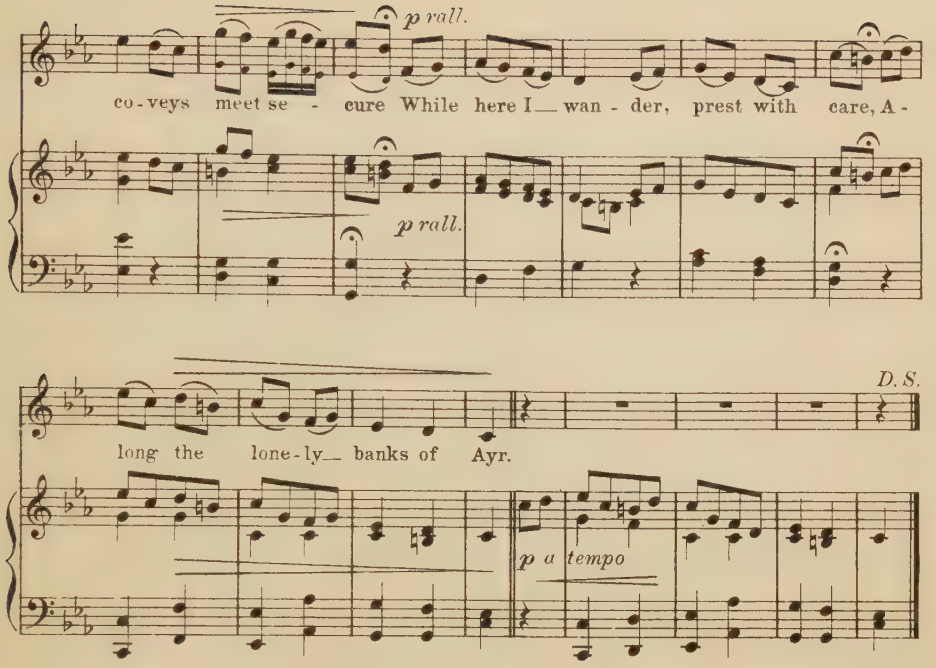
O had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' sheltered in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain:
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain
With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
Where fame and honours lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine;
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the soil,
And every day have joys divine,
With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

The gloomy night is gath'ring fast.

Tune. *"Roslin Castle."*


Larghetto.
PIANO.
p
The gloo - my night is_ gath'-ring fast, Loud roars the wild in - con - stant
blast, Yon murky cloud is_ foul with rain, I_ see it_ driv-ing
cresc.
o'er the plain. The hun - ter now has left the moor, The scat-ter'd
cresc.
Ped.
*



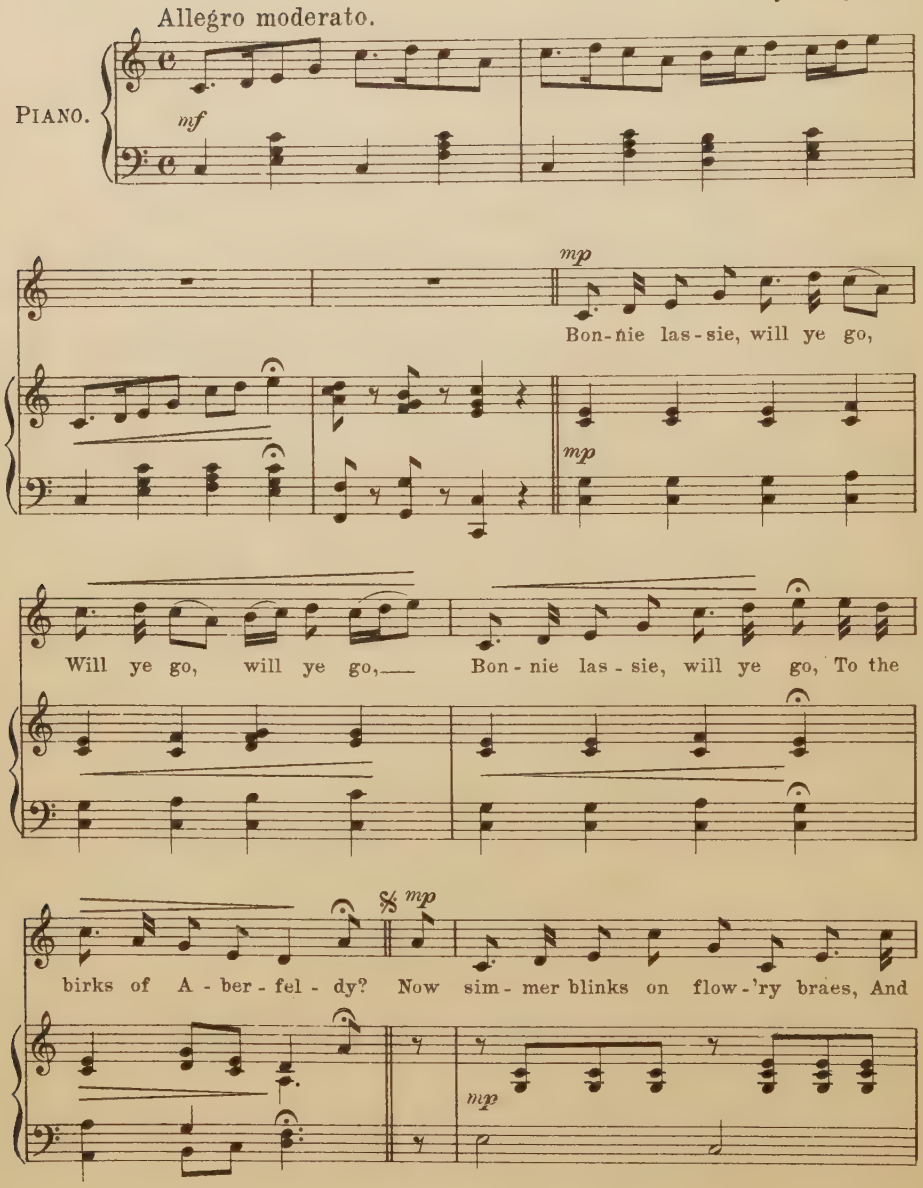
The Autumn mourns her ripning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly:
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,—
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

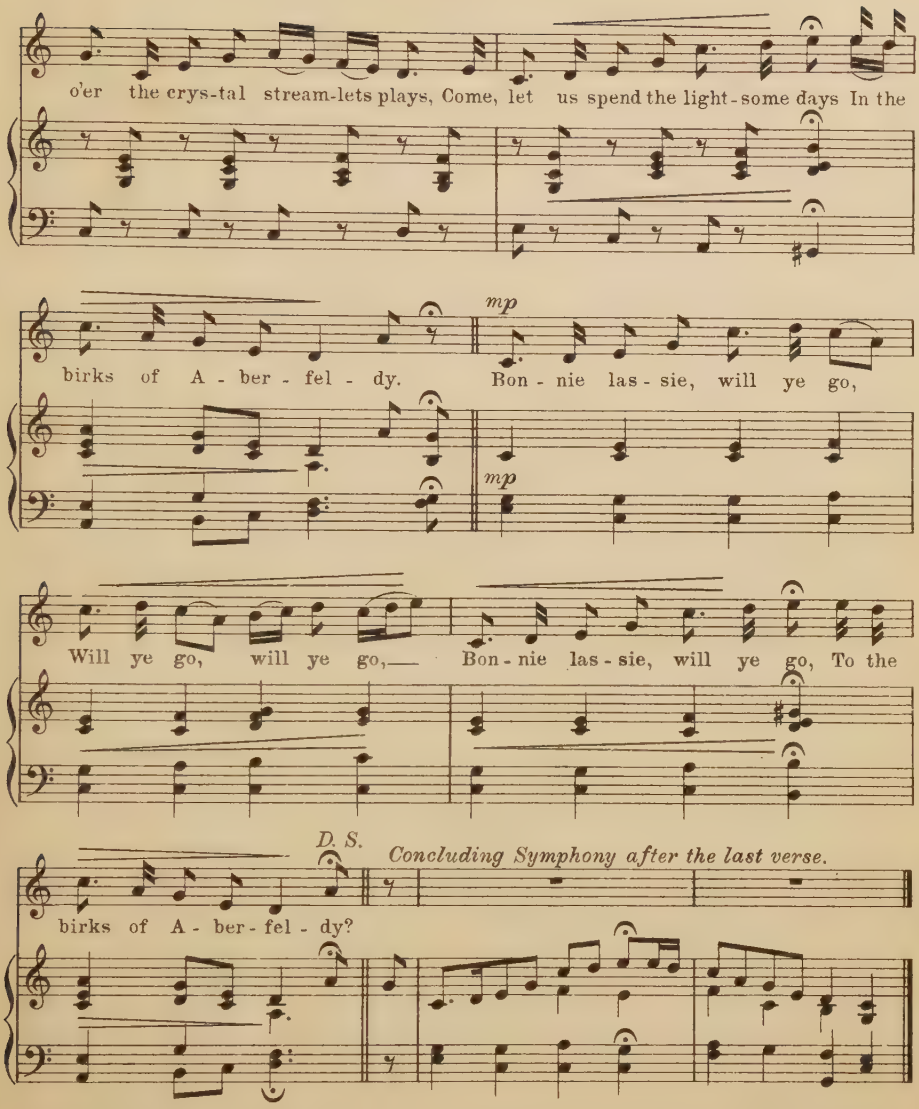
'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore;
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear!
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! Farewell, my foes!
My peace with these—my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr!

The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Tune: *"The Birks of Abergeldie."*




o'er the crys-tal stream-lets plays, Come, let us spend the light-some days In the
mp
birks of A - ber - fel - dy. Bon - nie las - sie, will ye go,
mp
Will ye go, will ye go,— Bon - nie las - sie, will ye go, To the
D. S.
Concluding Symphony after the last verse.
birks of A - ber - fel - dy?

The little birdies blithely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

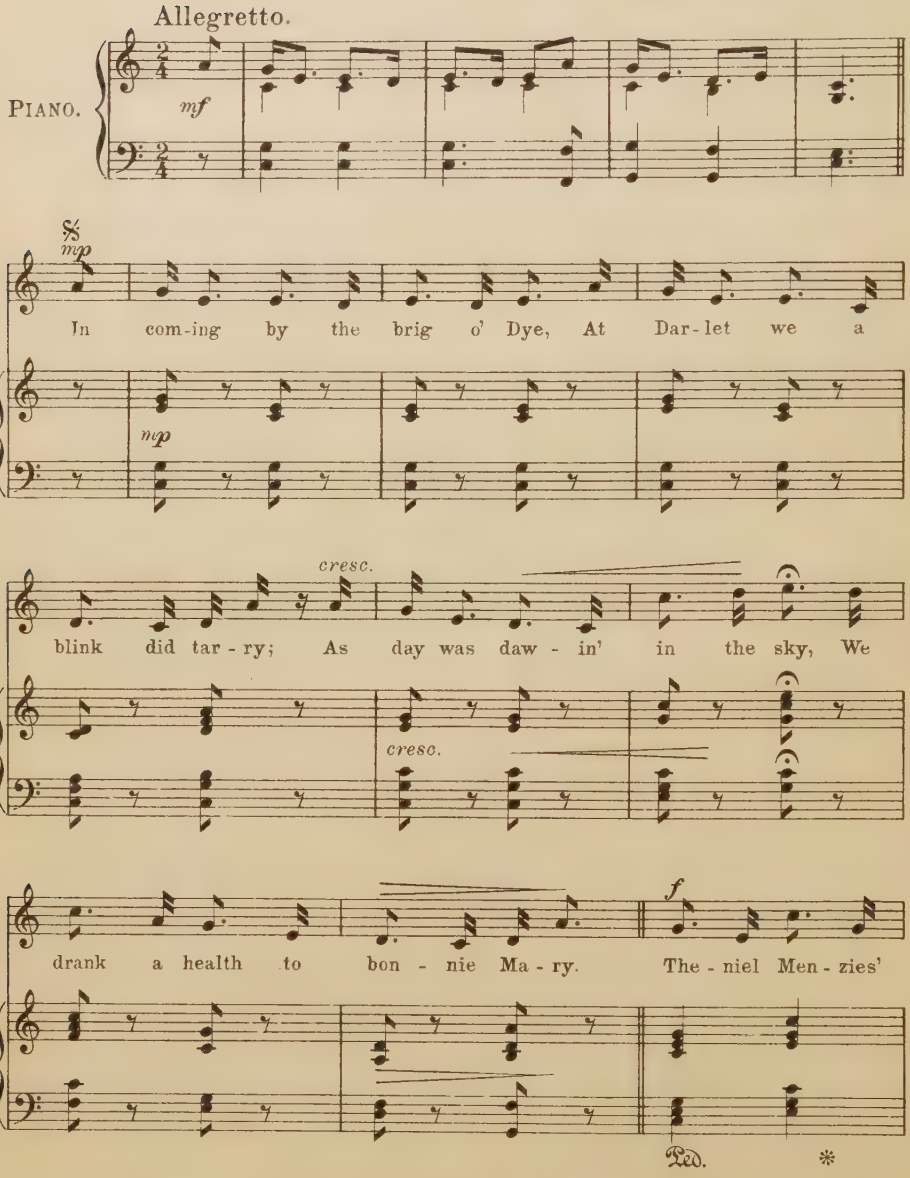
The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's
O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

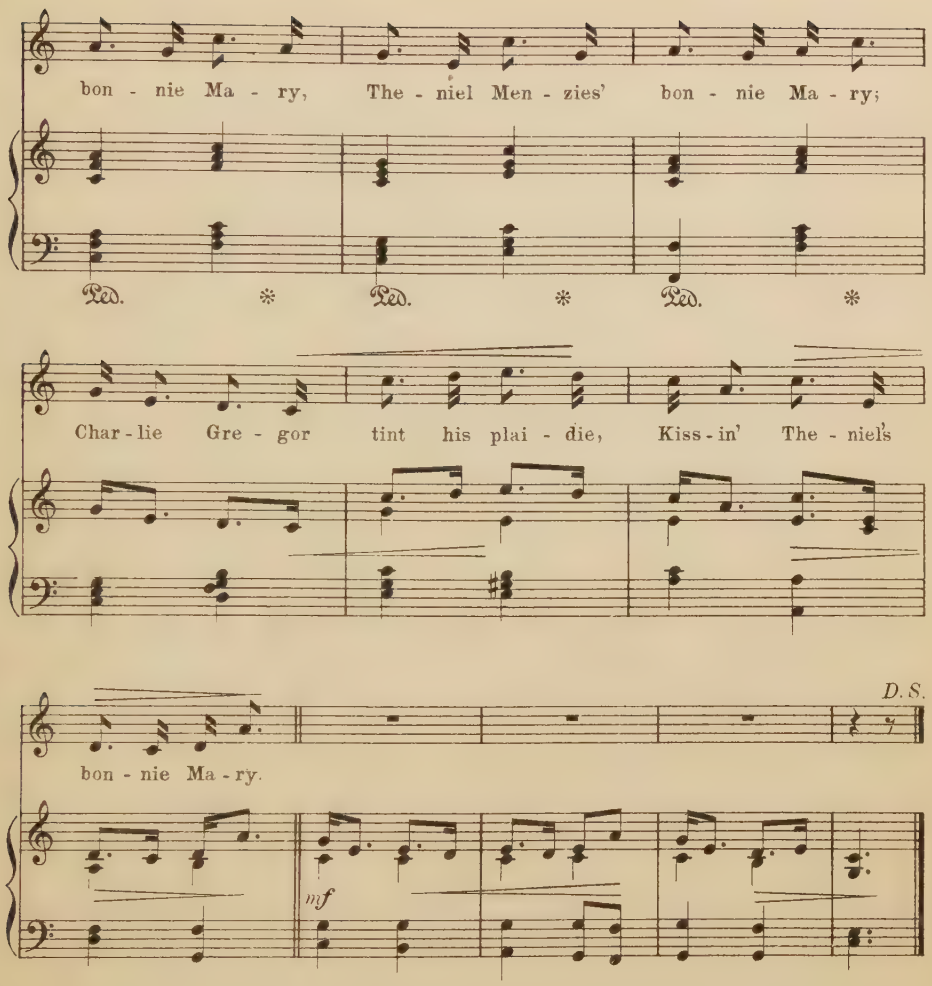
The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary.

Tune: *"The ruffian's rant."*



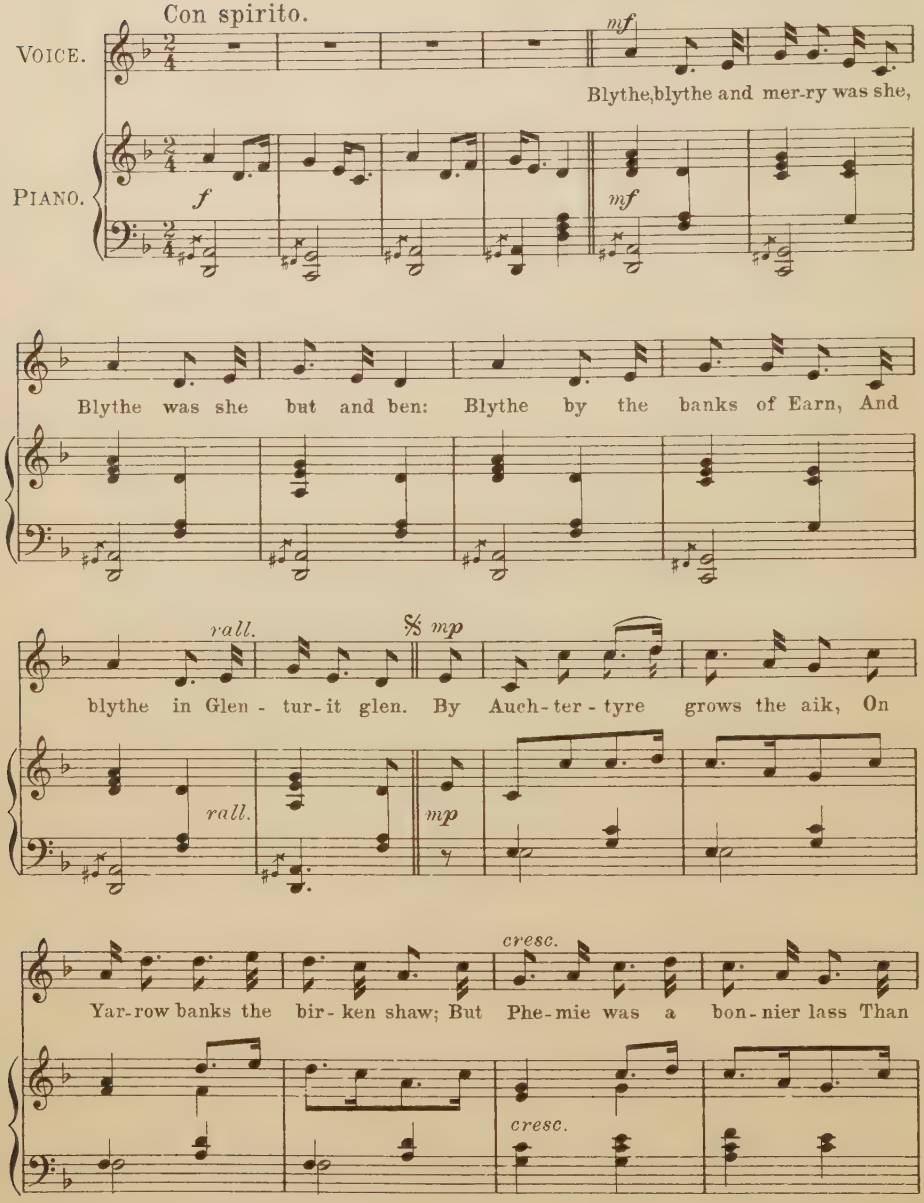


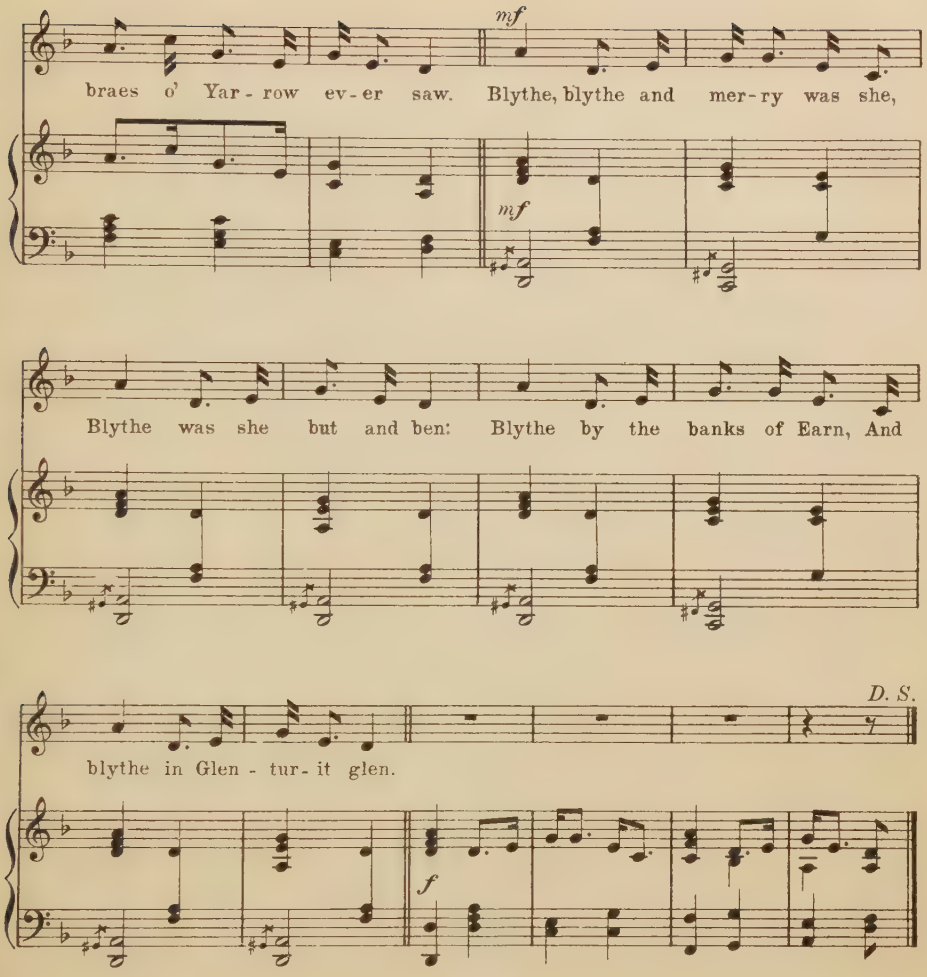
Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,
  Her haffet locks as brown's a berry;
And aye they dimpl't wi' a smile,
  The rosy cheeks o' bonnie Mary.
    Theniel Menzies', &c.

We lap and danced the lee-lang day
  Till piper lads were wae and weary;
But Charlie gat the spring to pay,
  For kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.
    Theniel Menzies', &c.

Blythe was she.

Tune: *"Andro and his cutty gun".*


Con spirito.
VOICE.
PIANO.
mf
Blythe, blythe and mer-ry was she,
f
mf
Blythe was she but and ben: Blythe by the banks of Earn, And
rall.
mp
blythe in Glen - tur - it glen. By Auch - ter - tyre grows the aik, On
rall.
mp
cresc.
Yar-row banks the bir - ken shaw; But Phe - mie was a bon - nier lass Than
cresc.

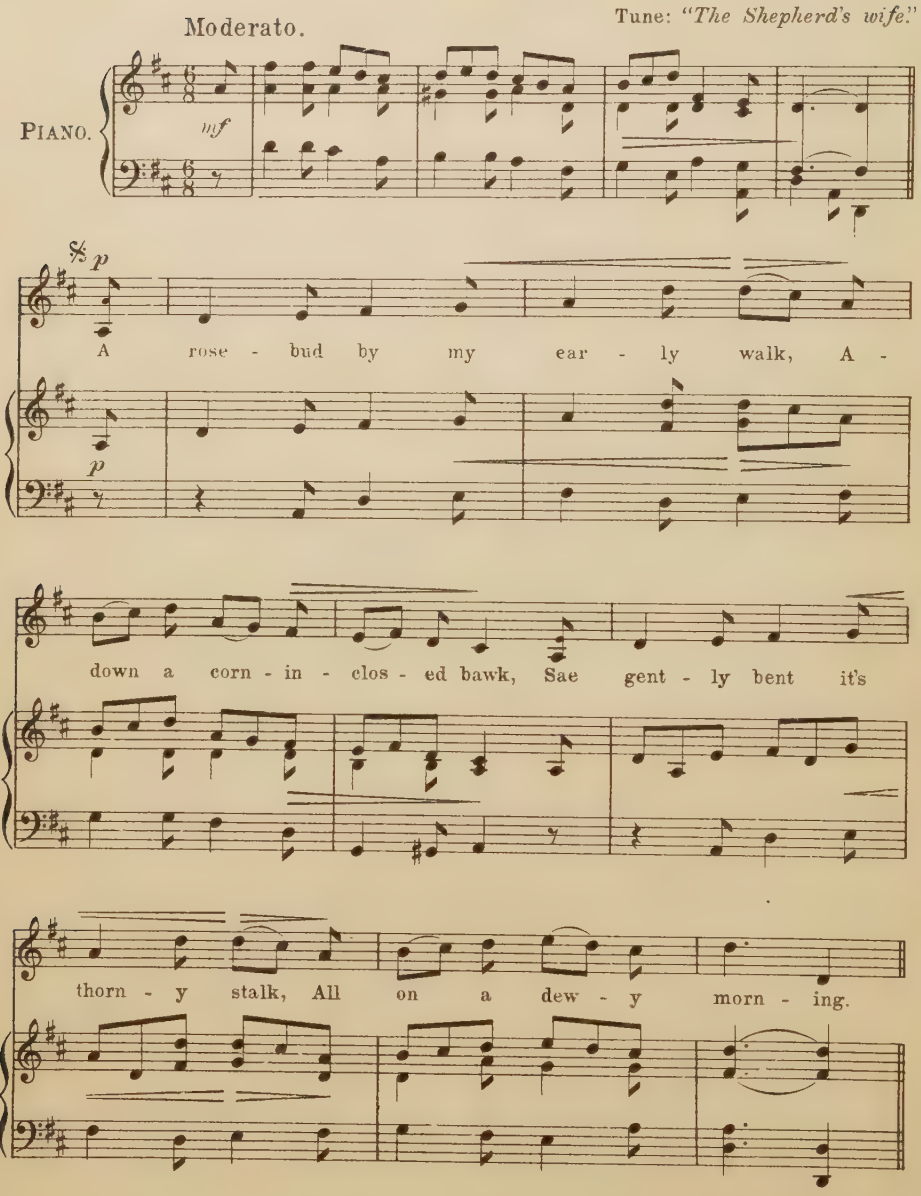

mf
braes o' Yar - row ev - er saw. Blythe, blythe and mer - ry was she,
mf
Blythe was she but and ben: Blythe by the banks of Earn, And
D. S.
blythe in Glen - tur - it glen.
f

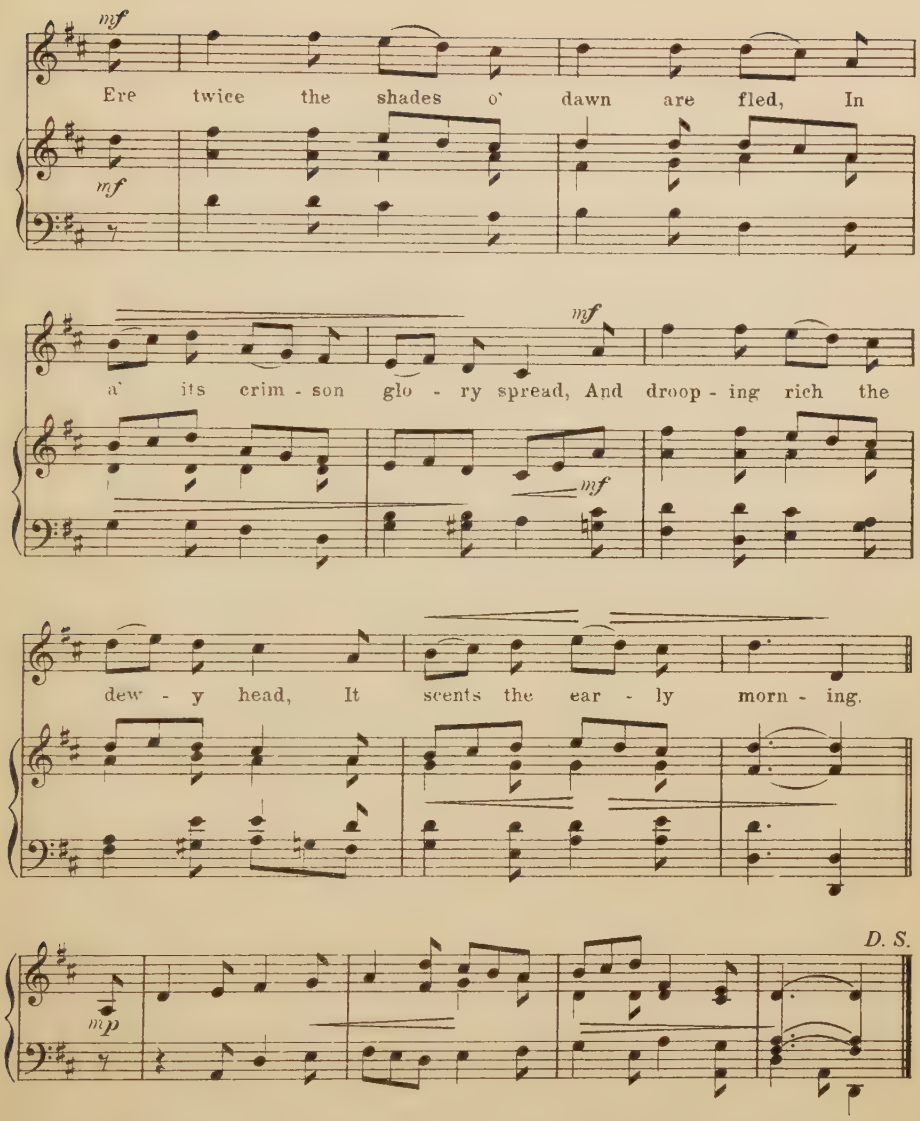
Her looks were like a flow'r in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn;
She tripped by the banks of Earn,
As light's a bird upon a thorn.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lea;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lowlands I hae been;
But Phemie was the blythest lass
That ever trod the dewy green.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

A Rose-bud by my early walk.


Moderato.
Tune: "The Shepherd's wife."
PIANO.
mf
p
A rose - bud by my ear - ly walk, A -
p
down a corn - in - clos - ed bawk, Sae gent - ly bent it's
thorn - y stalk, All on a dew - y morn - ing.

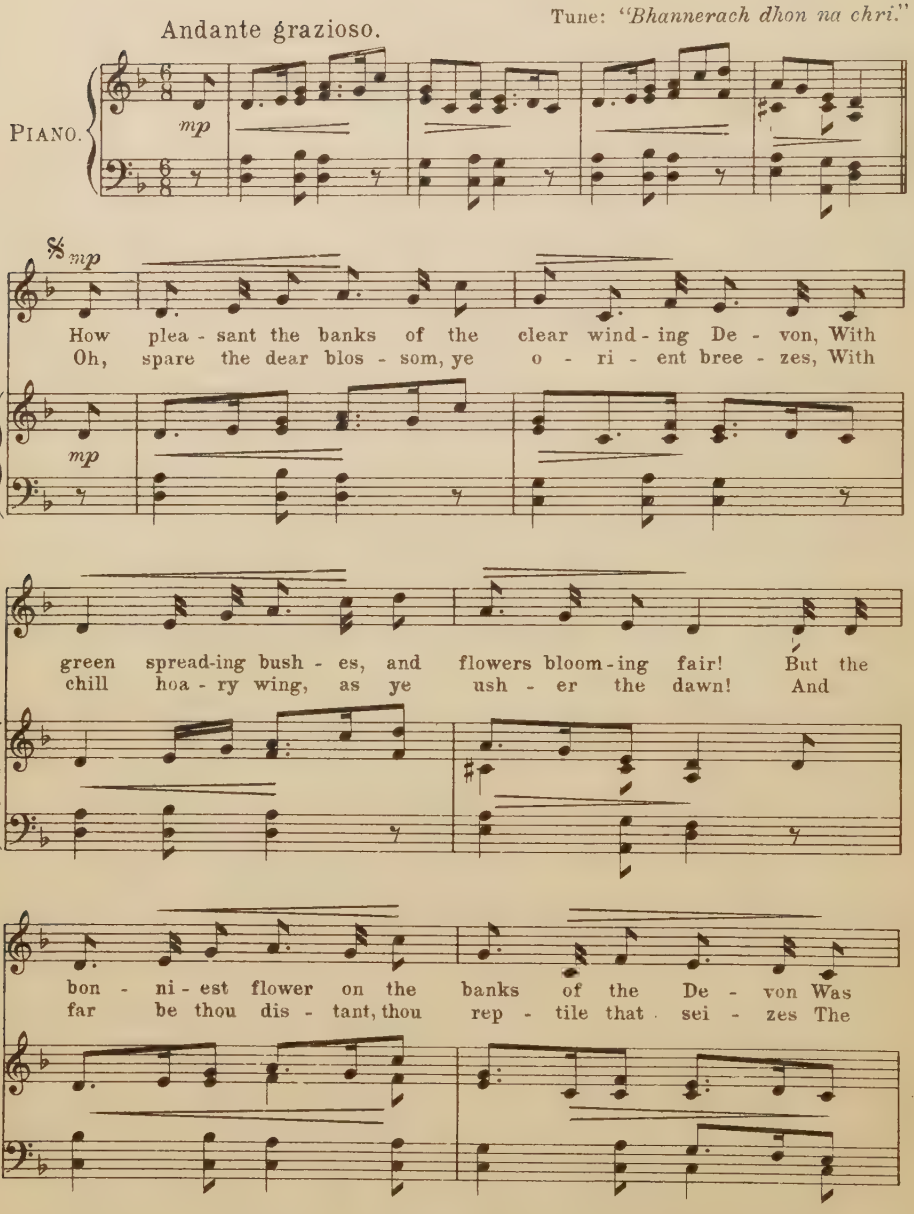

mf
Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled, In
mf
mf
a' its crim - son glo - ry spread, And droop - ing rich the
mf
dew - y head, It scents the ear - ly morn - ing.
D. S.
mp

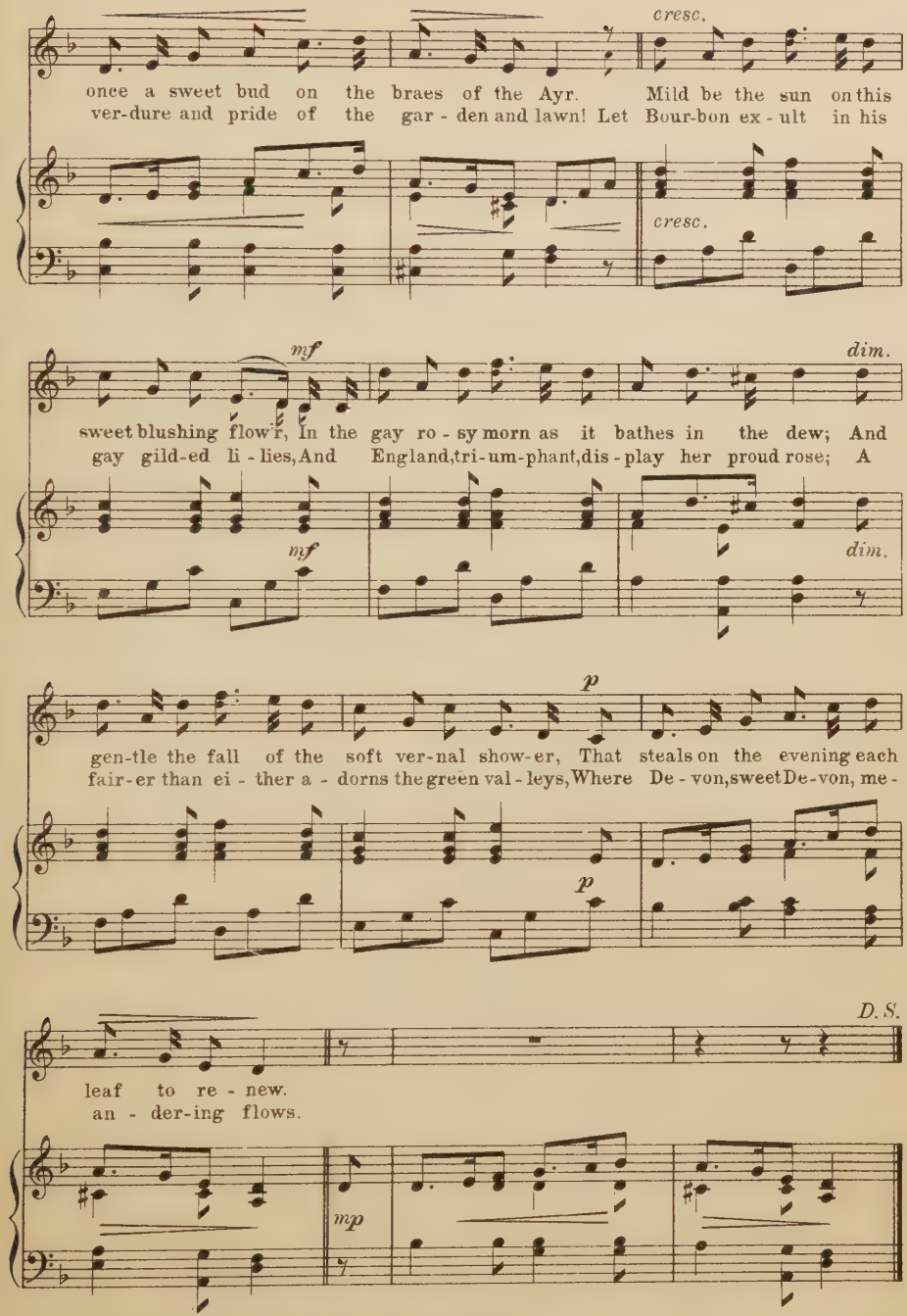
Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.
She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeanie fair!
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tends thy early morning.
So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
Shall beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

The Banks of the Devon.

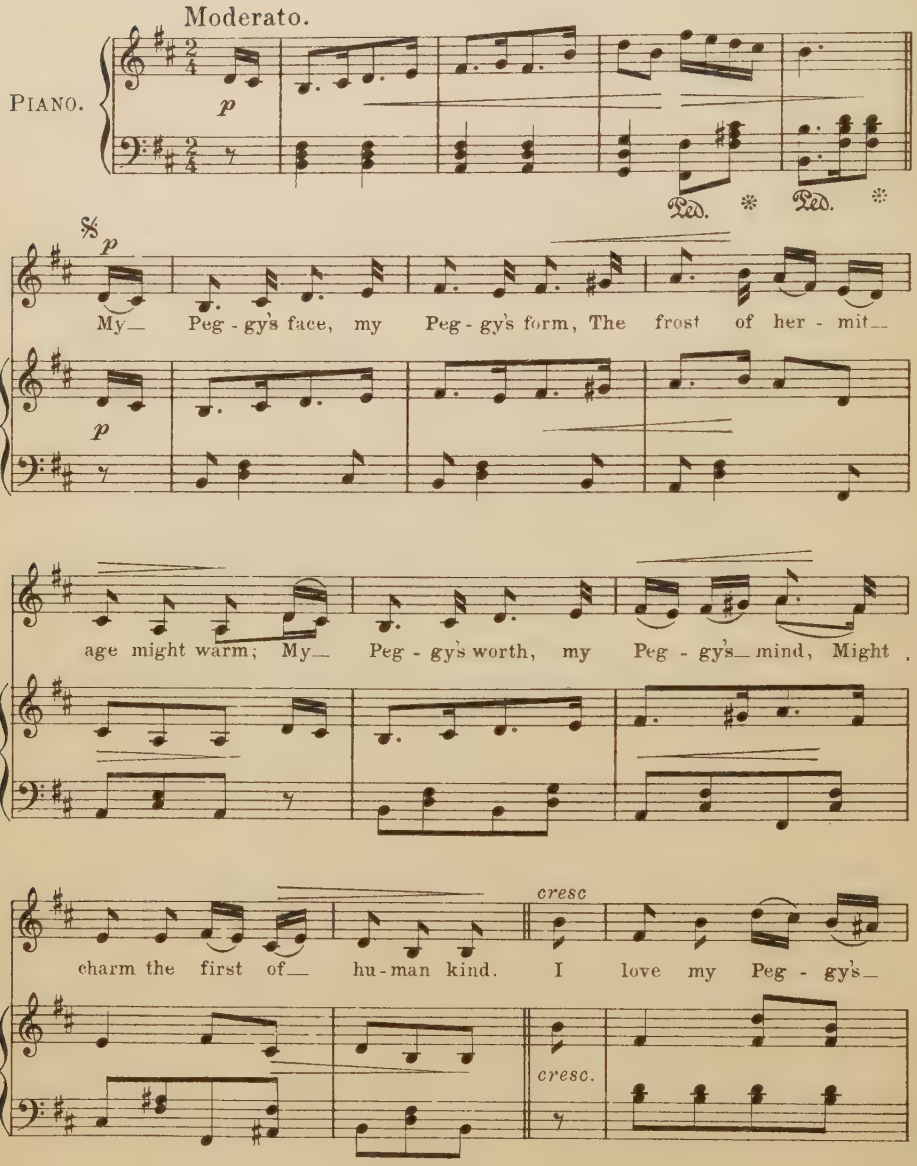
Tune: *"Bhannerach dhon na chri."*

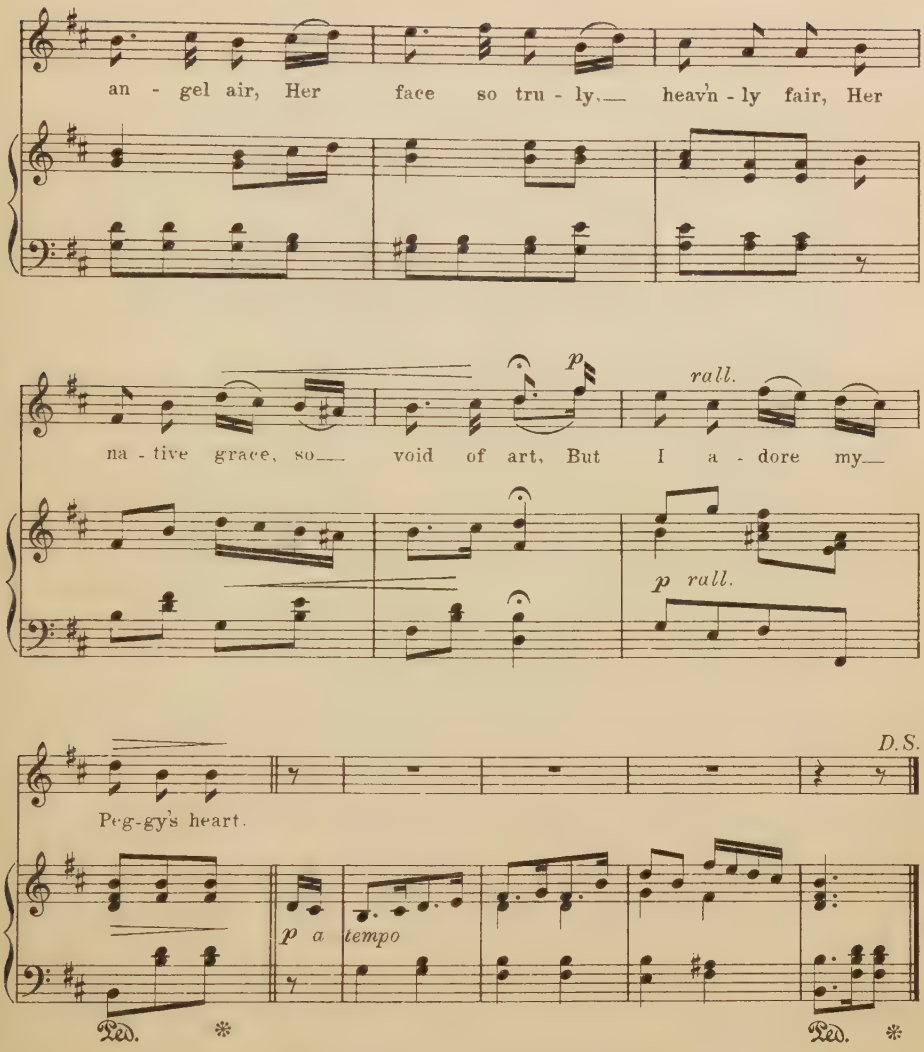

Andante grazioso.
PIANO.
mp
How plea - sant the banks of the clear wind - ing De - von, With
Oh, spare the dear blos - som, ye o - ri - ent bree - zes, With
green spread-ing bush - es, and flowers bloom-ing fair! But the
chill hoa - ry wing, as ye ush - er the dawn! And
bon - ni - est flower on the banks of the De - von Was
far be thou dis - tant, thou rep - tile that sei - zes The


cresc.
once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr. Mild be the sun on this
ver-dure and pride of the gar - den and lawn! Let Bour-bon ex - ult in his
cresc.
mf
dim.
sweet blushing flow'r, In the gay ro - sy morn as it bathes in the dew; And
gay gild-ed li - lies, And England, tri-um-phant, dis - play her proud rose; A
mf
dim.
p
gen-tle the fall of the soft ver-nal show-er, That steals on the evening each
fair-er than ei - ther a - dorns the green val - leys, Where De - von, sweet De-von, me -
p
D. S.
leaf to re - new.
an - der-ing flows.
mp

My Peggy's face.

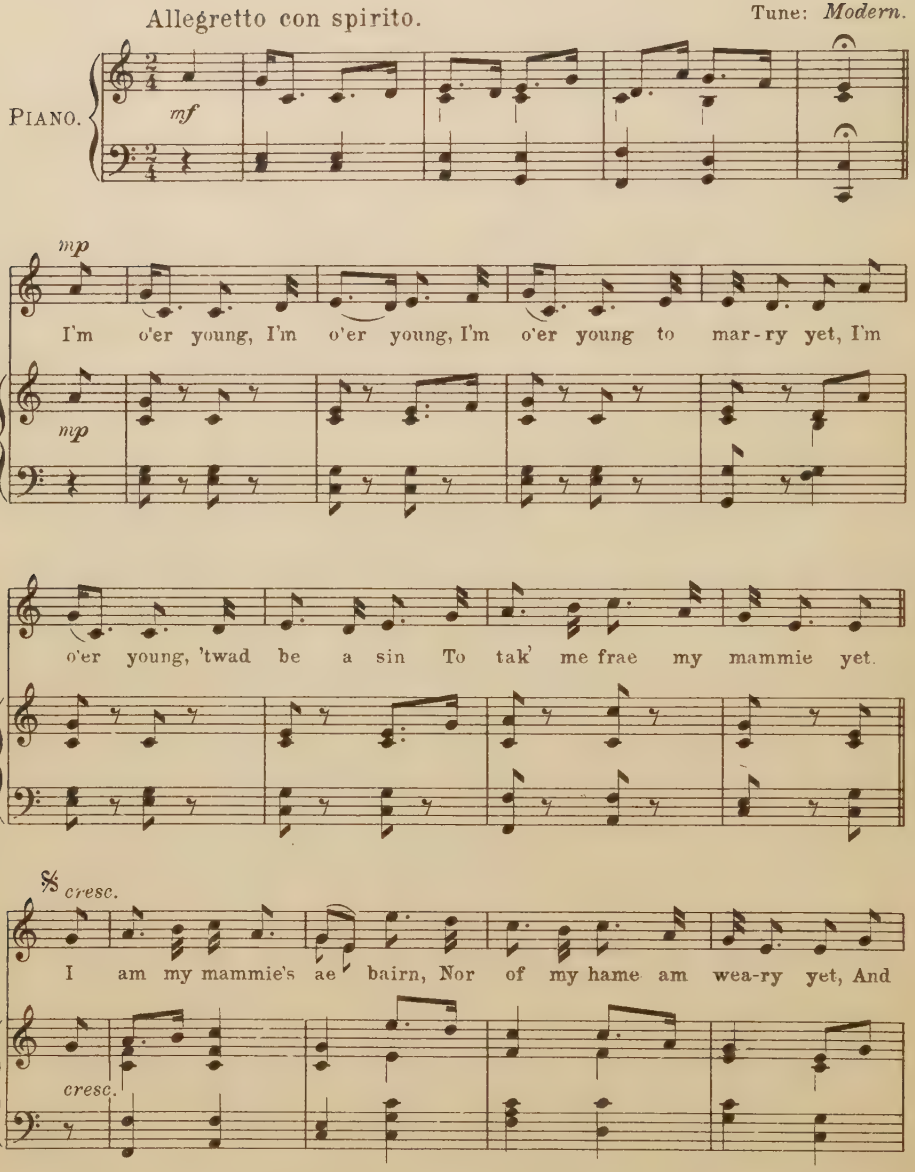
Tune: *"My Peggy's face."*

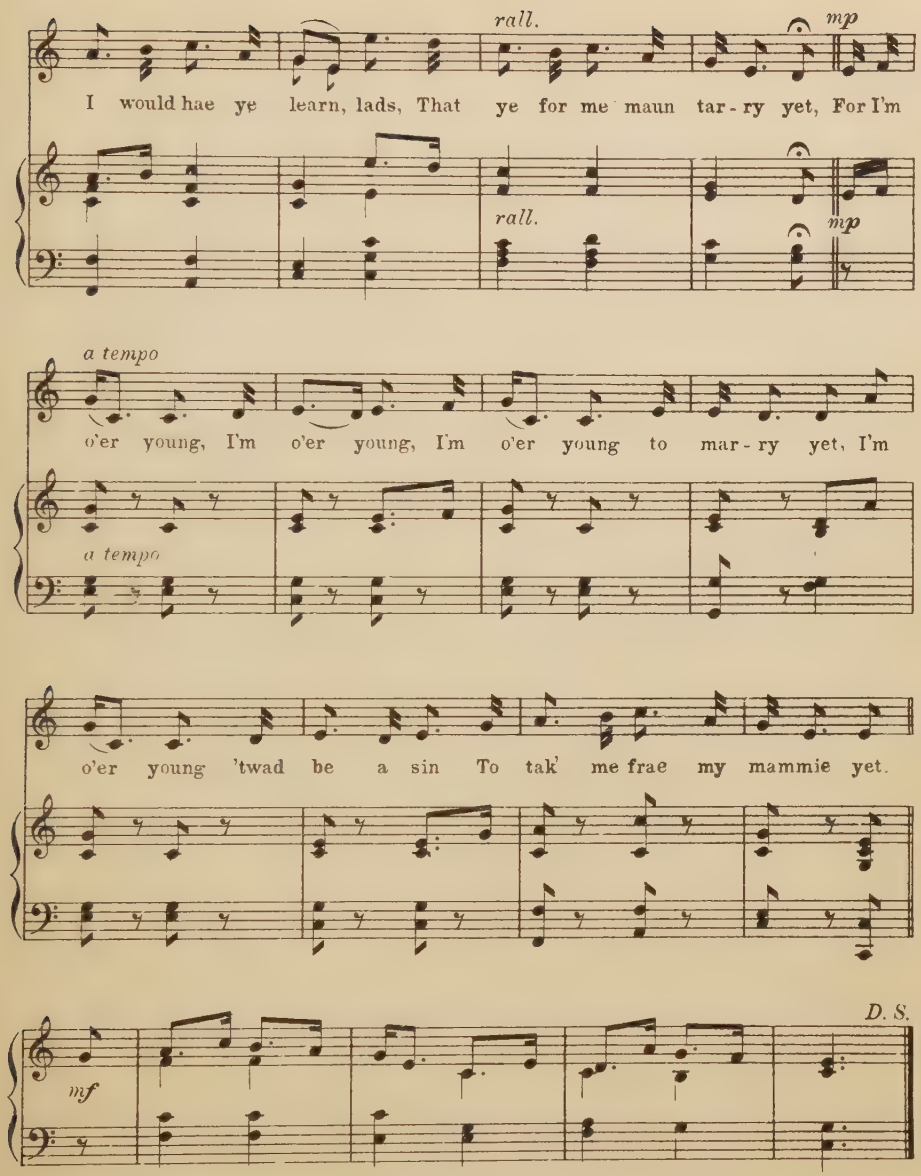

Moderato.
PIANO.
p
Ped.
Ped.
My— Peg - gy's face, my Peg - gy's form, The frost of her - mit—
age might warm; My— Peg - gy's worth, my Peg - gy's— mind, Might
cresc
charm the first of— hu - man kind. I love my Peg - gy's—
cresc.


an - gel air, Her face so tru - ly, heav'n - ly fair, Her
p
rall.
na - tive grace, so void of art, But I a - dore my
p rall.
D.S.
Peg-gy's heart.
p a tempo
Ped.
Ped.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye;
Who but owns their magic sway!
Who but knows they all decay!
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look, that rage disarms,
These are all immortal charms.

I am my Mammie's ae bairn.


Allegretto con spirito.
Tune: *Modern.*
PIANO.
mf
mp
I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young to mar-ry yet, I'm
mp
o'er young, 'twad be a sin To tak' me frae my mammie yet.
cresc.
I am my mammie's ae bairn, Nor of my hame am wea-ry yet, And
cresc.

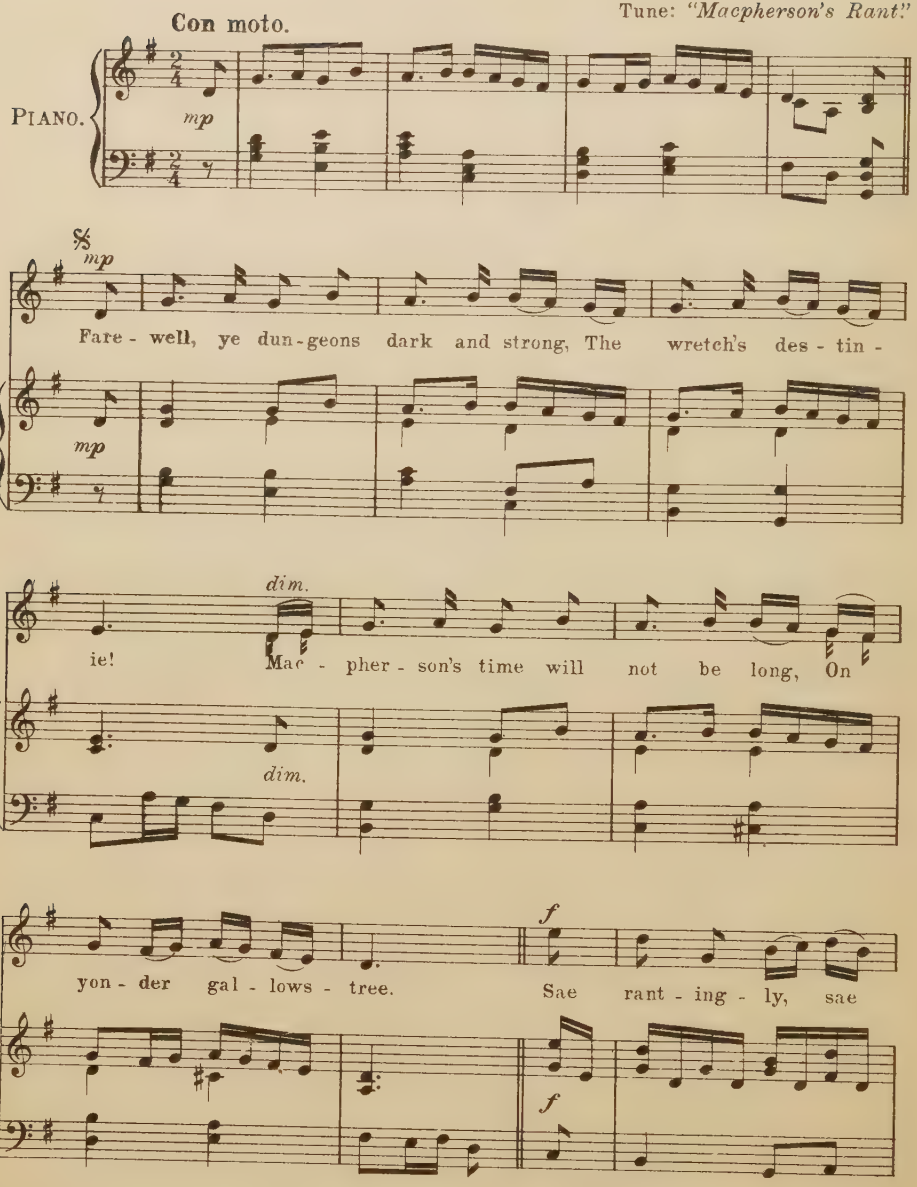

rall.
mp
I would hae ye learn, lads, That ye for me maun tar - ry yet, For I'm
rall.
mp
a tempo
o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young to mar - ry yet, I'm
a tempo
o'er young 'twad be a sin To tak' me frae my mammie yet.
D. S.
mf

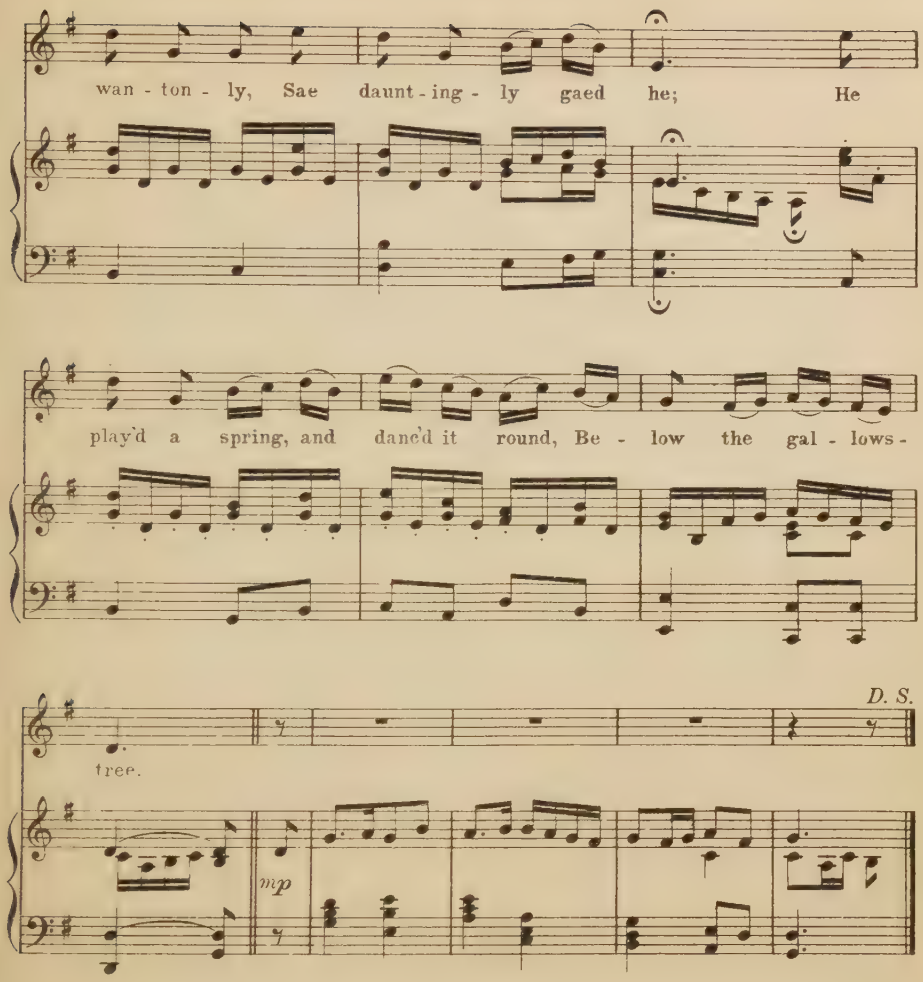
For I hae had my ain way
Nane dare to contradict me yet,
Sae soon to say I wad obey,
In truth, I darena venture yet.
For I'm, &c.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, Sir,
But if ye come this gate again,
I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir.
For I'm, &c.

Macpherson's Farewell.

Tune: *"Macpherson's Rant."*


Con moto.
PIANO.
mp
Fare - well, ye dun - geons dark and strong, The wretch's des - tin -
dim.
ie! Mac - pher - son's time will not be long, On
yon - der gal - lows - tree.
f
Sae rant - ing - ly, sae



O what is death but parting breath?—
On mony a bloody plain
I've dar'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!
Sae rantingly, &c.

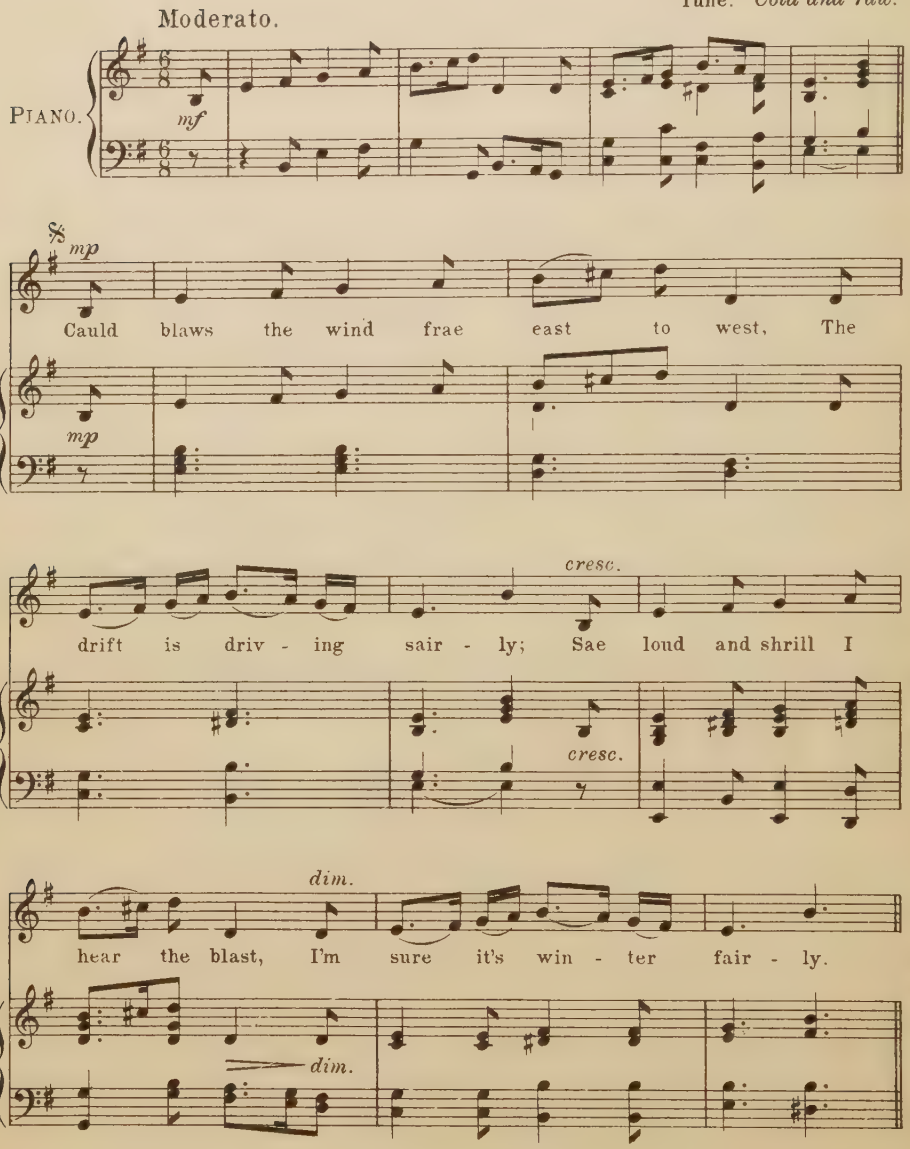
Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword;
And there's no a man, in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.
Sae rantingly, &c.

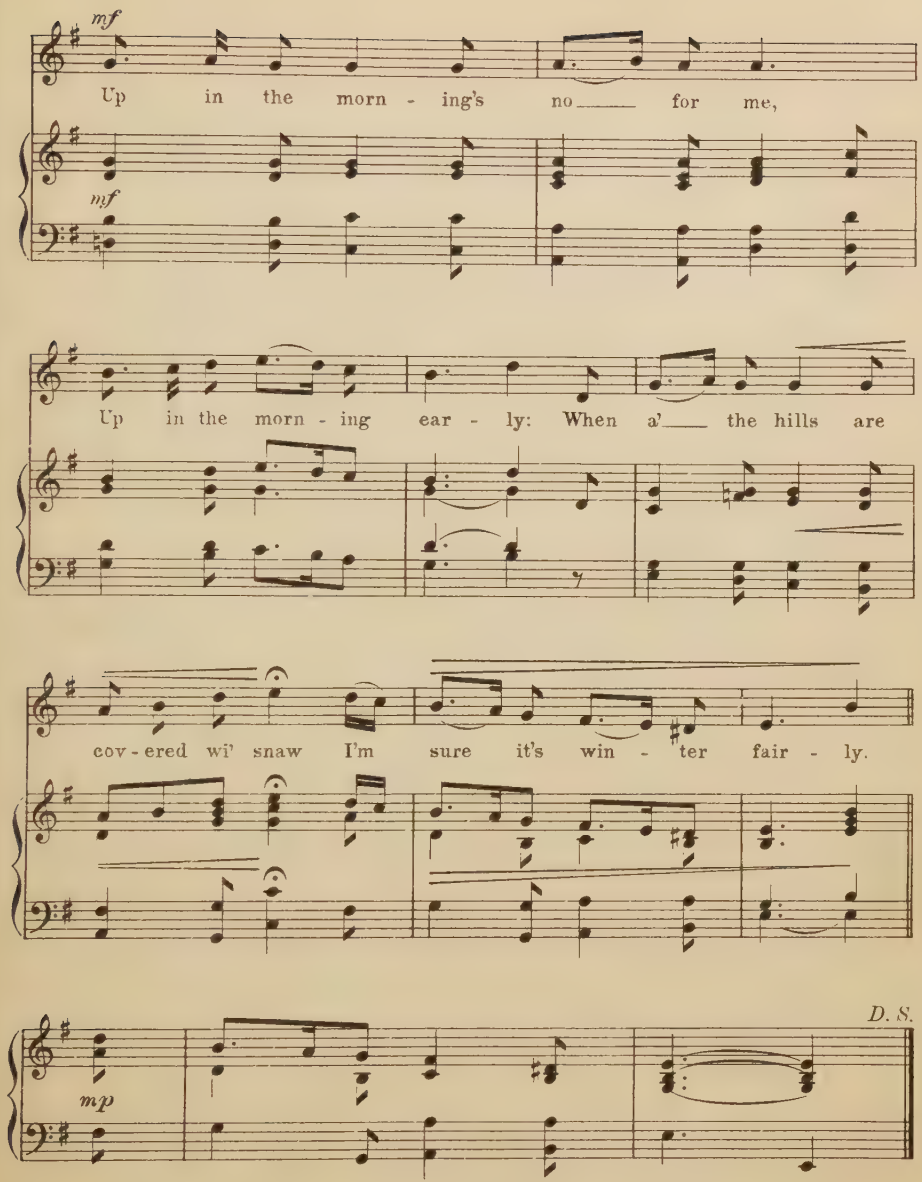
I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be.
Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell, light,— thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!
Sae rantingly, &c.

Up in the Morning early.

Tune: *"Cold and raw."*

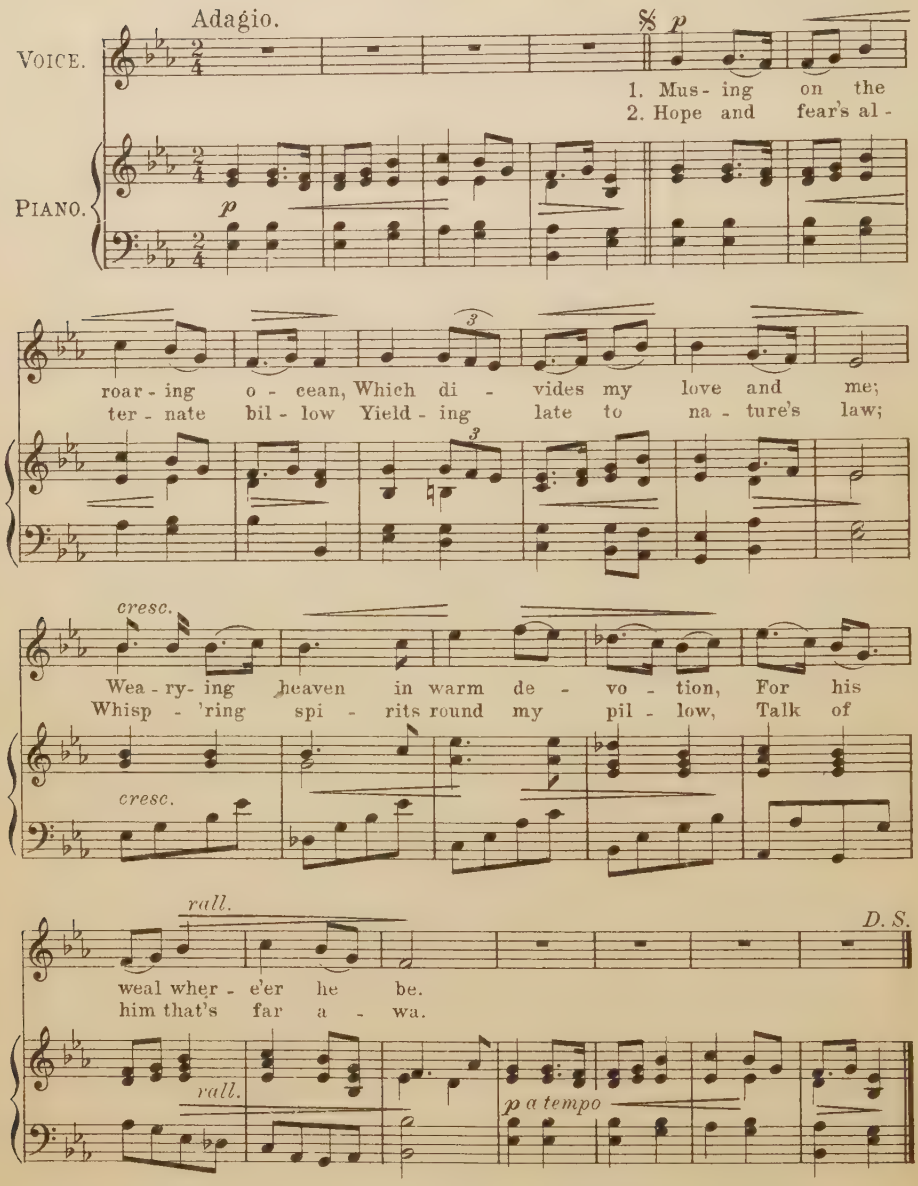




The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,—
I'm sure it's winter fairly.
Up in the morning, &c.

Musing on the roaring Ocean.

Tune: *"Druimion dubh."*

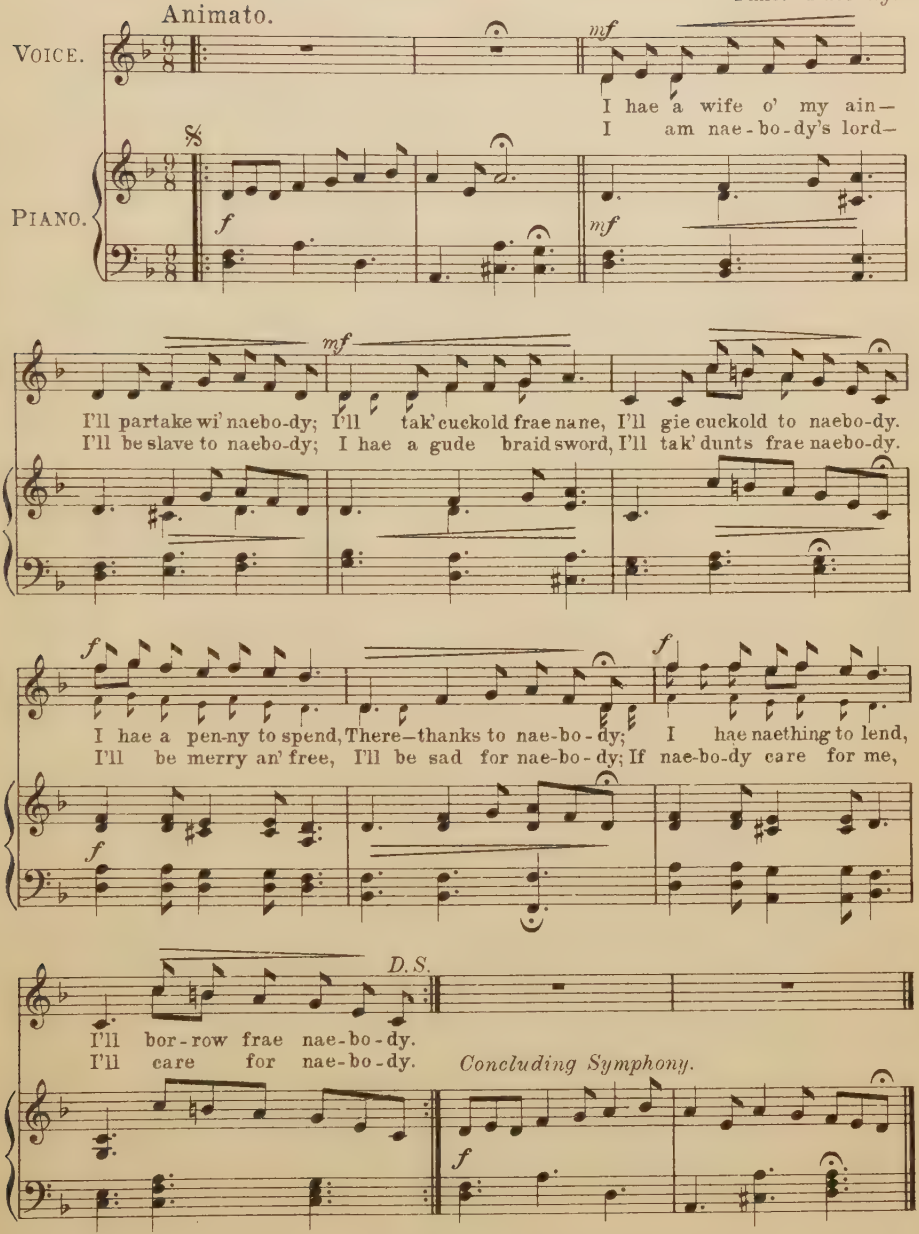

Adagio.
VOICE.
PIANO.
p
1. Mus- ing on the
2. Hope and fear's al -
roar - ing o - cean, Which di - vides my love and me;
ter - nate bil - low Yield - ing late to na - ture's law;
cresc.
Wea - ry- ing heaven in warm de - vo - tion, For his
Whisp - 'ring spi - rits round my pil - low, Talk of
rall.
D. S.
weal wher - e'er he be.
him that's far a - wa.
p a tempo

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me;
Downy sleep, the curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa!

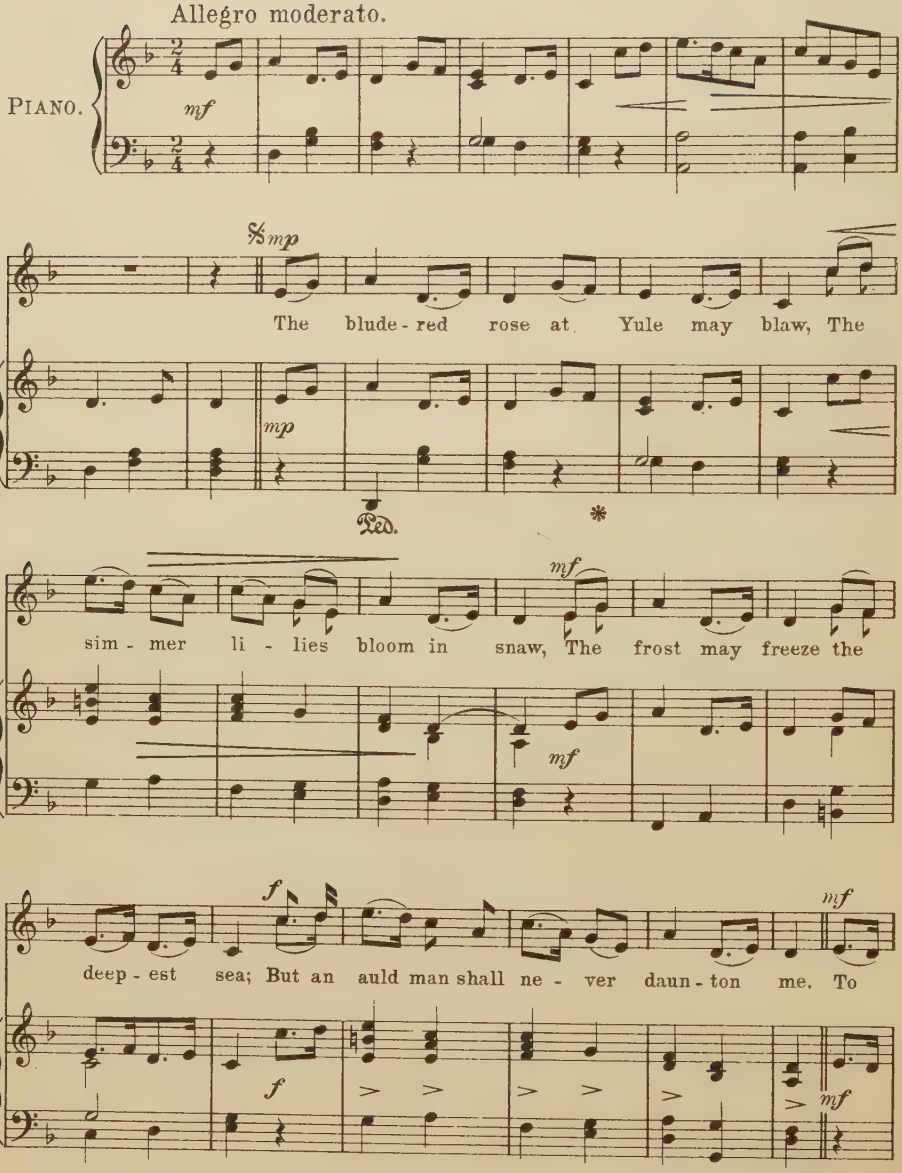
Naebody.

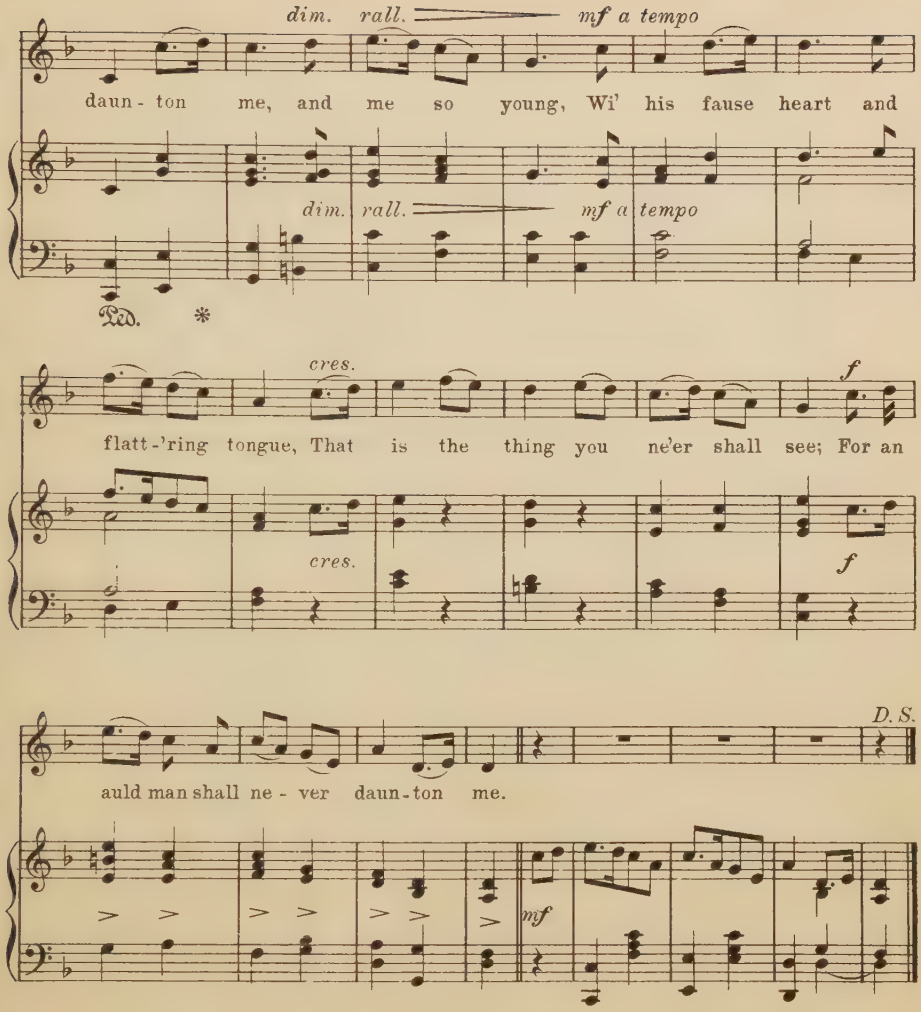
Tune: *"Naebody."*


Animato.
VOICE.
PIANO.
mf
I hae a wife o' my ain—
I am nae-bo-dy's lord—
f
mf
I'll partake wi' naebo-dy; I'll tak' cuckold frae nane, I'll gie cuckold to naebo-dy.
I'll be slave to naebo-dy; I hae a gude braid sword, I'll tak' dunts frae naebo-dy.
f
f
I hae a pen-ny to spend, There—thanks to nae-bo-dy; I hae naething to lend,
I'll be merry an' free, I'll be sad for nae-bo-dy; If nae-bo-dy care for me,
f
D.S.
I'll bor-row frae nae-bo-dy.
I'll care for nae-bo-dy.
Concluding Symphony.
f

To daunton me.

Tune: *"To daunton me."*




dim. rall. mf a tempo
daun - ton me, and me so young, Wi' his fause heart and
dim. rall. mf a tempo
Ped. *
cres. f
flatt-'ring tongue, That is the thing you ne'er shall see; For an
cres. f
D. S.
auld man shall ne - ver daun - ton me.
mf

For a' his meal and a' his maut,
For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
For a' his gold and white monie,
An auld man shall never daunton me.

To daunton me, &c.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
His gear may buy him glens and knowes;
But me he shall not buy nor fee,
For an auld man shall never daunton me.

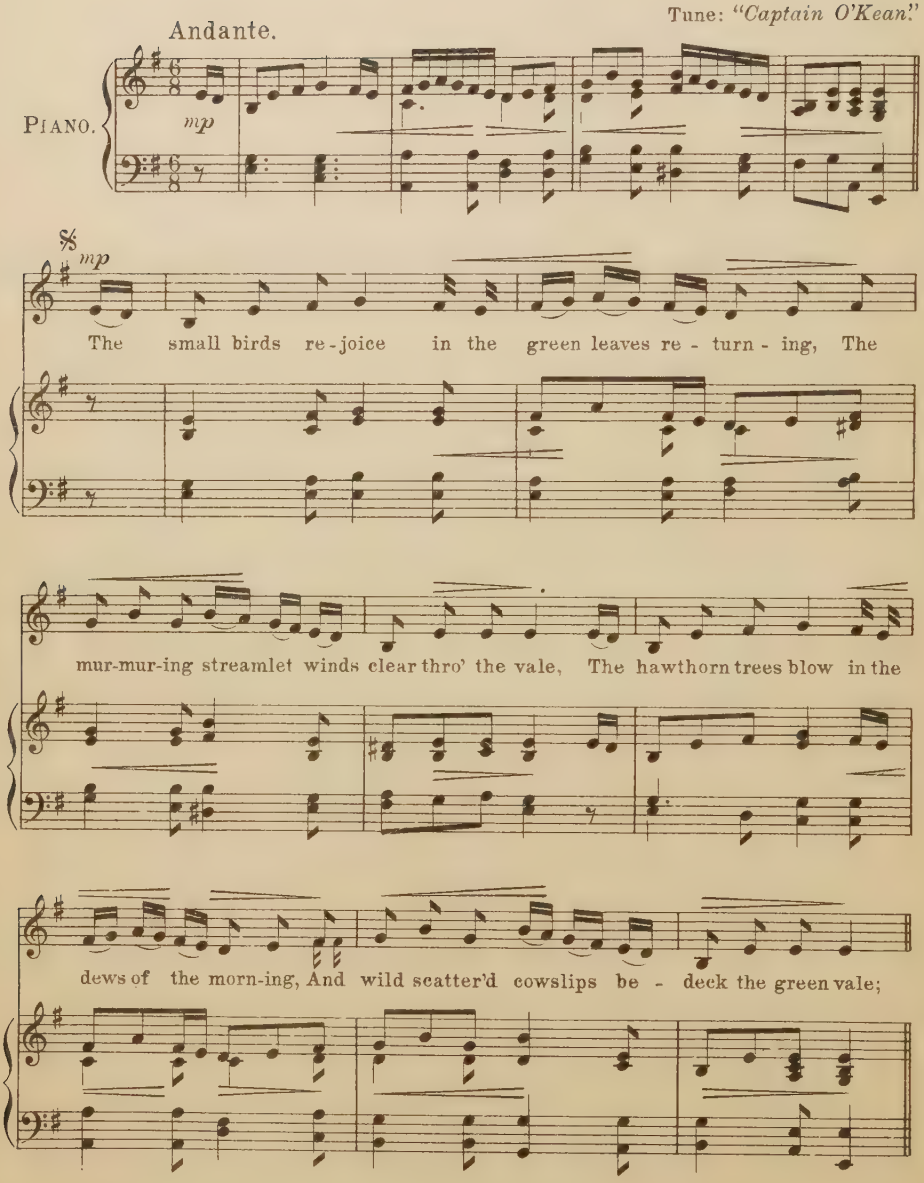
To daunton me, &c.

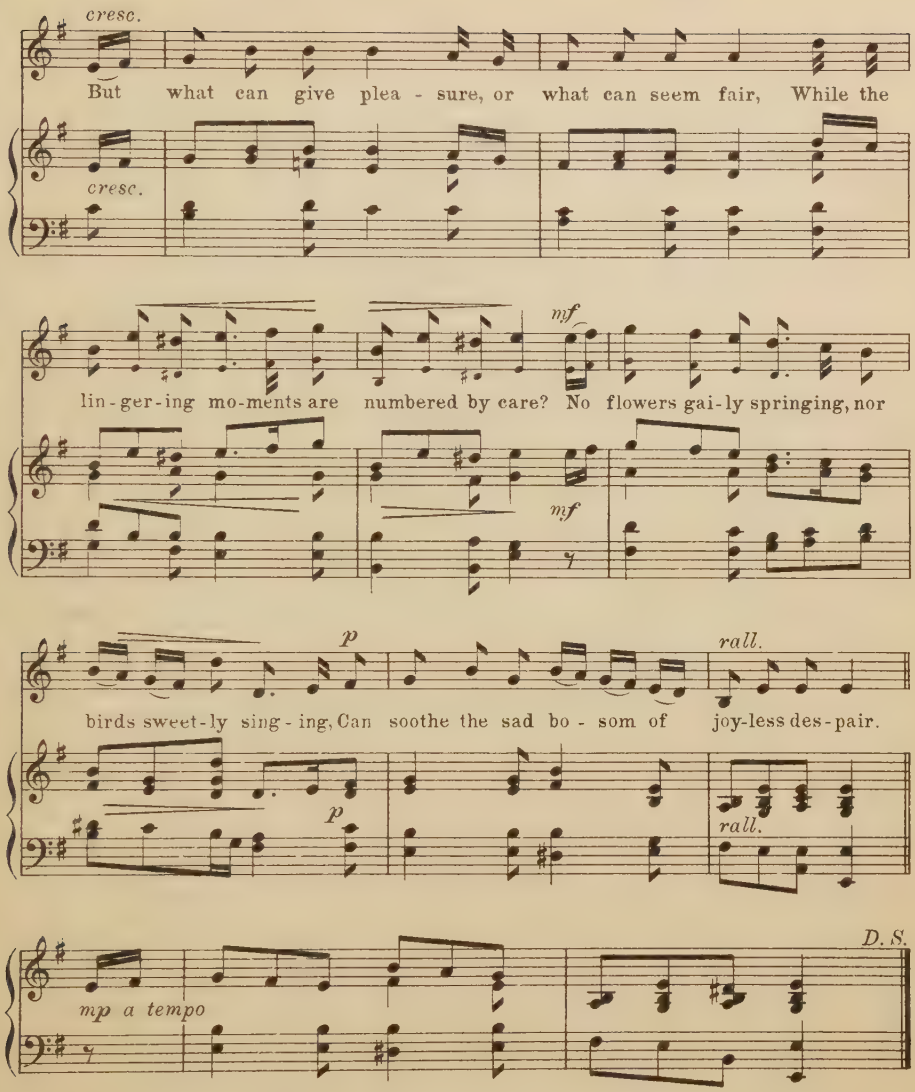
He hirples twa-fauld as he dow,
Wi' his teethless gab and his auld beld pow,
An' the rain rains down frae his red blear'd ee —
That auld man shall never daunton me.

To daunton me, &c.

The Chevalier's Lament.

Tune: *"Captain O'Kean."*

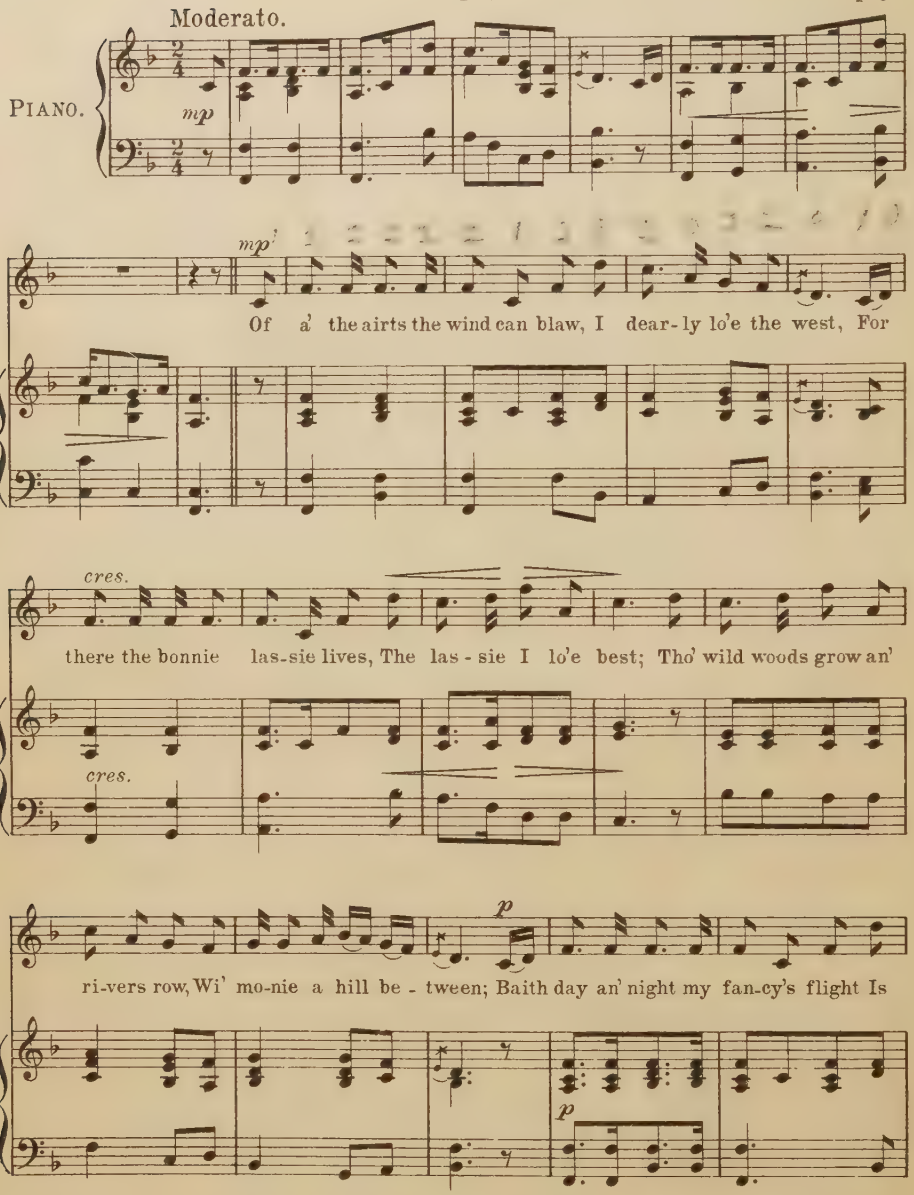

Andante.
PIANO.
mp
mp
The small birds re-joice in the green leaves re - turn - ing, The
mur-mur-ing streamlet winds clear thro' the vale, The hawthorn trees blow in the
dews of the morn-ing, And wild scatter'd cowslips be - deck the green vale;

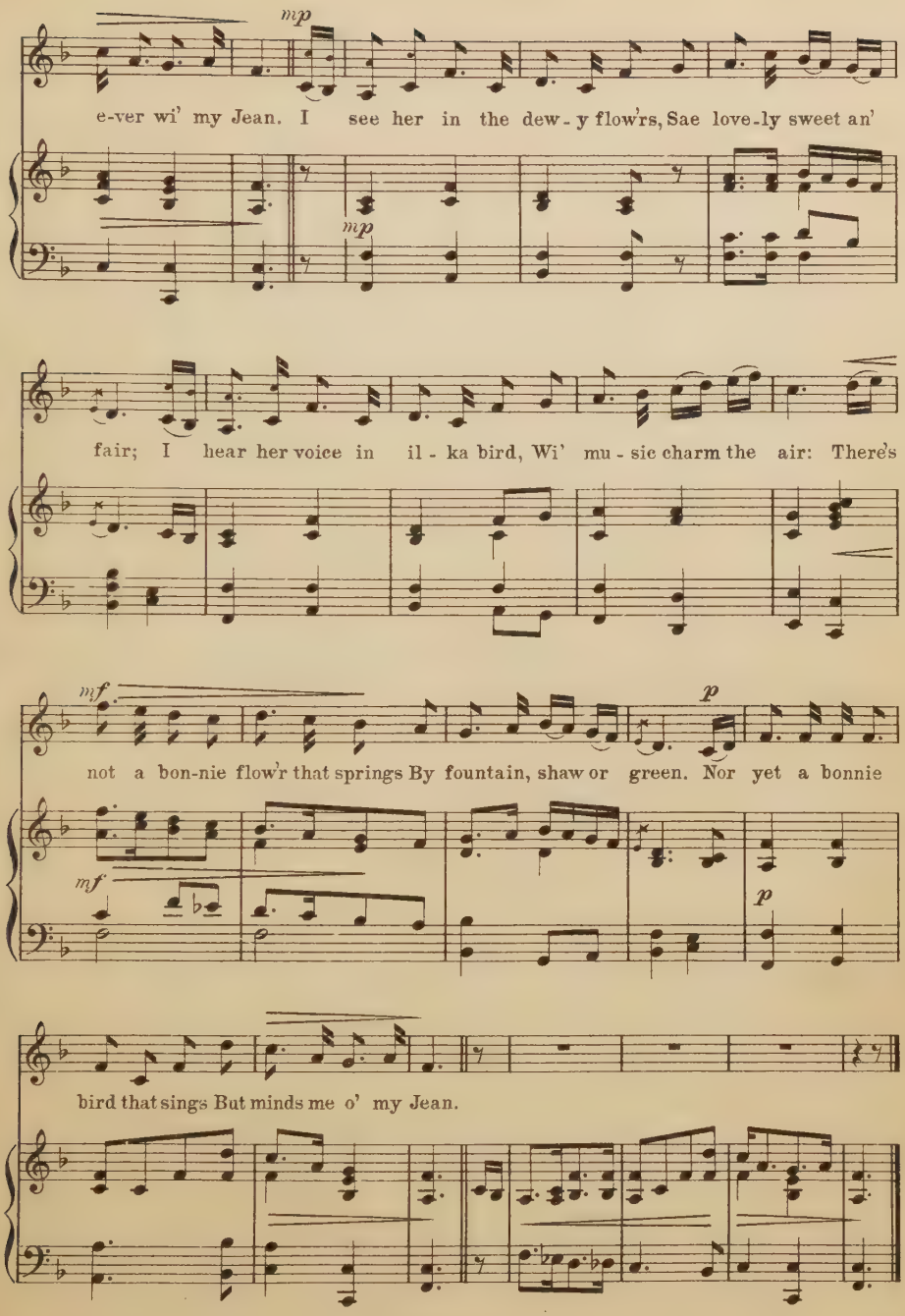

cresc.
But what can give plea - sure, or what can seem fair, While the
cresc.
mf
lin - ger - ing mo - ments are numbered by care? No flowers gai - ly springing, nor
mf
p
rall.
birds sweet - ly sing - ing, Can soothe the sad bo - som of joy - less des - pair.
p
rall.
D. S.
mp a tempo

The deed that I dar'd, could it merit their malice,
A KING and a FATHER to place on his throne?
His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none.
But 'tis not my sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn,
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn:
Your deeds prov'd so loyal, in hot bloody trial, —
Alas! can I make you no sweeter return!

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw.

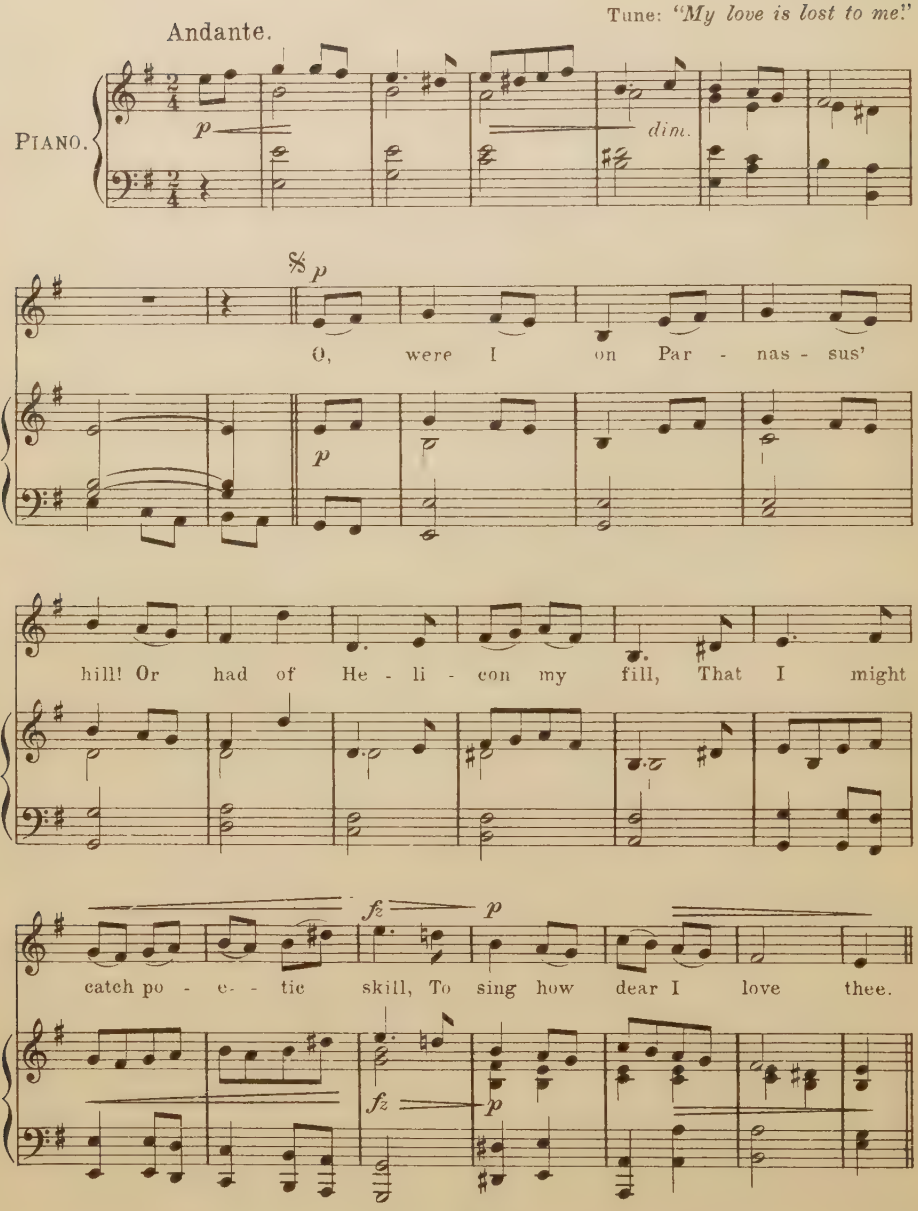
Tune: *"Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey."*

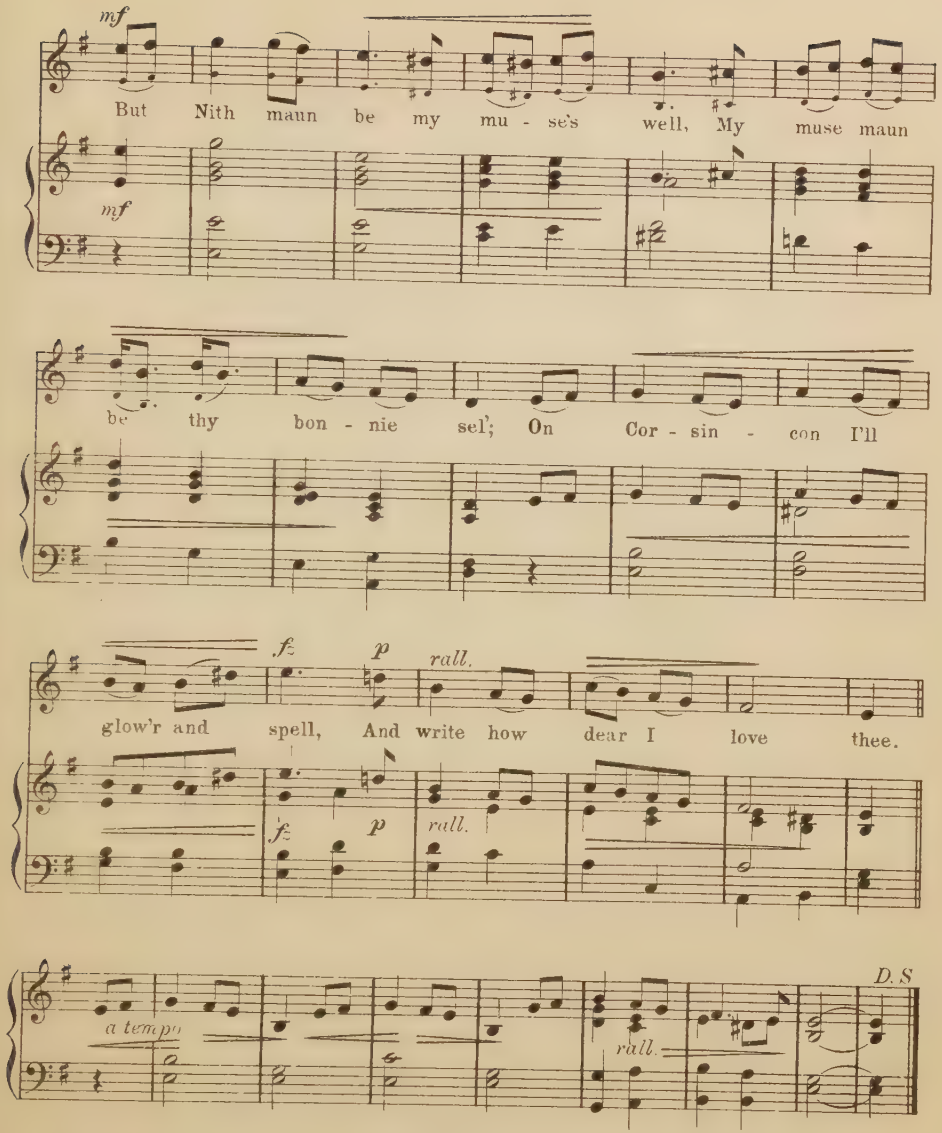

Moderato.
PIANO.
mp
mp
Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, I dear-ly lo'e the west, For
cres.
there the bonnie las-sie lives, The las-sie I lo'e best; Tho' wild woods grow an'
cres.
p
ri-vers row, Wi' mo-nie a hill be-tween; Baith day an' night my fan-cy's flight Is
p


mp
e-ver wi' my Jean. I see her in the dew-y flow'rs, Sae love-ly sweet an'
mp
fair; I hear her voice in il-ka bird, Wi' mu-sic charm the air: There's
mf
p
not a bon-nie flow'r that springs By fountain, shaw or green. Nor yet a bonnie
mf
p
bird that sings But minds me o' my Jean.

O, were I on Parnassus' Hill.

Tune: *"My love is lost to me."*



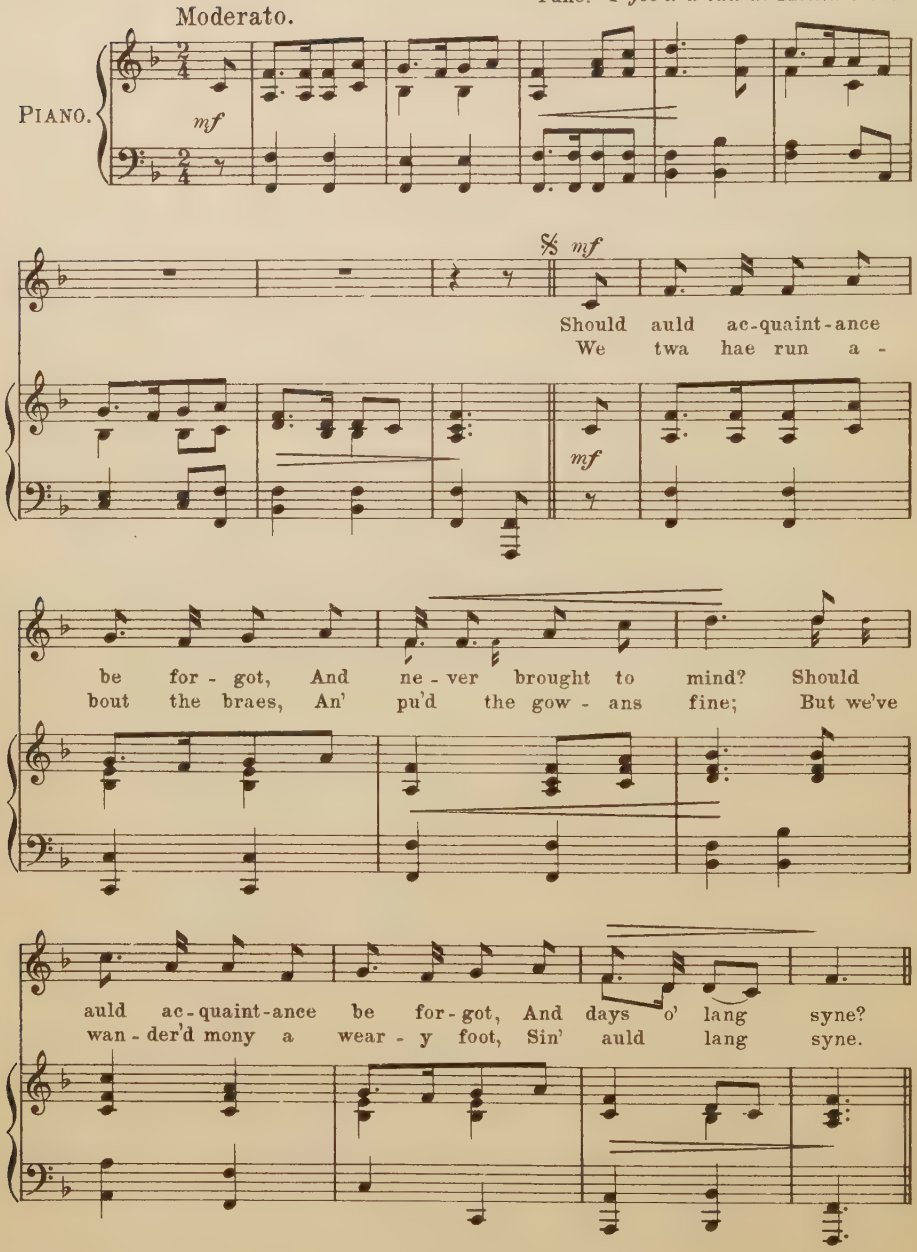

mf
But Nith maun be my mu - se's well, My muse maun
mf
be thy bon - nie sel'; On Cor - sin - con I'll
fz p rall.
glow'r and spell, And write how dear I love thee.
fz p rall.
a tempo
rall.
D. S

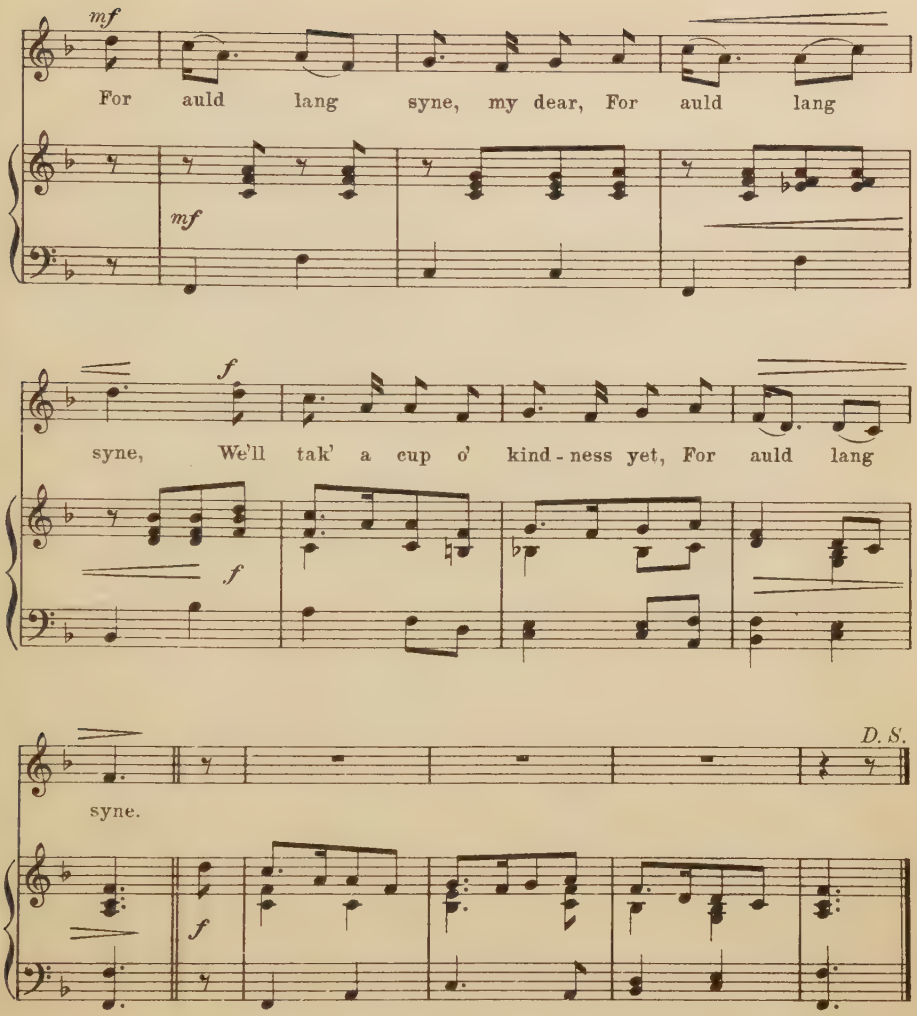
Then come, sweet muse, inspire my lay!
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day,
I couldna sing, I couldna say,
How much, how dear I love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips—thy roguish een—
By heaven and earth, I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
And aye I muse and sing thy name,
I only live to love thee.
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run;
Till then—and then I love thee.

Auld lang syne.

Tune: *"I fee'd a lad at Michaelmas."*


Moderato.
PIANO.
mf
Should auld ac-quaint-ance
We twa hae run a -
be for - got, And ne - ver brought to mind? Should
bout the braes, An' pu'd the gow - ans fine; But we've
auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days o' lang syne?
wan - der'd mony a wear - y foot, Sin' auld lang syne.



We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine:
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld, &c.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere!
And gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.

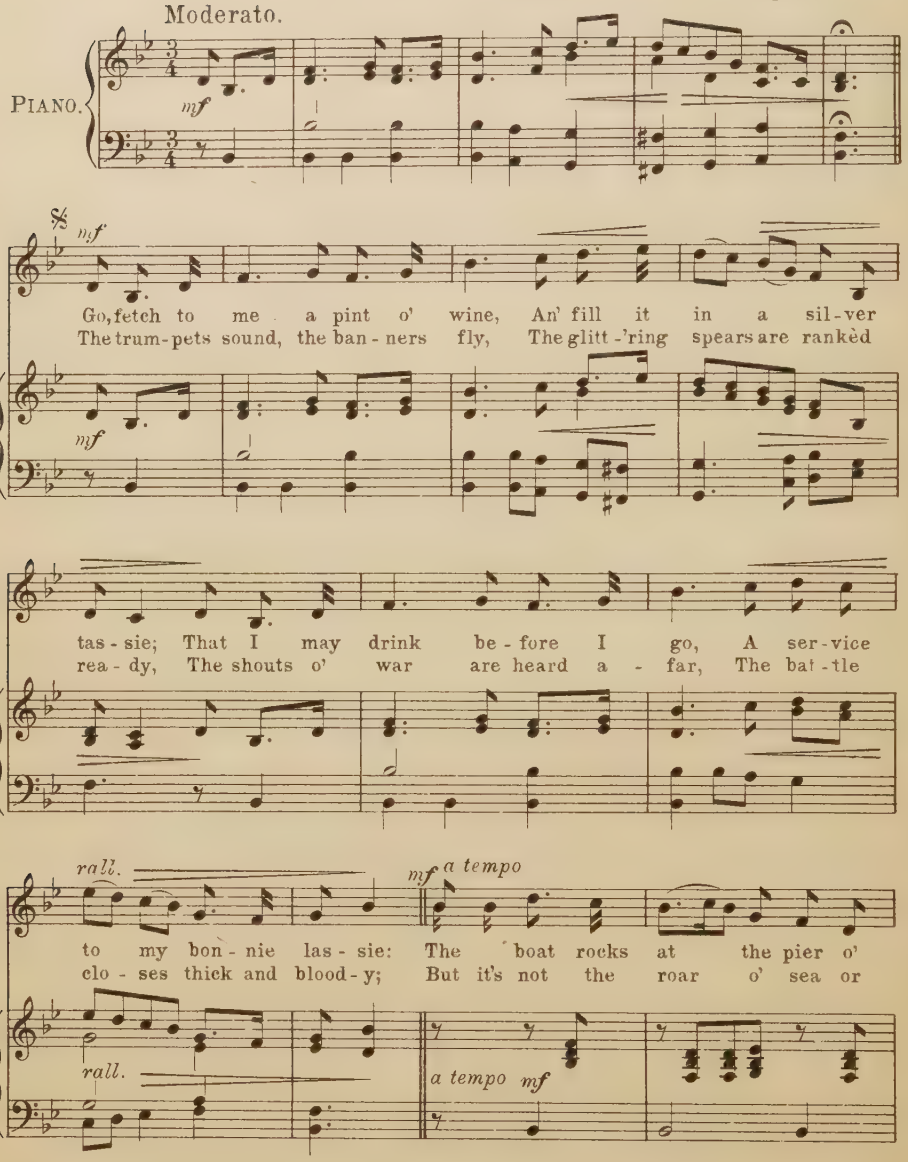
For auld, &c.

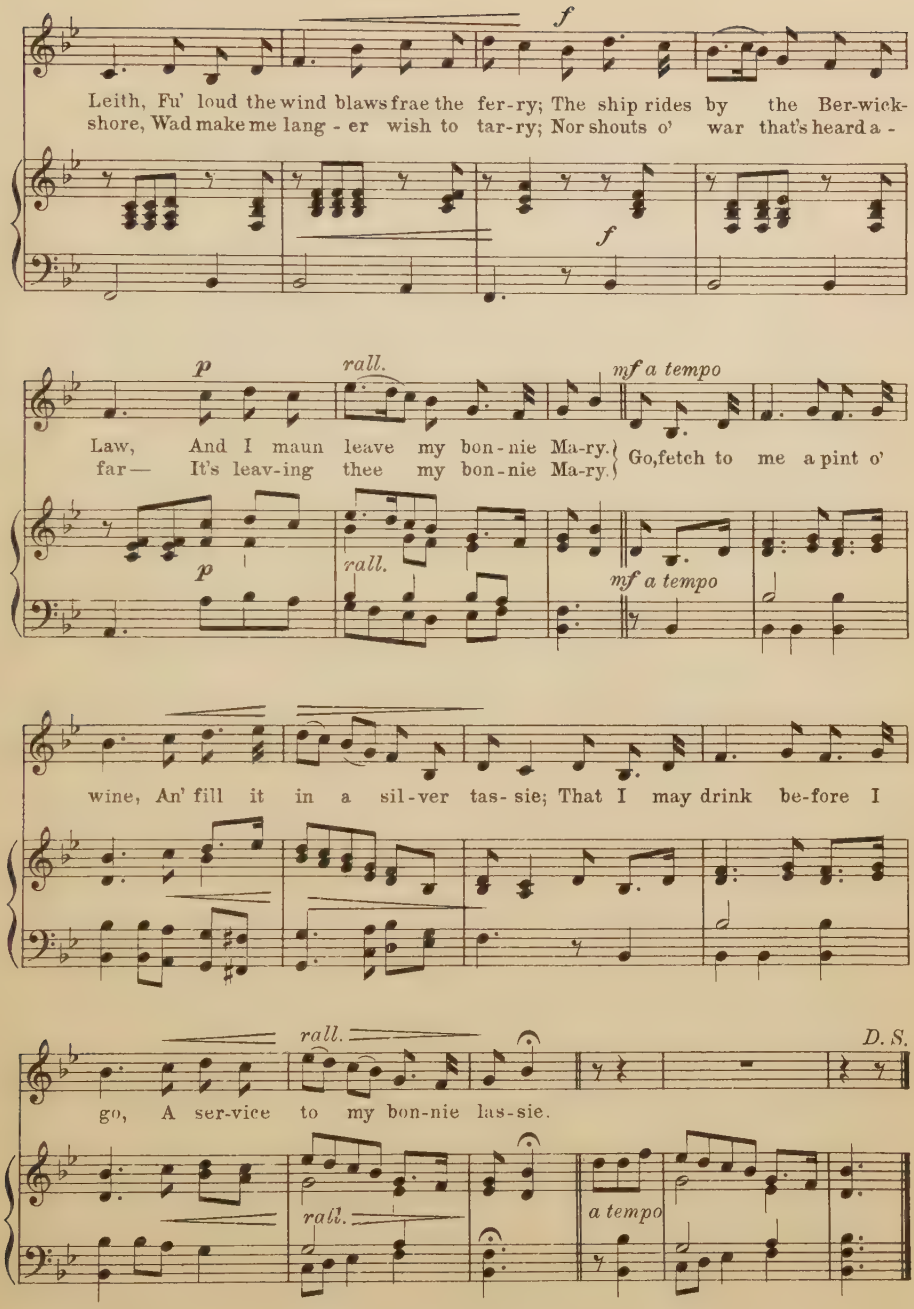
And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

For auld, &c.

Go, fetch to me a Pint o' Wine.

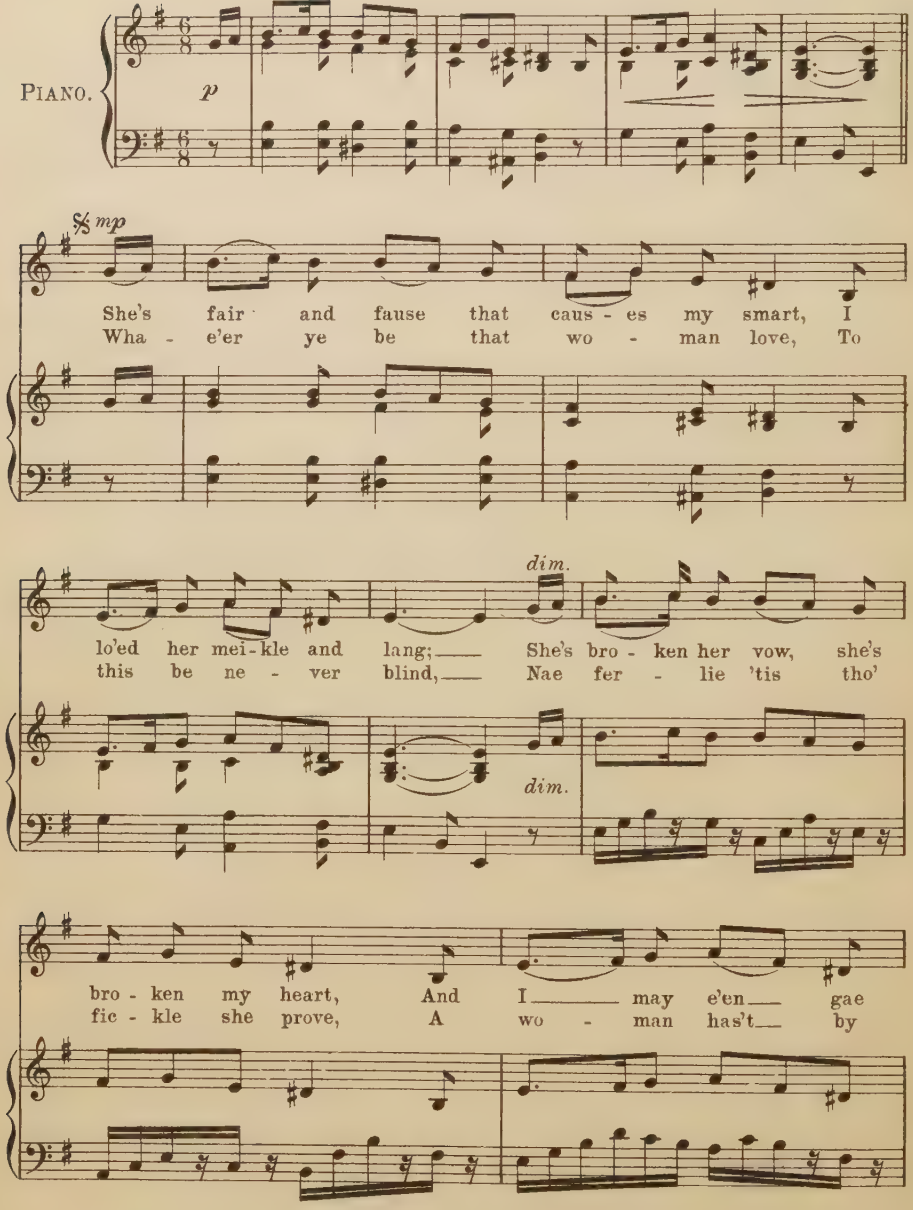
Tune: *"Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine."*

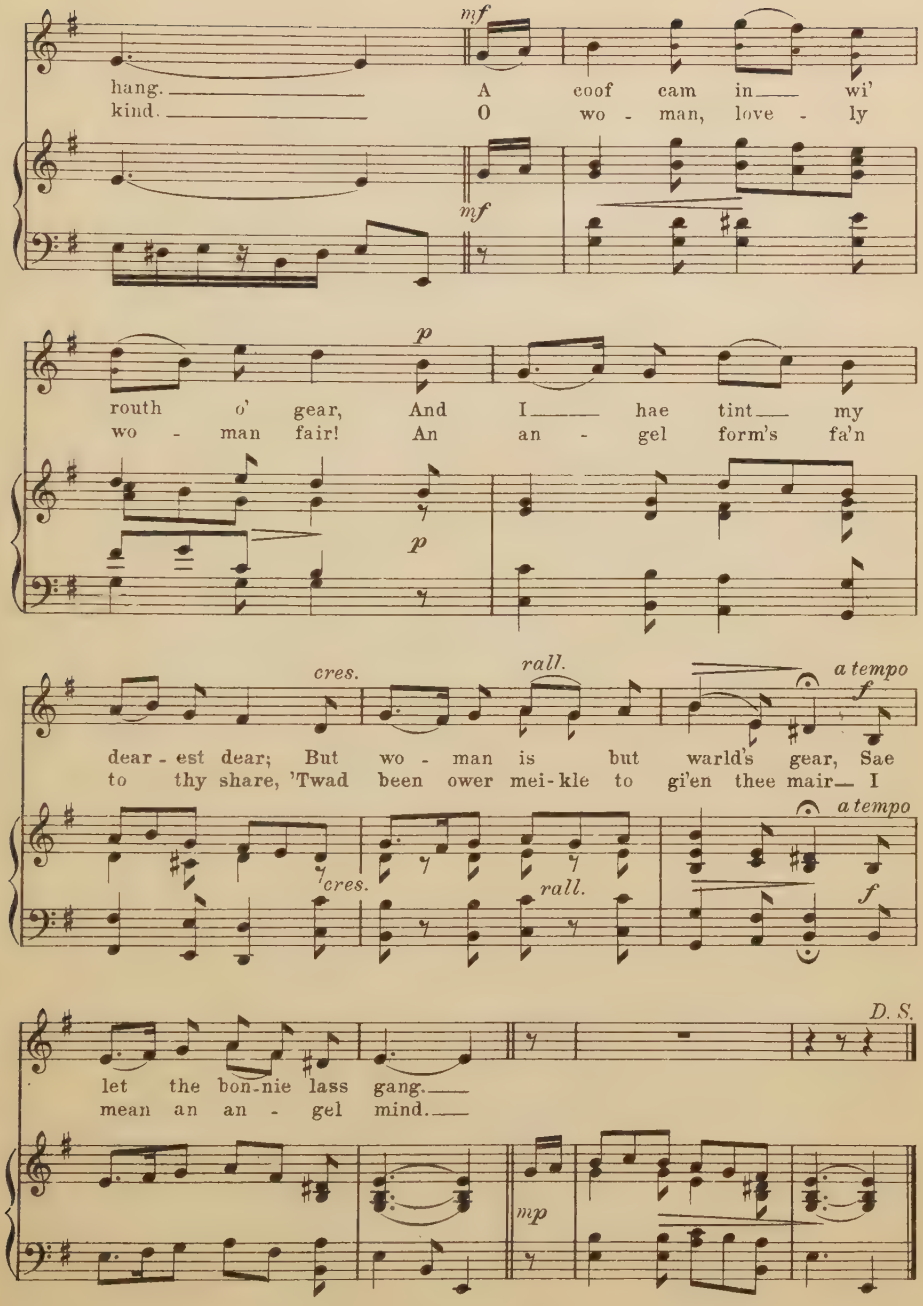

Moderato.
PIANO.
mf
Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine, An' fill it in a sil-ver
The trum-pets sound, the ban-ners fly, The glitt-'ring spears are ranked
tas-sie; That I may drink be-fore I go, A ser-vice
rea-dy, The shouts o' war are heard a-far, The bat-tle
rall.
a tempo
to my bon-nie las-sie: The boat rocks at the pier o'
clo-ses thick and blood-y; But it's not the roar o' sea or


f
Leith, Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the fer-ry; The ship rides by the Ber-wick-
shore, Wad make me lang - er wish to tar-ry; Nor shouts o' war that's heard a -
f
p
rall.
mf a tempo
Law, And I maun leave my bon-nie Ma-ry.
far— It's leav-ing thee my bon-nie Ma-ry.
Go, fetch to me a pint o'
p
rall.
mf a tempo
wine, An' fill it in a sil-ver tas-sie; That I may drink be-fore I
rall.
D. S.
go, A ser-vice to my bon-nie las-sie.
rall.
a tempo

She's fair and fause.

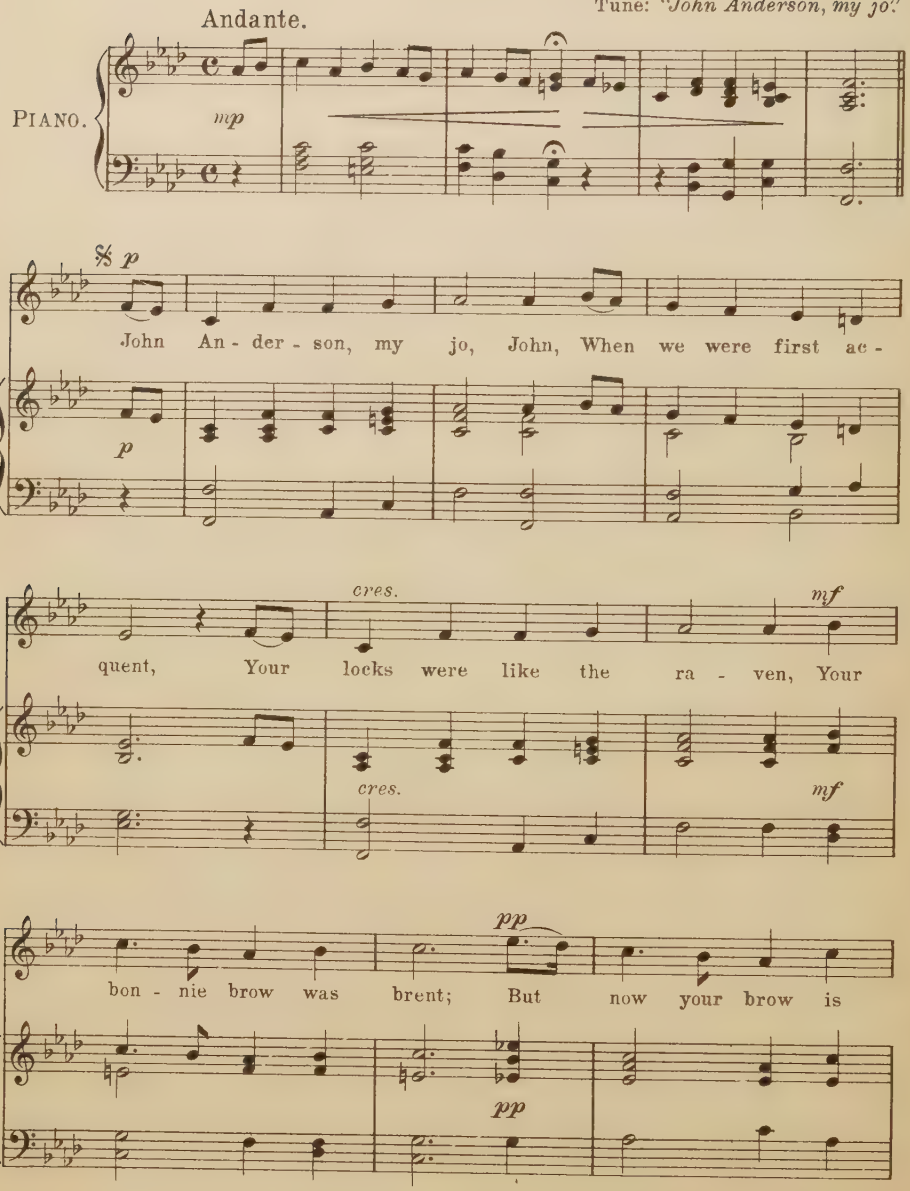
Andante. Tune: *"She's fair and fause."*

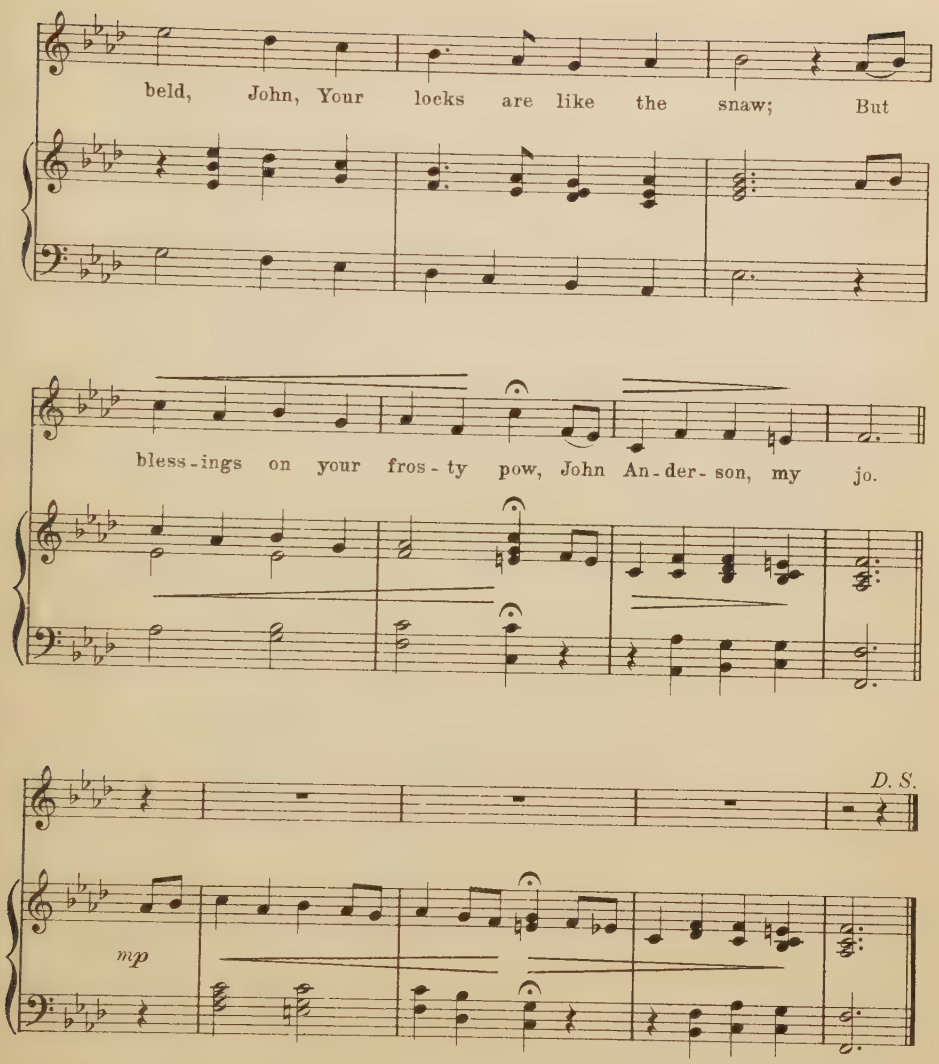

PIANO.
p
mp
She's fair and fause that caus - es my smart, I
Wha - e'er ye be that wo - man love, To
dim.
lo'ed her mei-kle and lang; She's bro - ken her vow, she's
this be ne - ver blind, Nae fer - lie 'tis tho'
dim.
bro - ken my heart, And I may e'en gae
fic - kle she prove, A wo - man has't by


mf
hang. A coof cam in wi'
kind. O wo - man, love - ly
mf
p
routh o' gear, And I hae tint my
wo - man fair! An an - gel form's fa'n
p
cres.
rall.
a tempo
f
dear - est dear; But wo - man is but warld's gear, Sae
to thy share, 'Twad been ower mei-kle to gi'en thee mair I
a tempo
cres.
rall.
f
D. S.
let the bon-nie lass gang.
mean an an - gel mind.
mp

John Anderson, my jo.

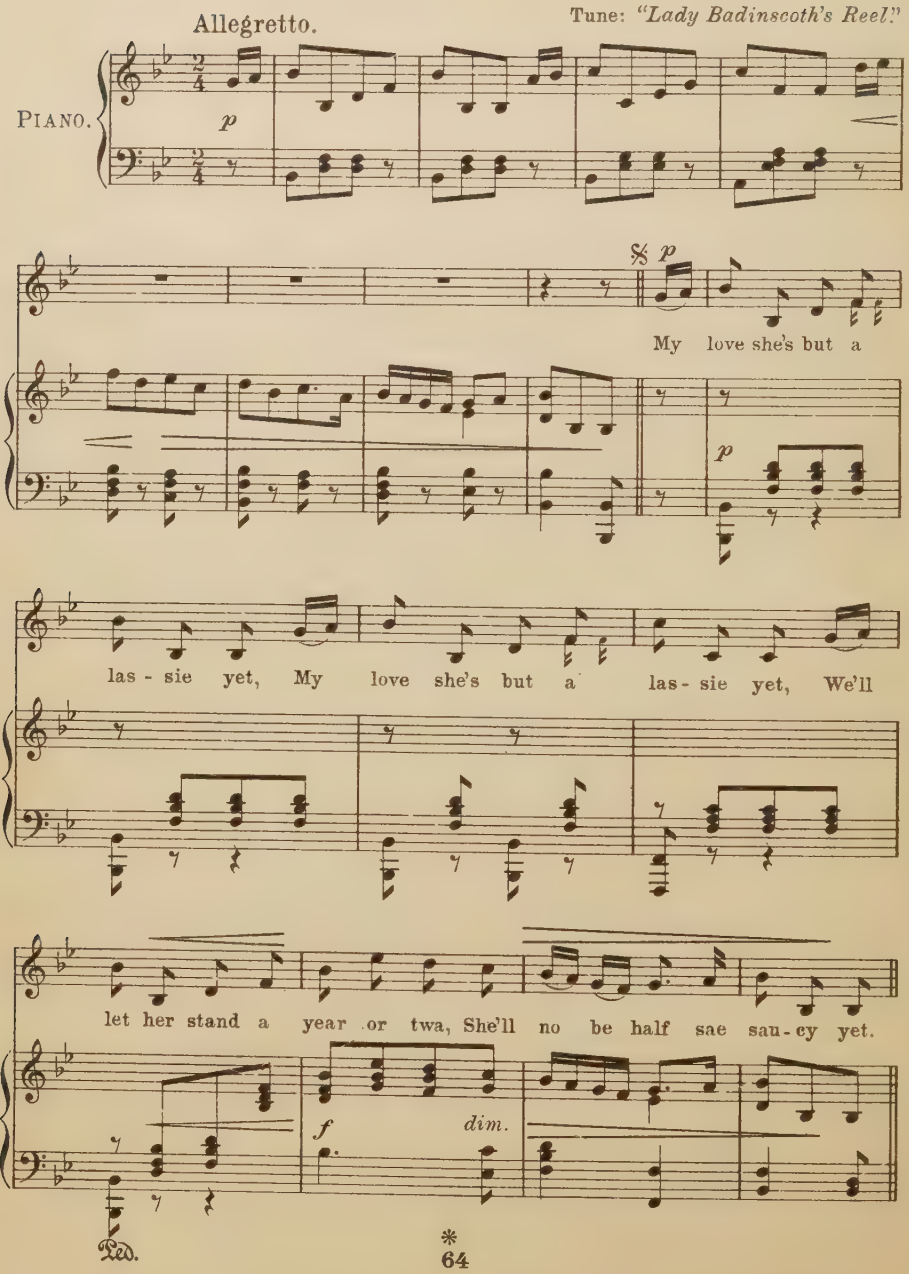
Tune: *"John Anderson, my jo."*

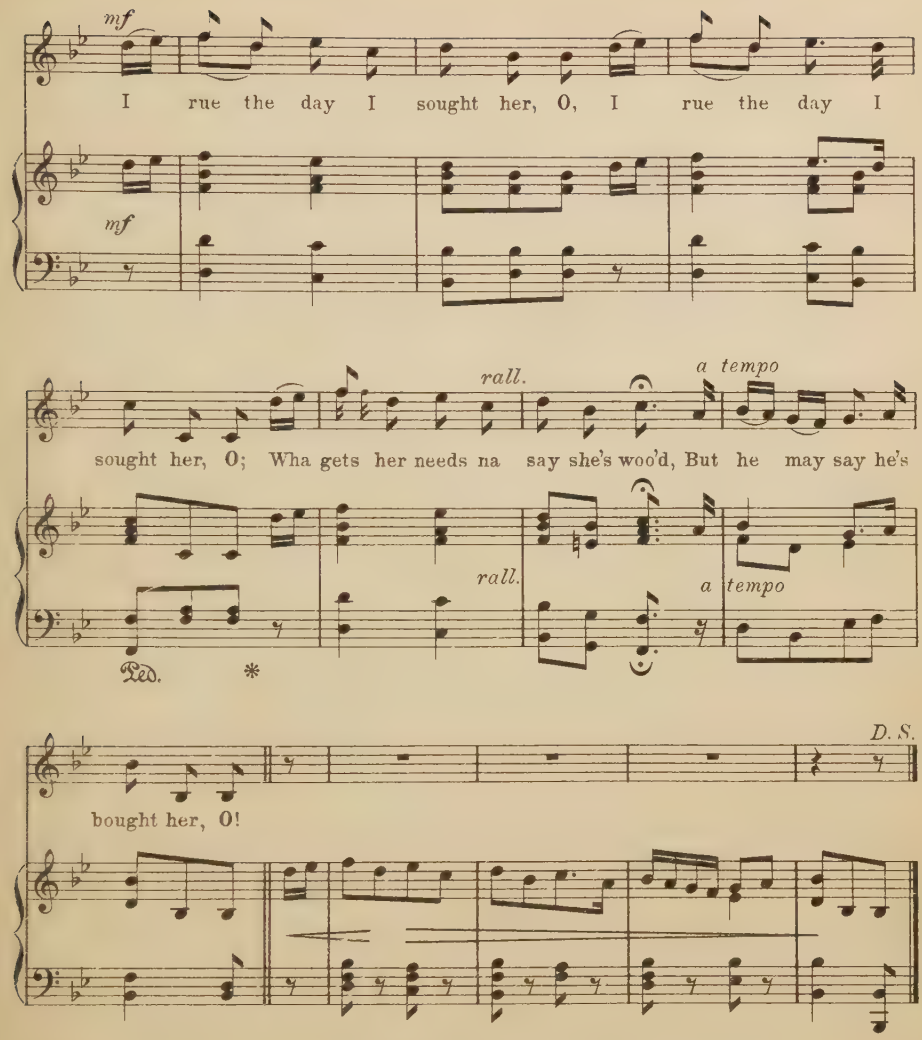




John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither
And mony a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

My Love she's but a Lassie yet.


Allegretto.
Tune: "Lady Badinscoth's Reel."
PIANO.
p
My love she's but a
las - sie yet, My love she's but a las - sie yet, We'll
let her stand a year or twa, She'll no be half sae sau - cy yet.
f
dim.
Ped.



Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,
But here I never miss'd it yet.

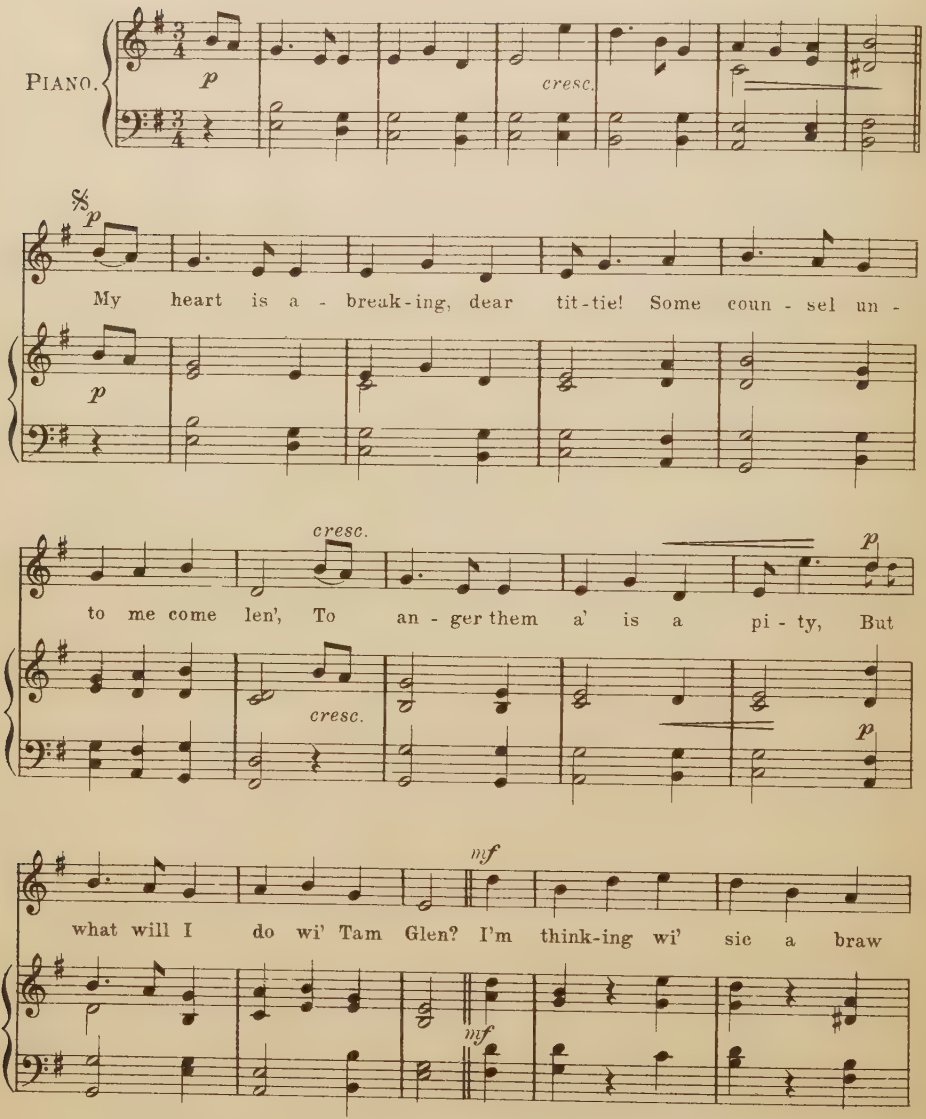
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
And couldna preach for thinkin' o't.

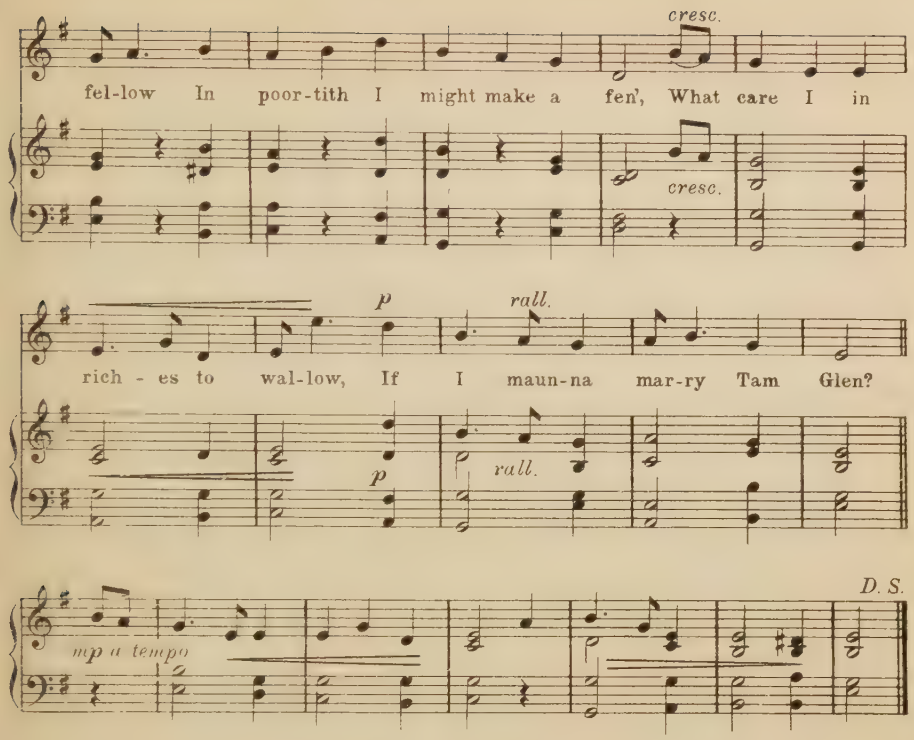
I

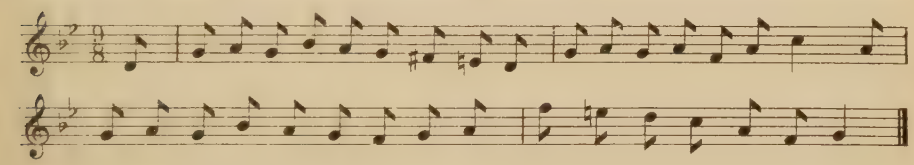
Tam Glen.

Andante con moto.

Tune: *"The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre."*


PIANO.
p
cresc.
My heart is a - break-ing, dear tit-tie! Some coun - sel un -
to me come len', To an - ger them a' is a pi - ty, But
what will I do wi' Tam Glen? I'm think-ing wi' sic a braw



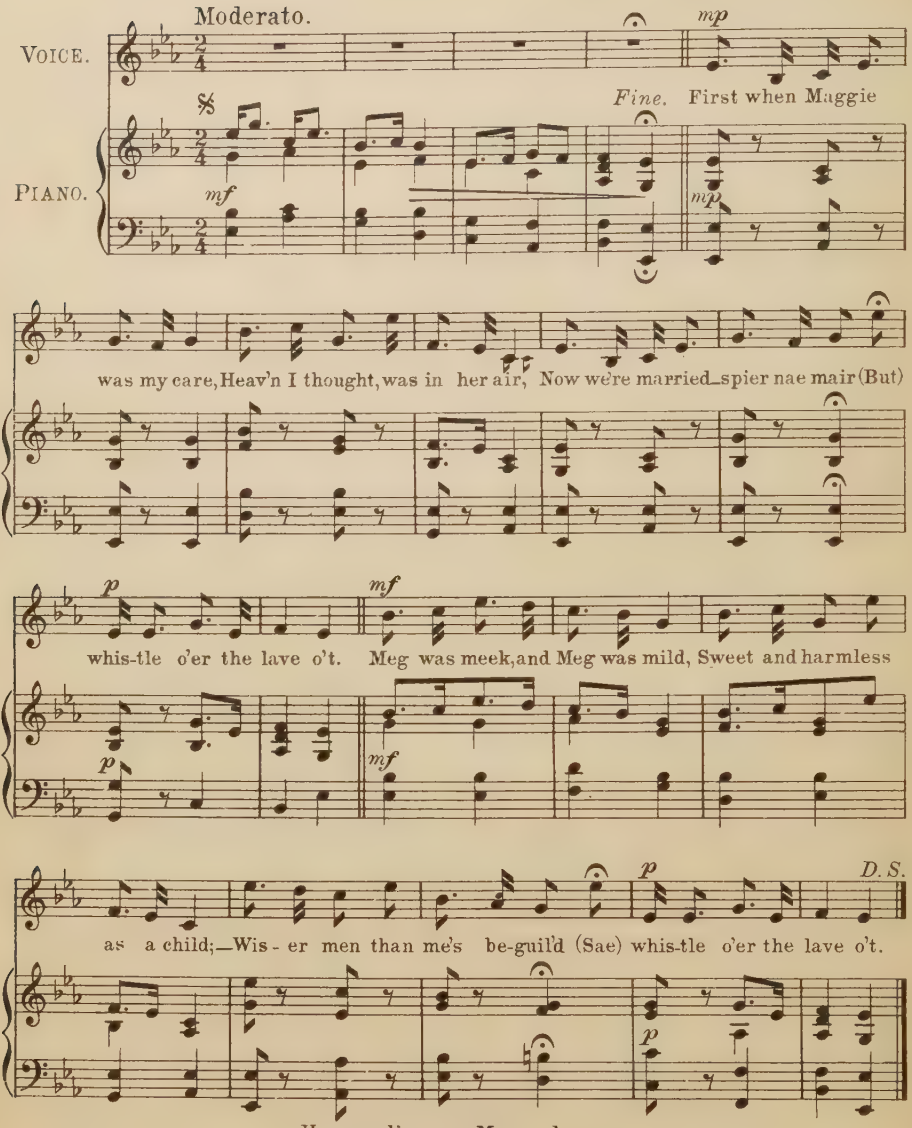
The original melody "*Old Hewson the Cobbler*" to which Burns set the words was as follows.

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drummeller,
"Guid day to you, brute!" he comes ben:
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?
My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me;
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten:
But if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?
Yestreen at the Valentines' dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin'
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
His likeness cam up the house stalkin',
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!
Come counsel, dear tittie! don't tarry—
I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

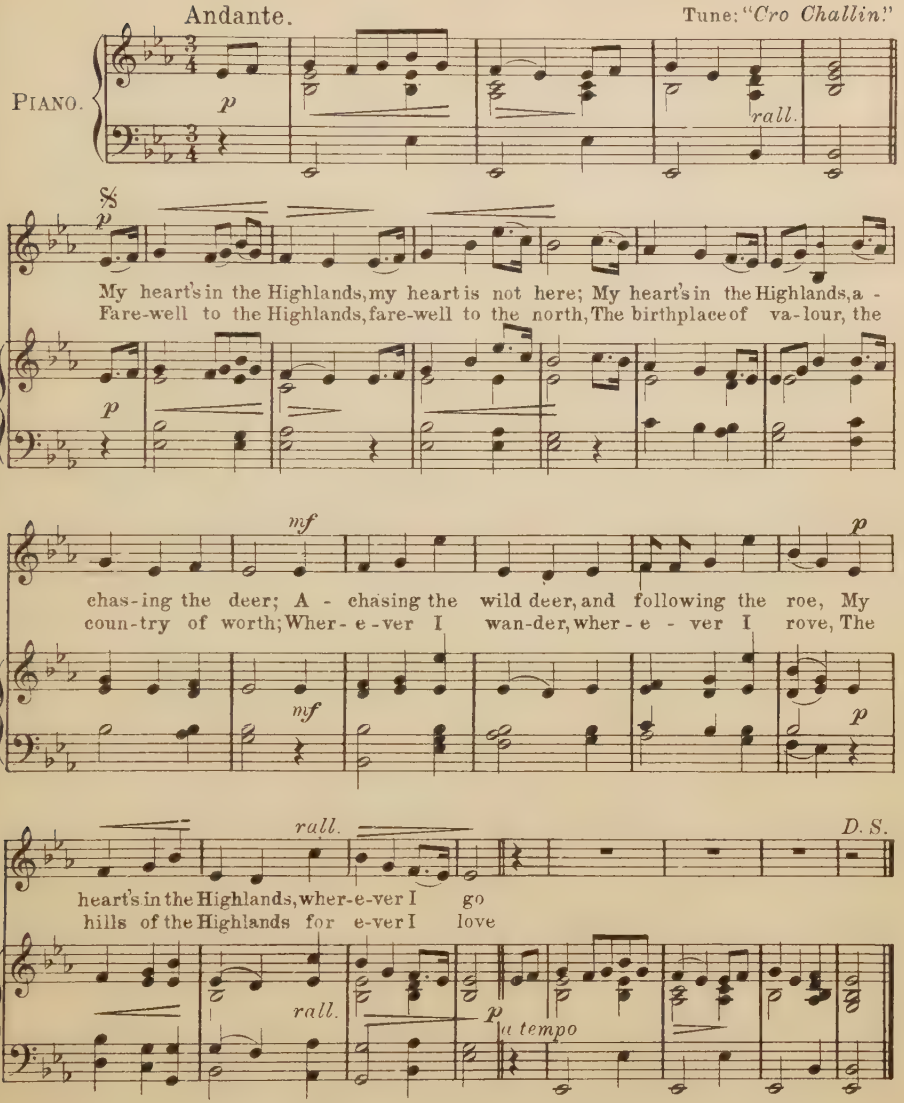
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Tune: *"Whistle o'er the lave o't."*


Moderato.
VOICE.
PIANO.
mp
Fine.
First when Maggie
mf
was my care, Heav'n I thought, was in her air, Now we're married—spier nae mair (But)
p
whis-tle o'er the lave o't.
mf
Meg was meek, and Meg was mild, Sweet and harmless
D. S.
as a child;—Wis - er men than me's be-guil'd (Sae) whis-tle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love and how we 'gree,
I care na by how few may see;
Whistle o'er the lave o't.
Wha I wish were maggot's meat,
Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
I could write—but Meg maun see't—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

My heart's in the Highlands.

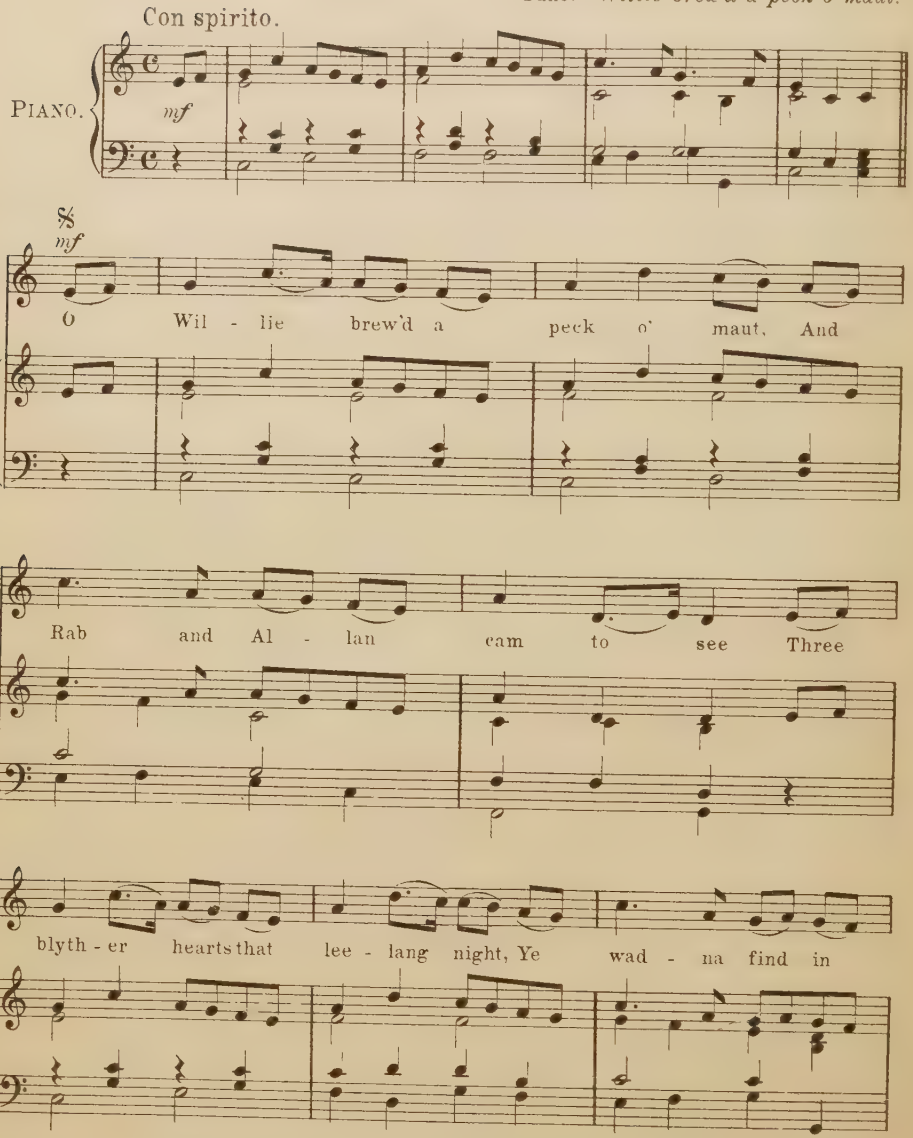

Andante.
Tune: "Cro Challin'"
PIANO.
rall.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here; My heart's in the Highlands, a -
Fare-well to the Highlands, fare-well to the north, The birthplace of va-lour, the
chas-ing the deer; A - chasing the wild deer, and following the roe, My
coun-try of worth; Wher-e-ver I wan-der, wher-e - ver I rove, The
rall.
D. S.
heart's in the Highlands, wher-e-ver I go
hills of the Highlands for e-ver I love
rall.
a tempo

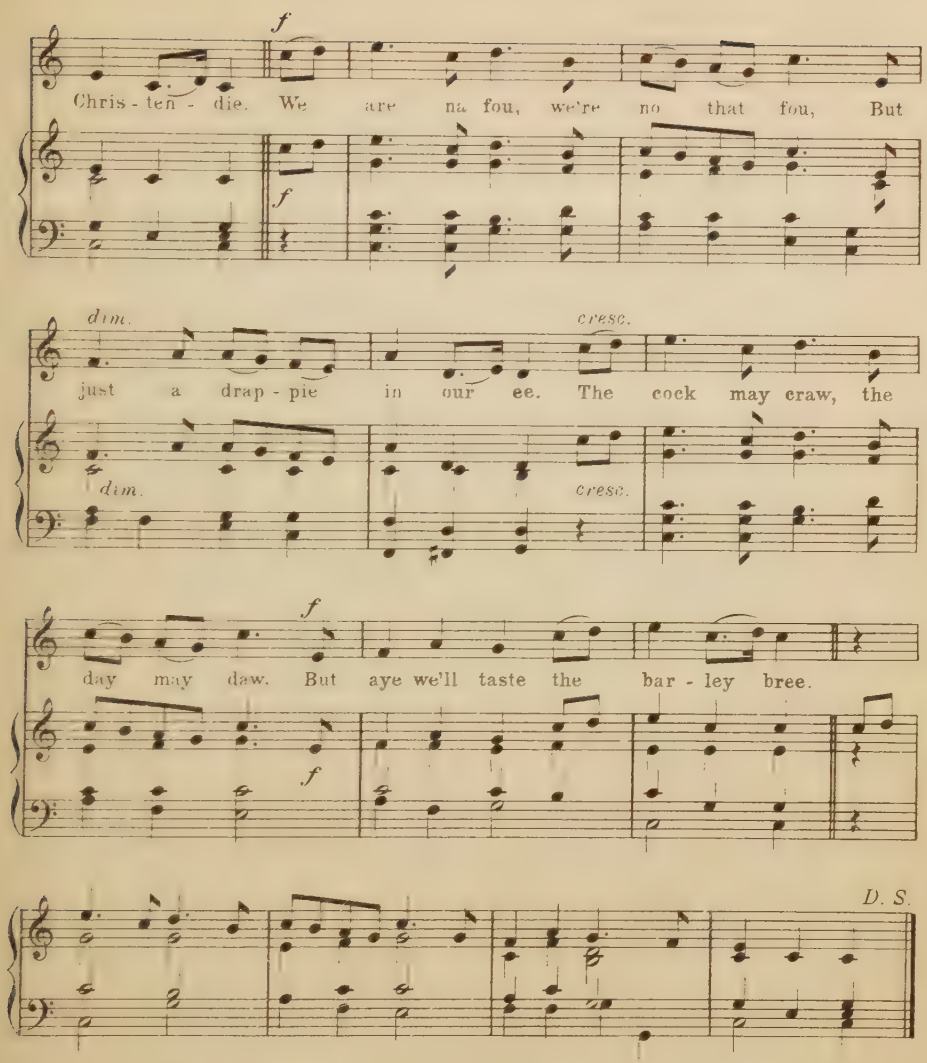
Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below:
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut.

Tune: *"Willie brew'd a peck o' maut."*


Con spirito.
PIANO.
mf
O Wil - lie brew'd a peck o' maut, And
Rab and Al - lan cam to see Three
blyth - er hearts that lee - lang night, Ye wad - na find in


f
Chris - ten - die. We are na fou, we're no that fou, But
f
dim.
cresc.
just a drap - pie in our ee. The cock may craw, the
dim.
cresc.
f
day may daw. But aye we'll taste the bar - ley bree.
f
D. S.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be!
We are na fou, &c.

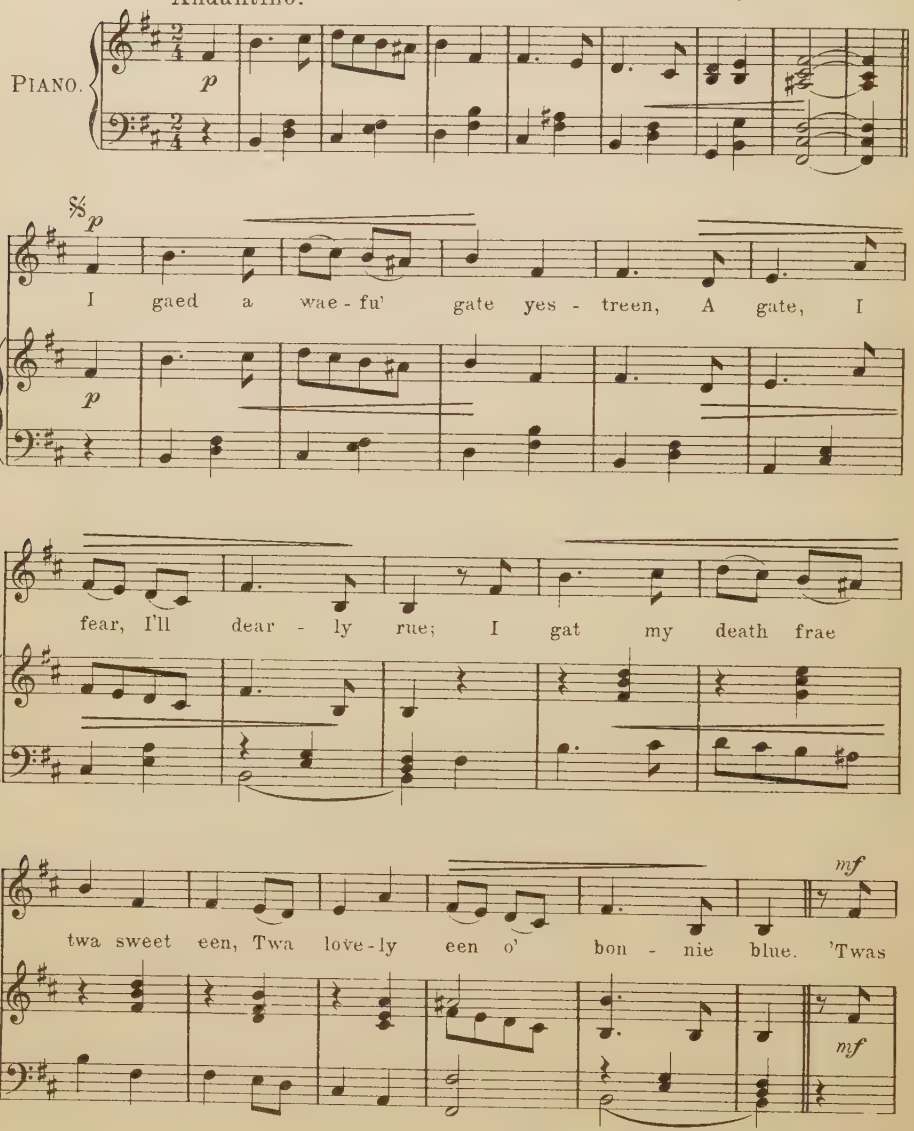
It is the moon,—I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!
We are na fou, &c.

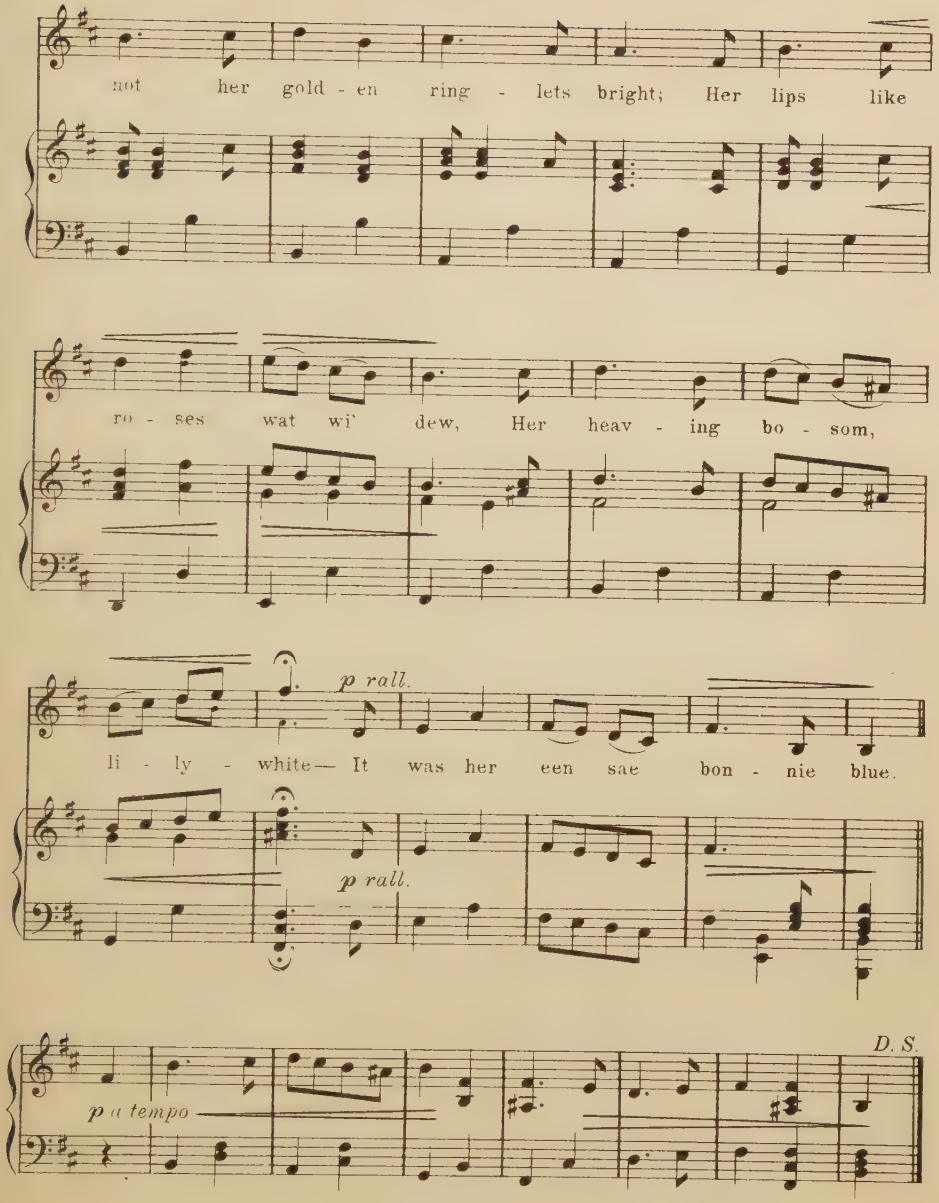
Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loon is he!
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!
We are na fou, &c.

I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen.

Andantino.

Tune: *"My only joe and dearie."*

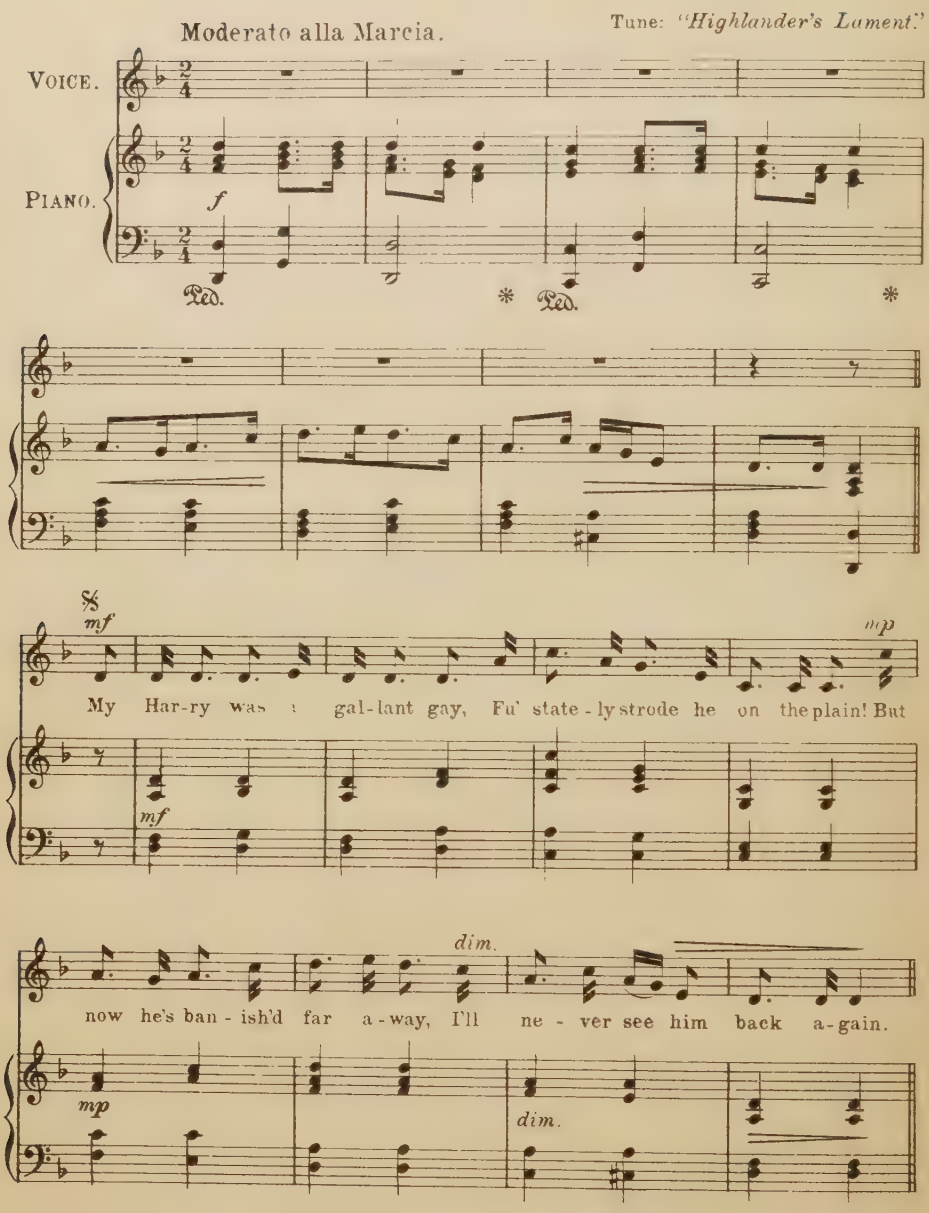

PIANO.
p
I gaed a wae-fu' gate yes-treen, A gate, I
fear, I'll dear-ly rue; I gat my death frae
mf
twa sweet een, Twa love-ly een o' bon-nie blue. 'Twas
mf

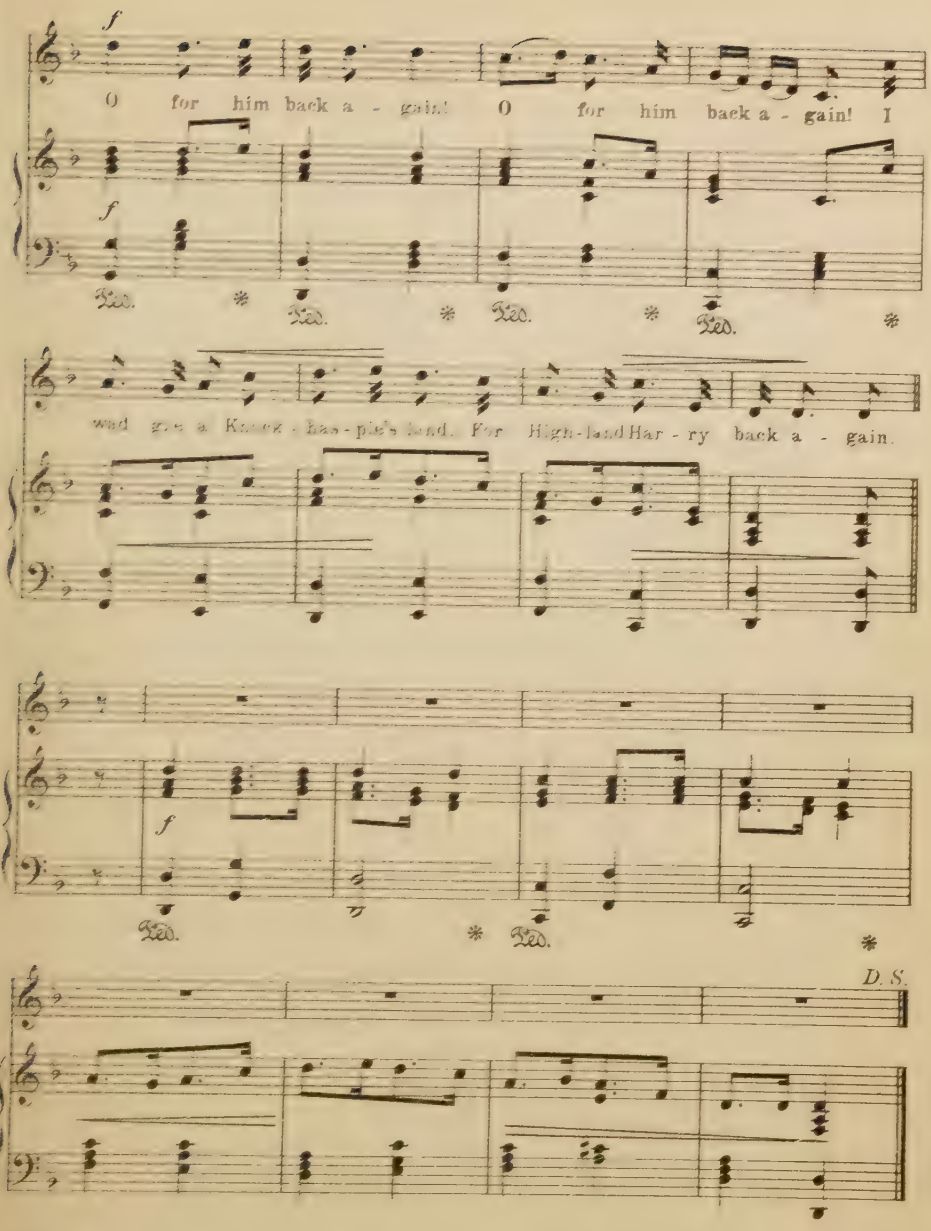

not her gold - en ring - lets bright; Her lips like
ro - ses wat wi' dew, Her heav - ing bo - som,
p rall.
li - ly - white— It was her een sae bon - nie blue.
p rall.
D. S.
p a tempo

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,
She charm'd my soul—I wist na how;
And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
Came frae her een sae bonnie blue.

But spare to speak, and spare to speed;
She'll aiblins listen to my vow:
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

My Harry was a Gallant gay.



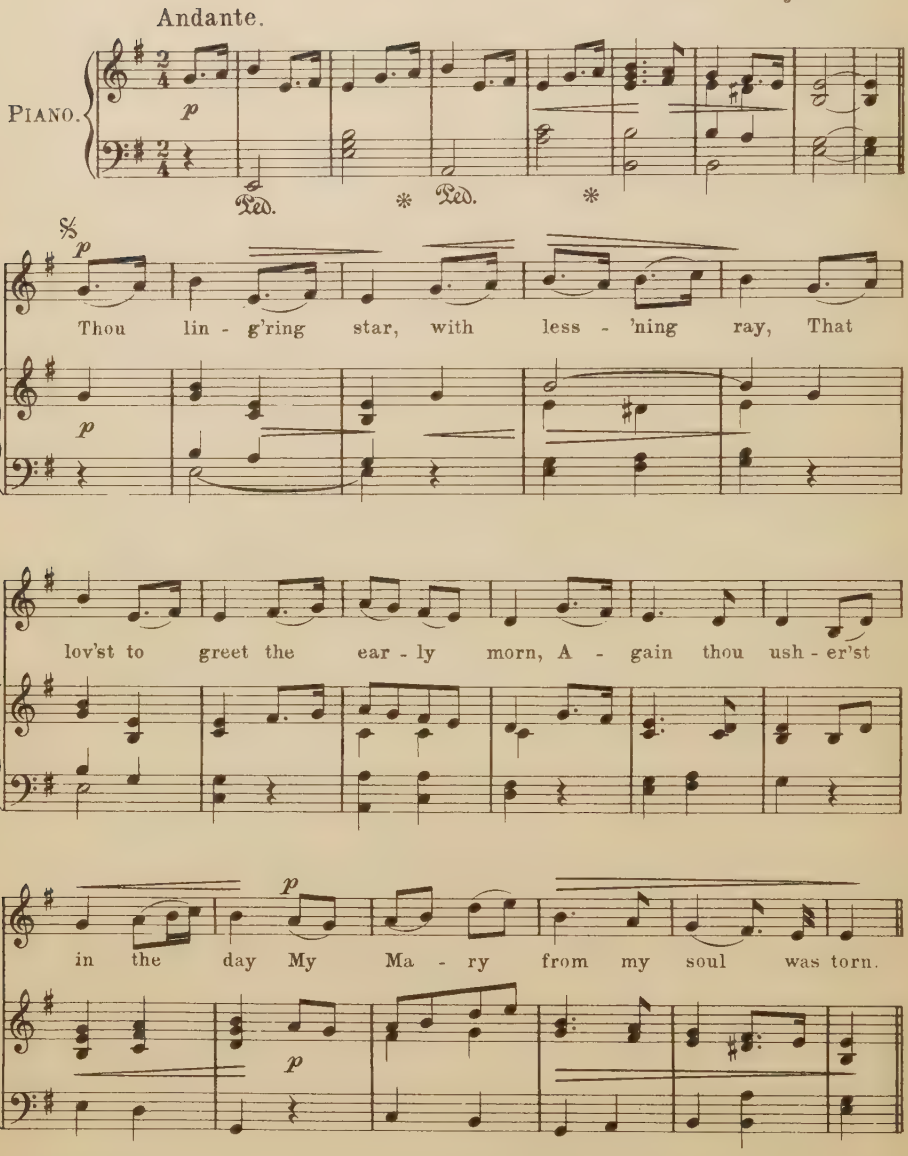


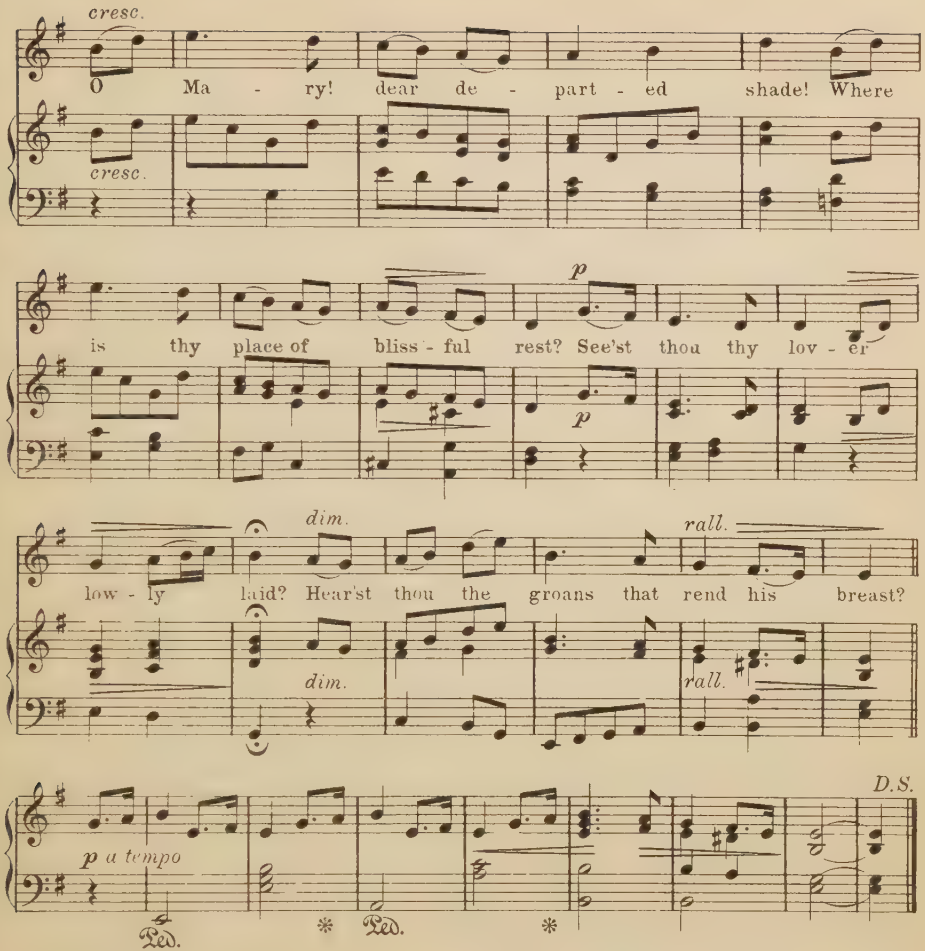
When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen;
I set me down and greet my fill,
And aye I wish him back again.
O for him back again, &c.

O were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain!
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
My Highland Harry back again.
O for him back again, &c.

To Mary in Heaven.

Tune: *"Mary's Dream."*


Andante.
PIANO.
p
Ped. * Ped. *
Thou lin - g'ring star, with less - 'ning ray, That
lov'st to greet the ear - ly morn, A - gain thou ush - er'st
in the day My Ma - ry from my soul was torn.



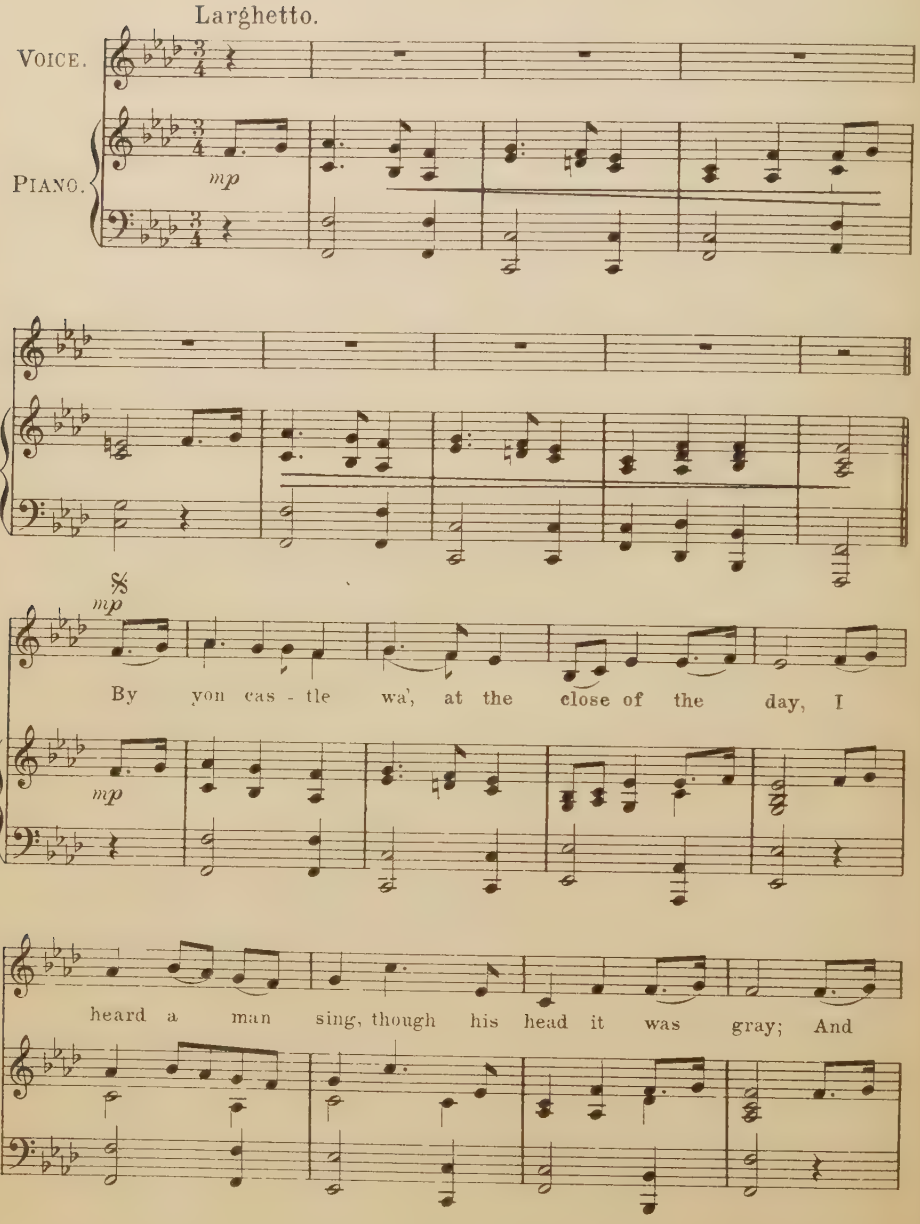
That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

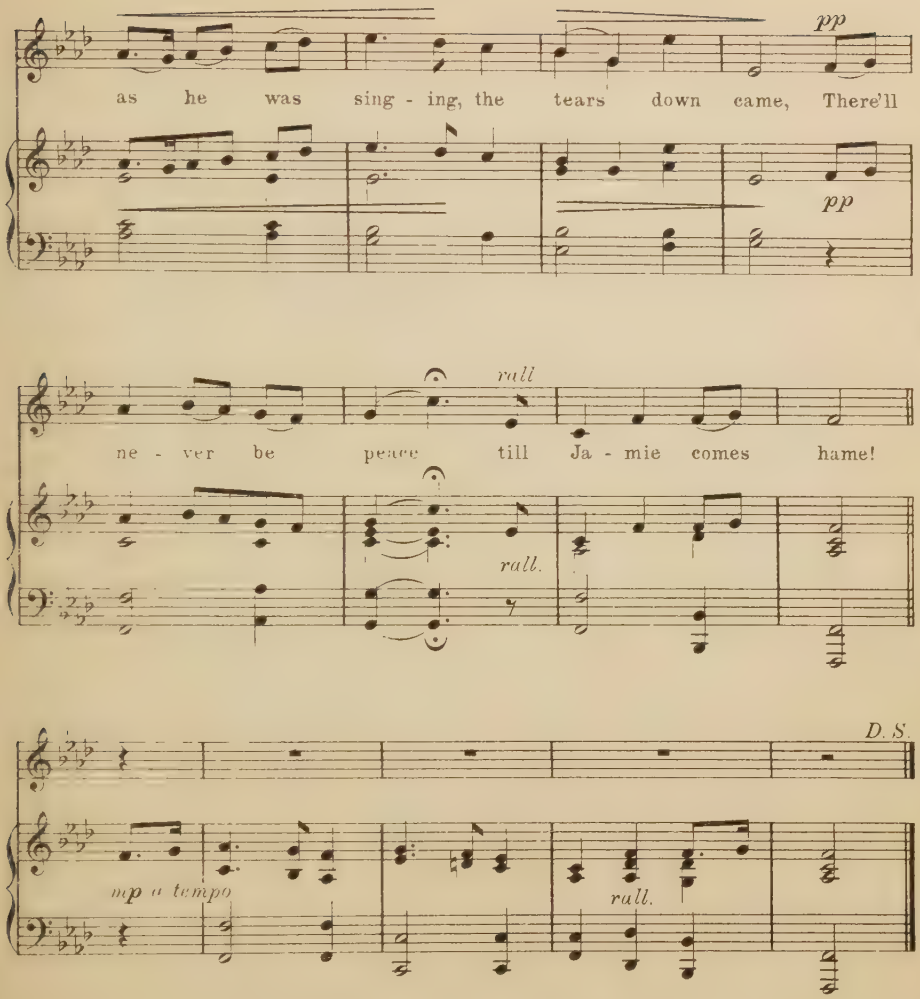
Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,—
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

There'll never be peace.

Tune: *"There are few guid fellows when Jamie's awa'."*





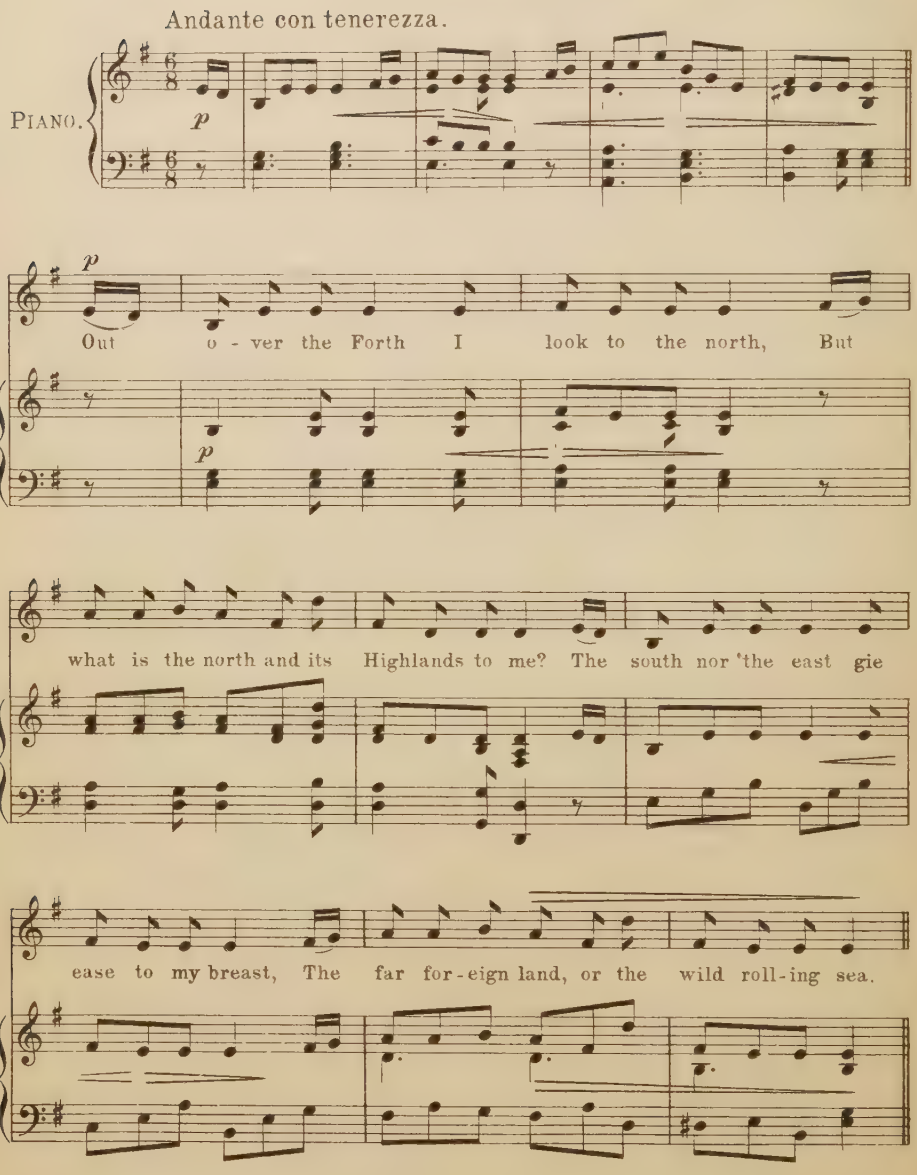
The church is in ruins, the state is in jars;
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;
We darena weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame,—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame!

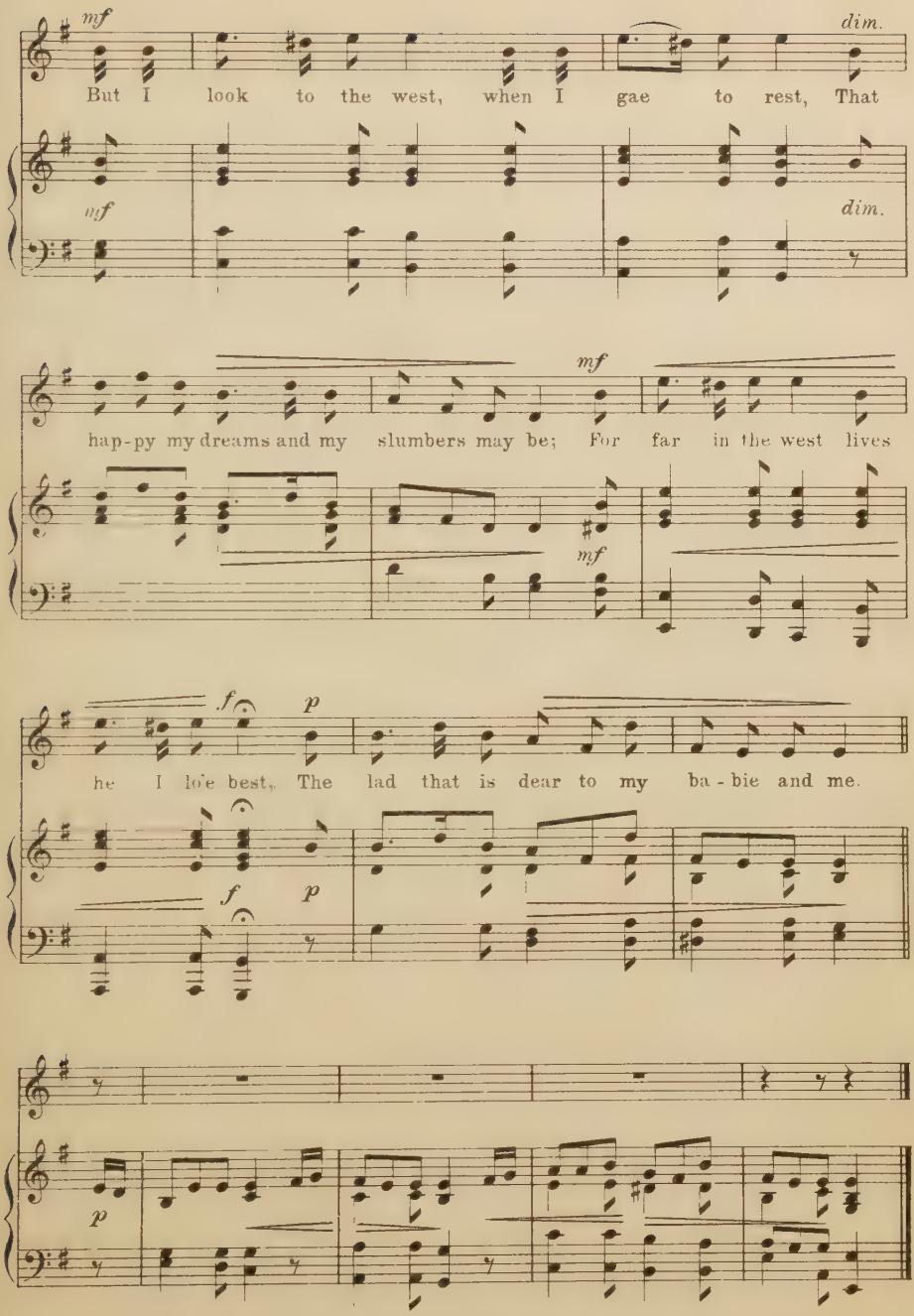
My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd:
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame,—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame!

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin' I tint my bairns and he tint his crown;
But till my last moments my words are the same,—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame!

Out over the Forth.

Tune: *"Charlie Gordon's welcome hame."*

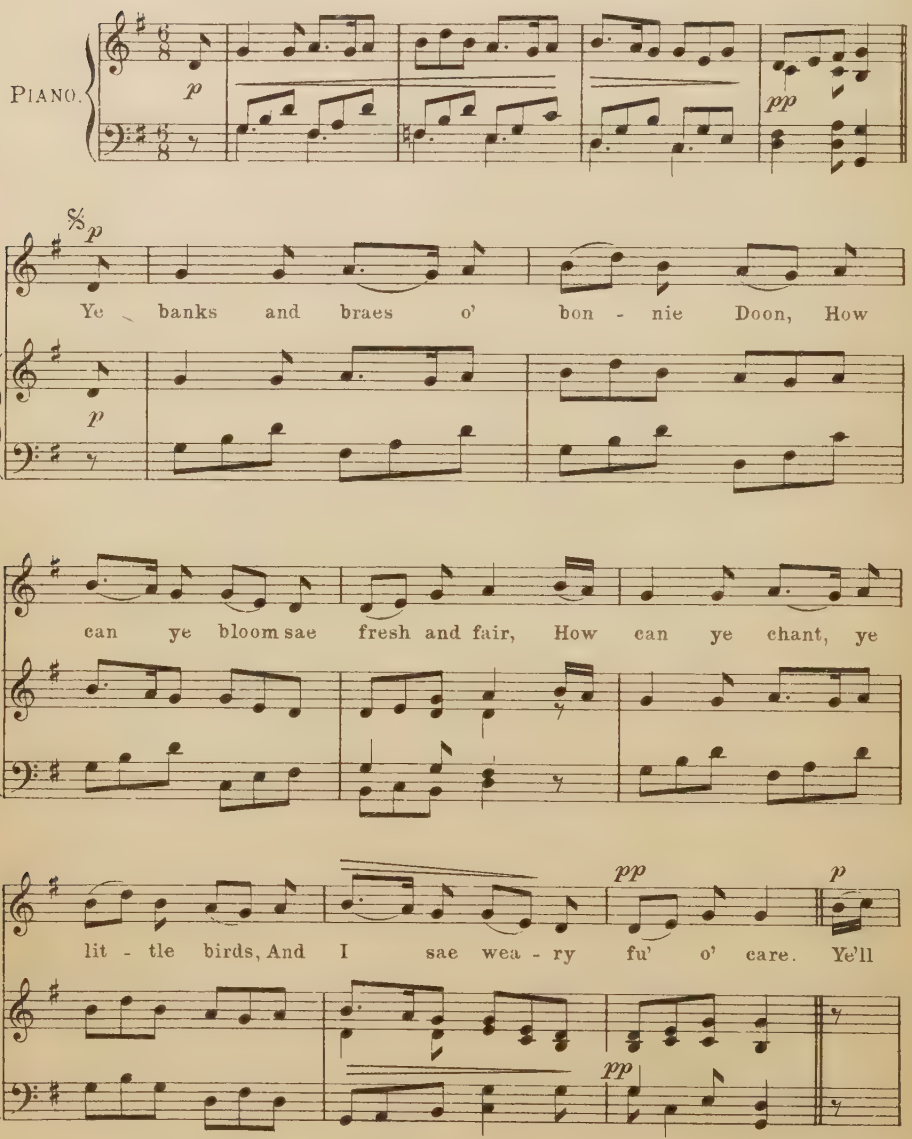

Andante con tenerezza.
Piano.
p
Out o - ver the Forth I look to the north, But
what is the north and its Highlands to me? The south nor 'the east gie
ease to my breast, The far for-eign land, or the wild roll-ing sea.

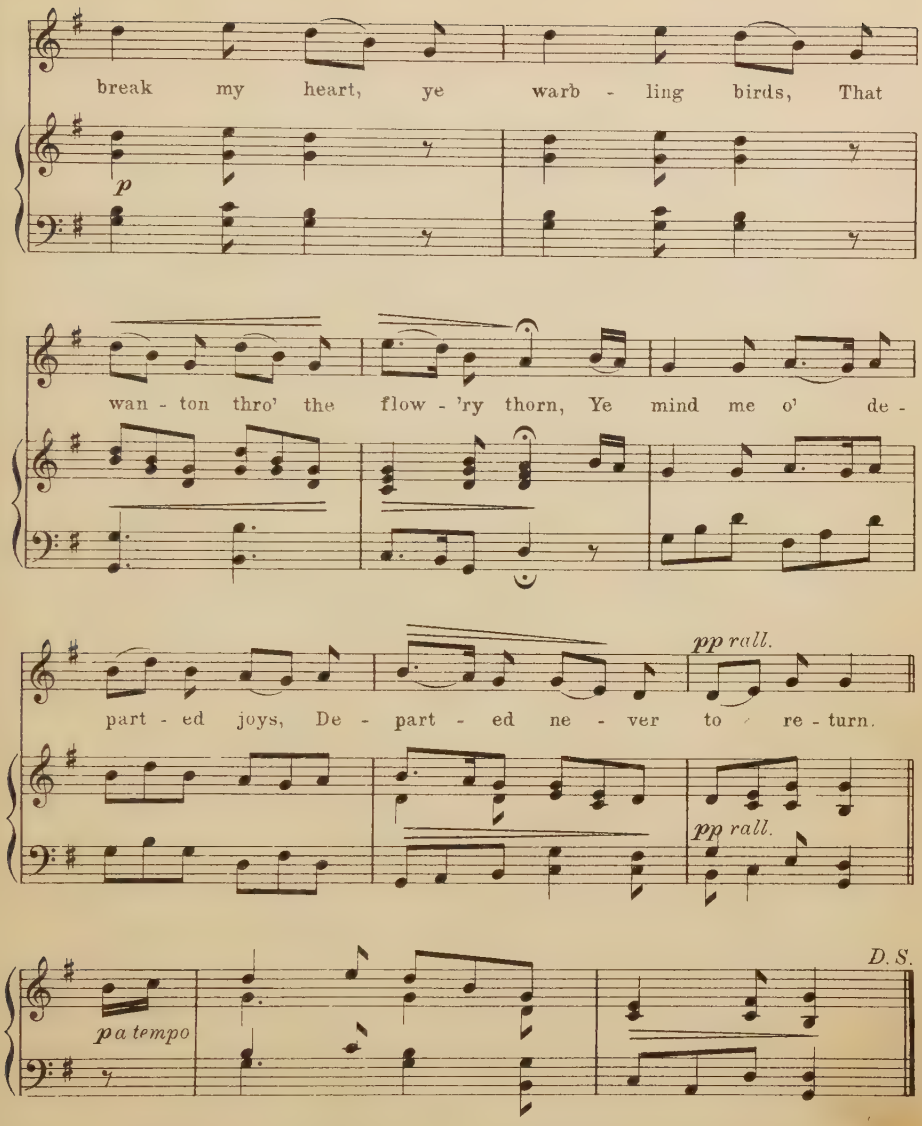

mf
dim.
But I look to the west, when I gae to rest, That
mf
dim.
mf
hap-py my dreams and my slumbers may be; For far in the west lives
mf
f
p
he I loe best, The lad that is dear to my ba-bie and me.
f
p
p

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon.

Andante cantabile.

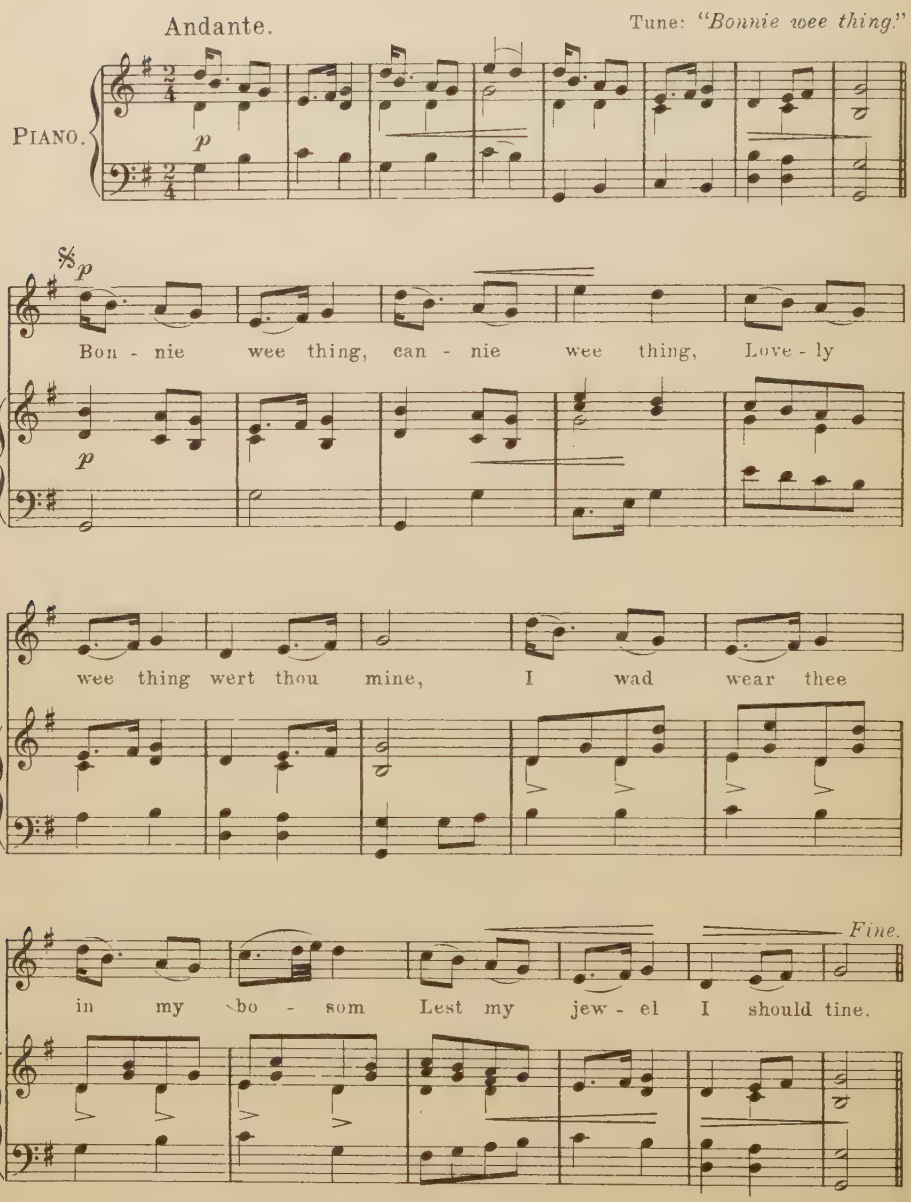
Tune: *"Caledonian Hunt's Delight."*

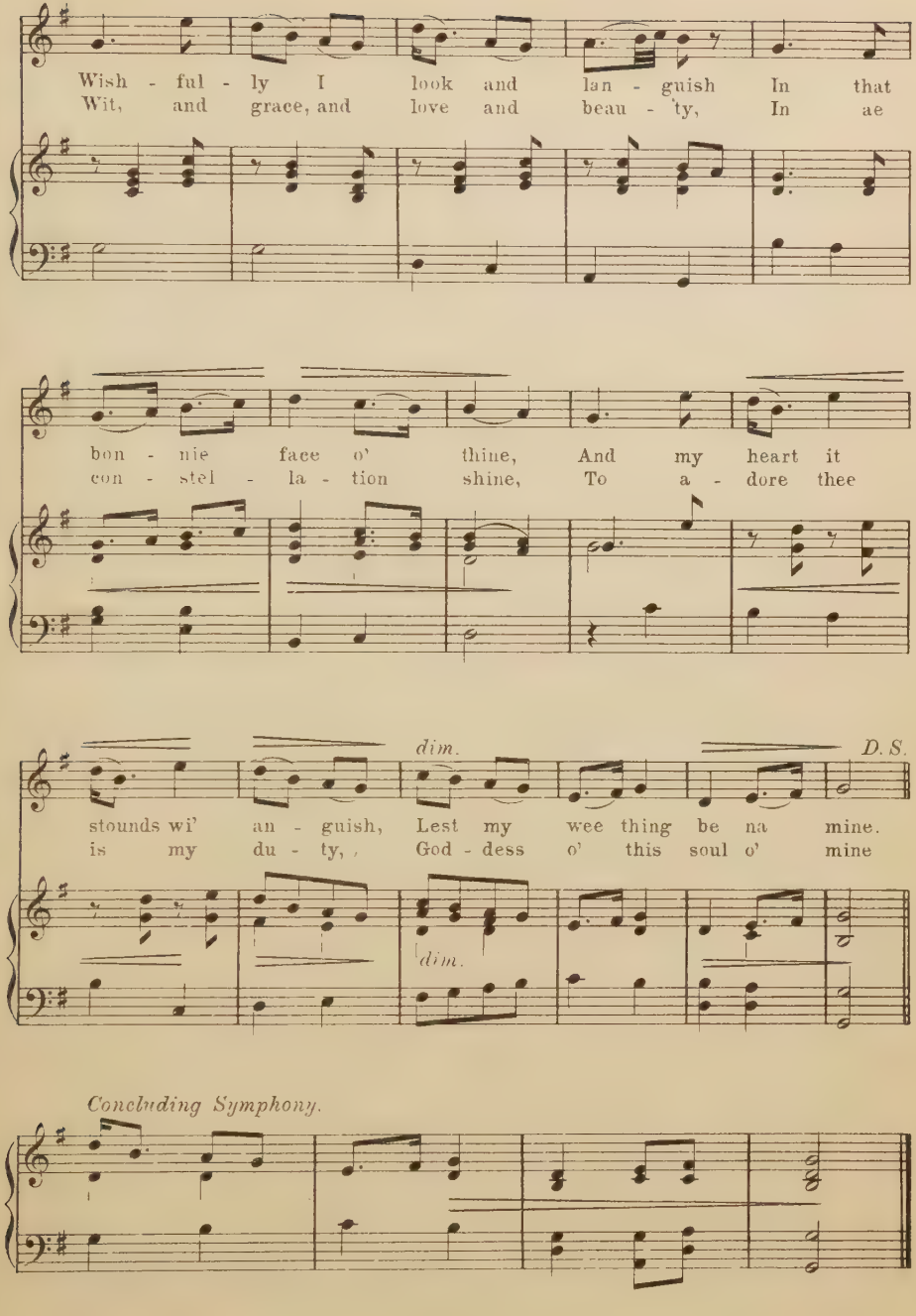

PIANO.
p
pp
Ye banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon, How
can ye bloom sae fresh and fair, How can ye chant, ye
lit - tle birds, And I sae wea - ry fu' o' care. Ye'll


break my heart, ye warb - ling birds, That
p
wan - ton thro' the flow - 'ry thorn, Ye mind me o' de -
part - ed joys, De - part - ed ne - ver to re - turn.
pp rall.
pp rall.
D. S.
p a tempo

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree:
And my fause luver staw my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

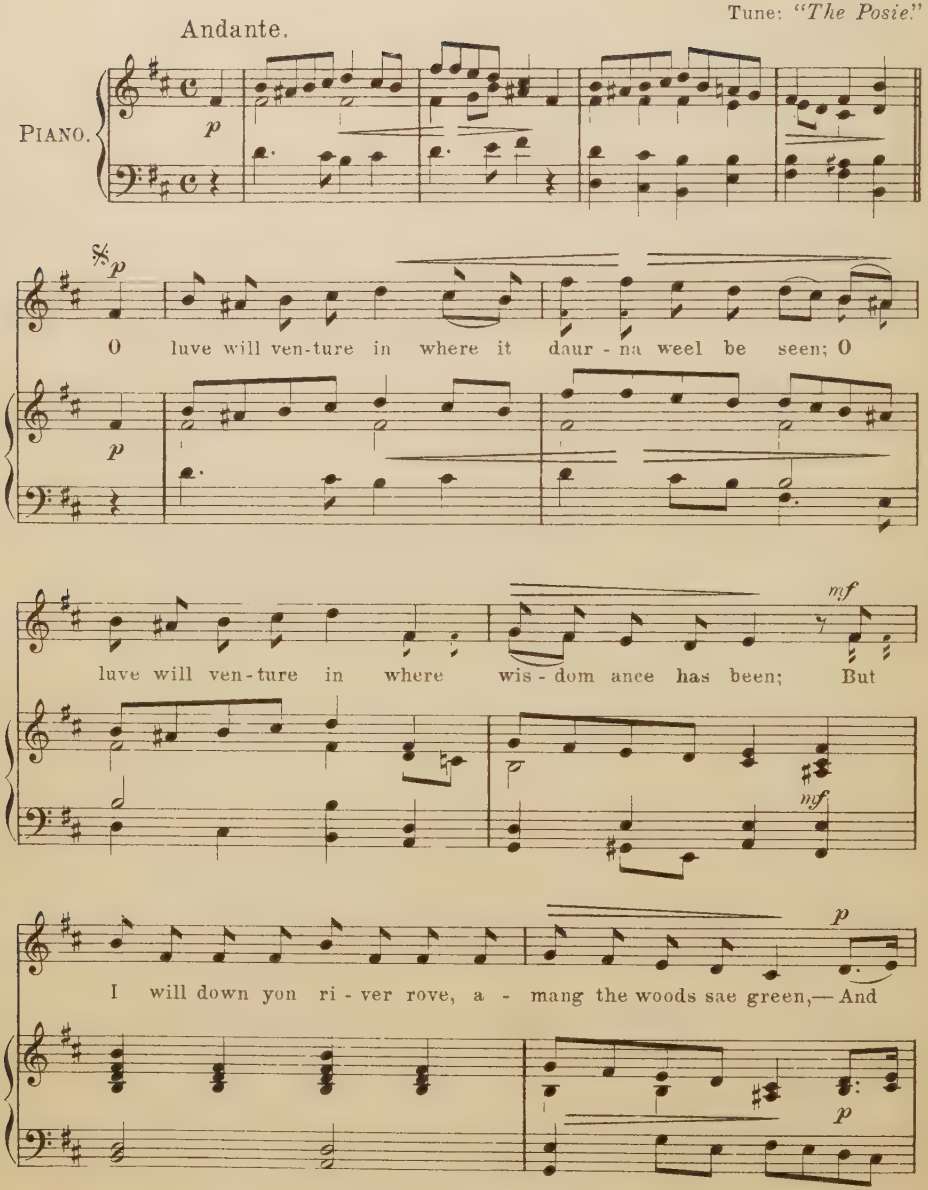
Bonnie wee thing.

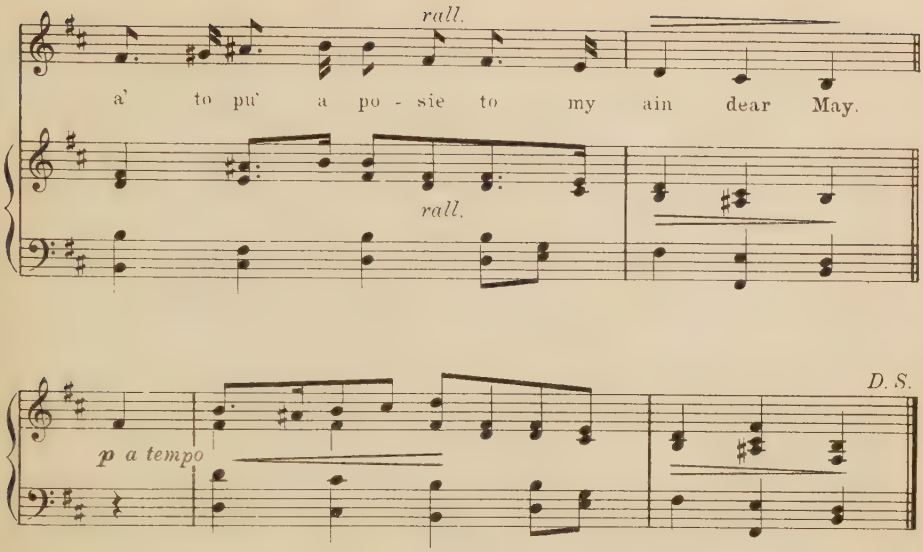

Andante.
Tune: "Bonnie wee thing."
PIANO.
p
Bon - nie wee thing, can - nie wee thing, Love - ly
wee thing wert thou mine, I wad wear thee
Fine.
in my bo - som Lest my jew - el I should tine.


Wish - ful - ly I look and lan - guish In that
Wit, and grace, and love and beau - ty, In ae
bon - nie face o' thine, And my heart it
con - stel - la - tion shine, To a - dore thee
dim.
D. S.
stounds wi' an - guish, Lest my wee thing be na mine.
is my du - ty, God - dess o' this soul o' mine
dim.
Concluding Symphony.

The Posie.

Tune: *"The Posie."*


Andante.
Piano.
p
O luve will ven-ture in where it daur - na weel be seen; O
mf
luve will ven-ture in where wis - dom ance has been; But
I will down yon ri - ver rove, a - mang the woods sae green,— And



The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear;
For she is the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose when Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou';
The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue,—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air,—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

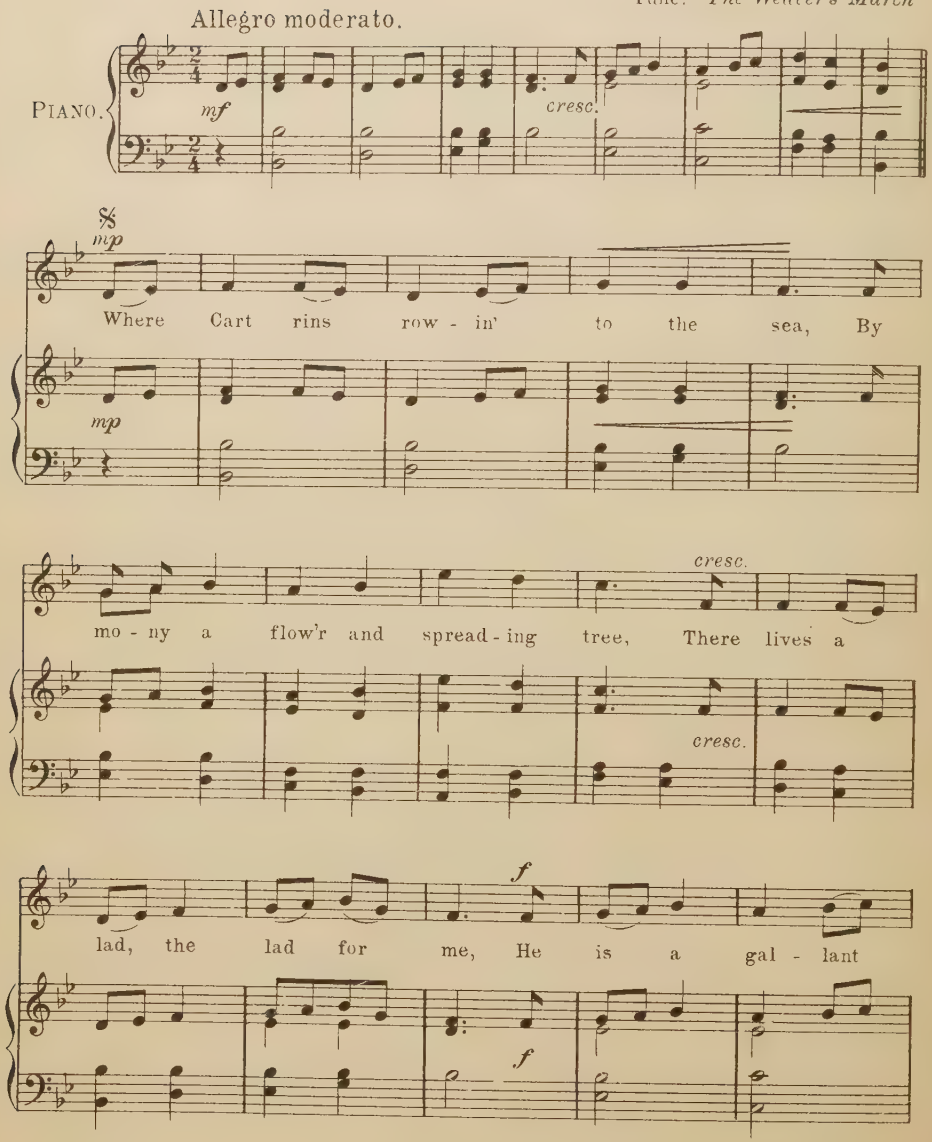
The hawthorn I will pu' wi' its locks o' siller gray,
Where, like an aged man it stands at break o' day.
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away,—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

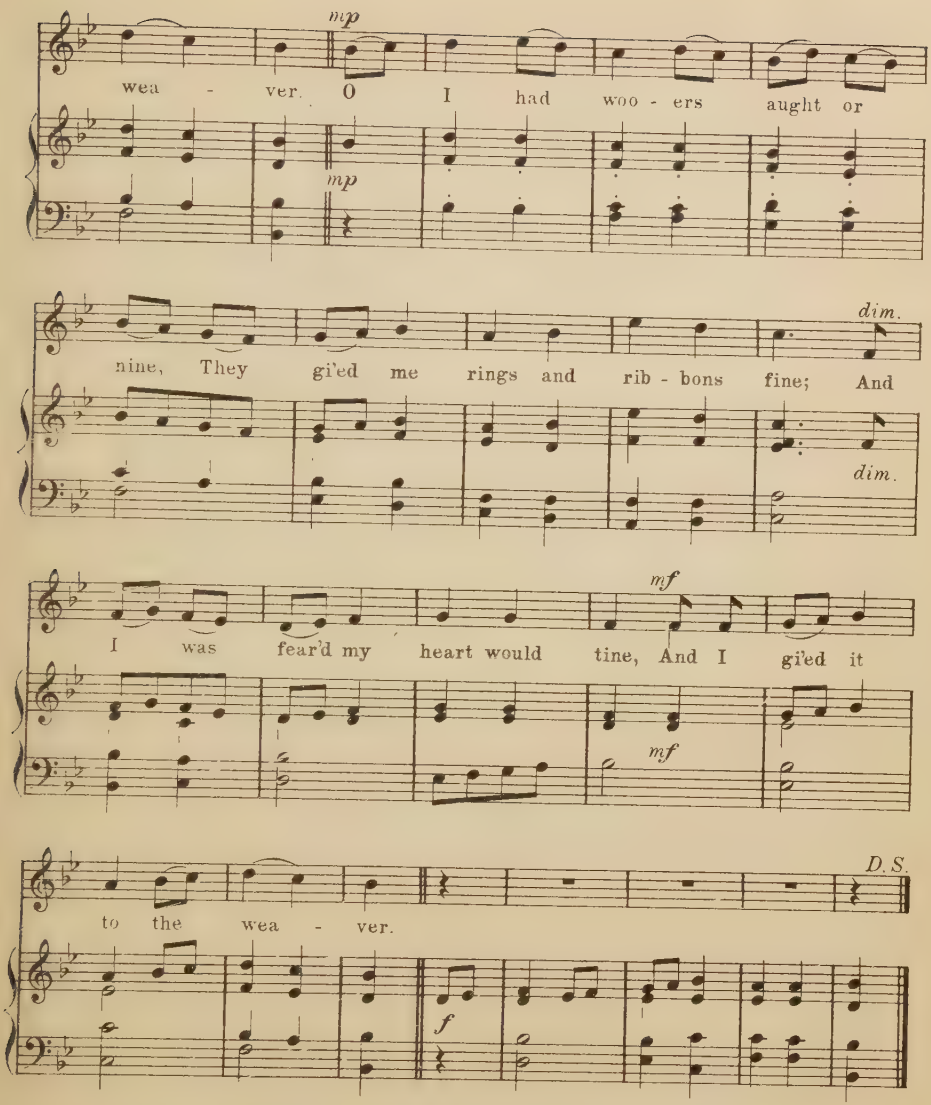
The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near,
And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her een sae clear:
The violet's for modesty which weel she fa's to wear,—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' abuve,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remuve,—
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

The gallant Weaver.

Tune: *"The Weaver's March"*



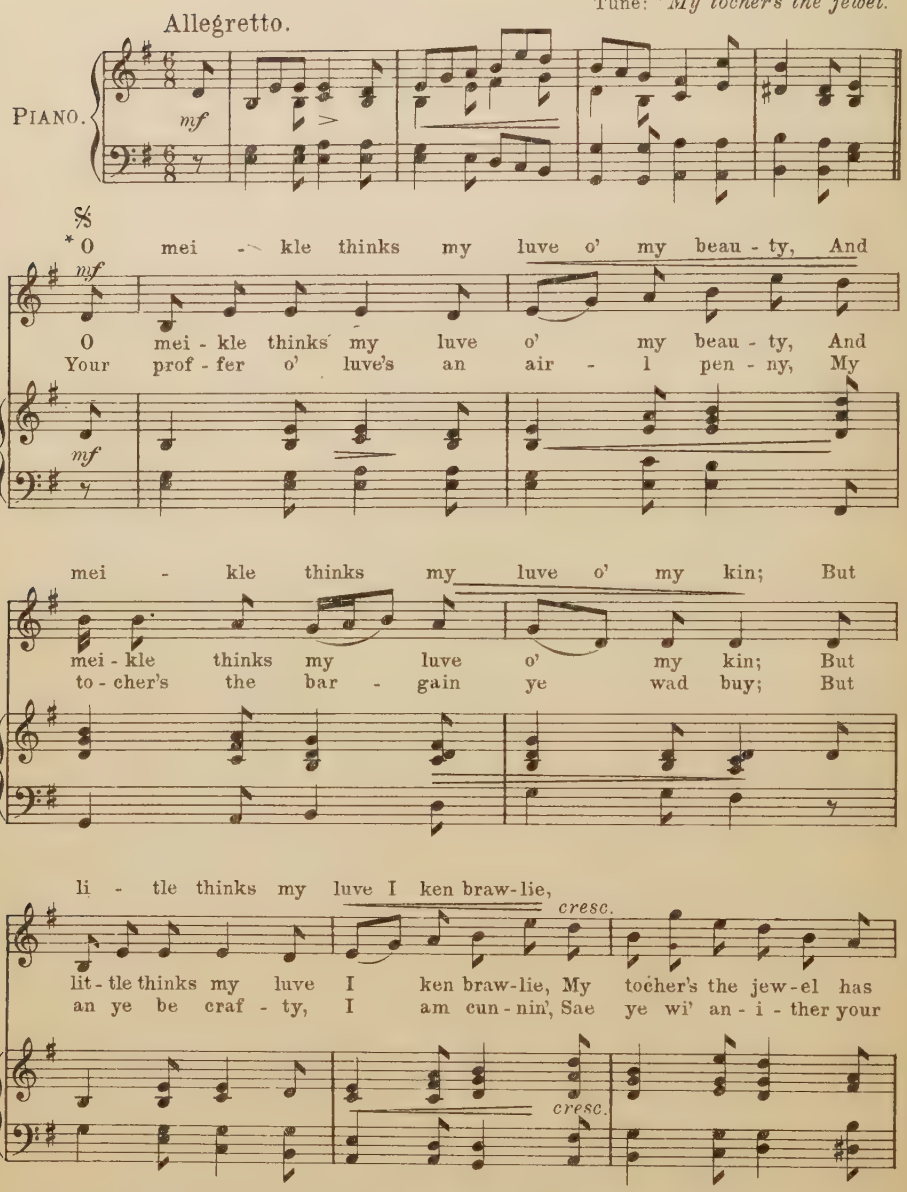


My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,
To gie the lad that has the land;
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And gie it to the weaver.
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
While bees rejoice in opening flowers;
While corn grows green in simmer showers,
I'll love my gallant weaver.

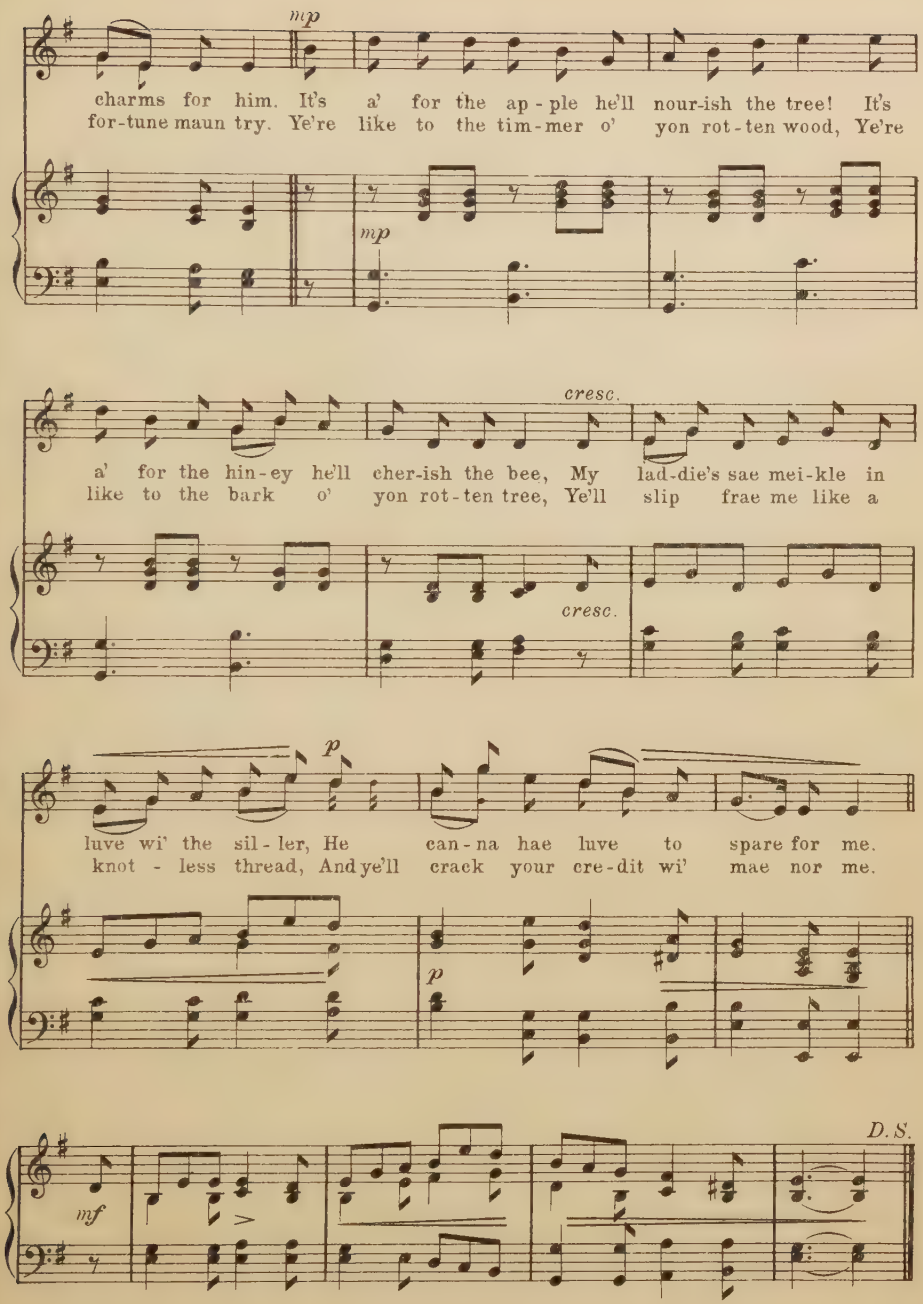
L

My Tocher's the Jewel.

Tune: *"My tocher's the jewel."*

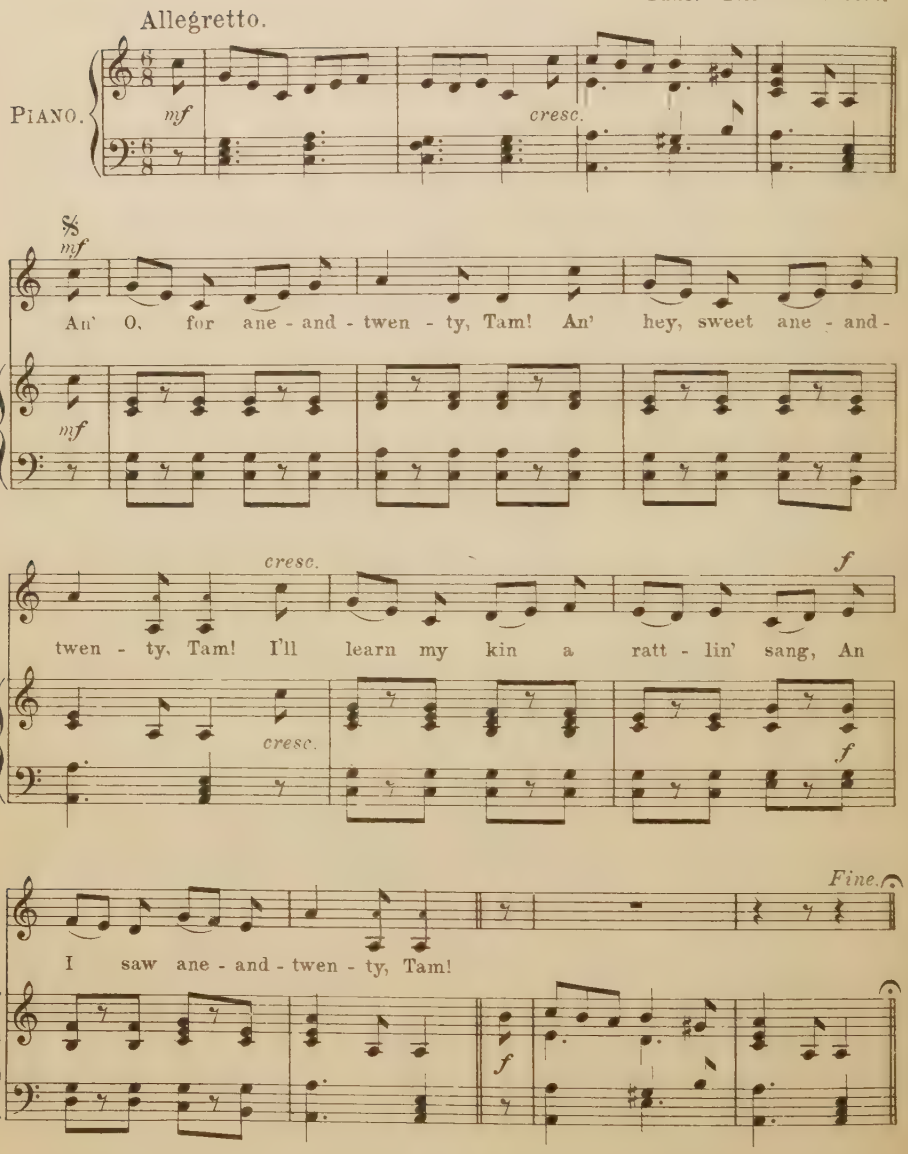

Allegretto.
PIANO.
mf
* O mei - kle thinks my luve o' my beau - ty, And
O mei - kle thinks my luve o' my beau - ty, And
Your prof - fer o' luve's an air - l pen - ny, My
mei - kle thinks my luve o' my kin; But
mei - kle thinks my luve o' my kin; But
to - cher's the bar - gain ye wad buy; But
li - tle thinks my luve I ken braw-lie,
cresc.
lit - tle thinks my luve I ken braw-lie, My tocher's the jew-el has
an ye be craf - ty, I am cun - nin', Sae ye wi' an - i - ther your
cresc.

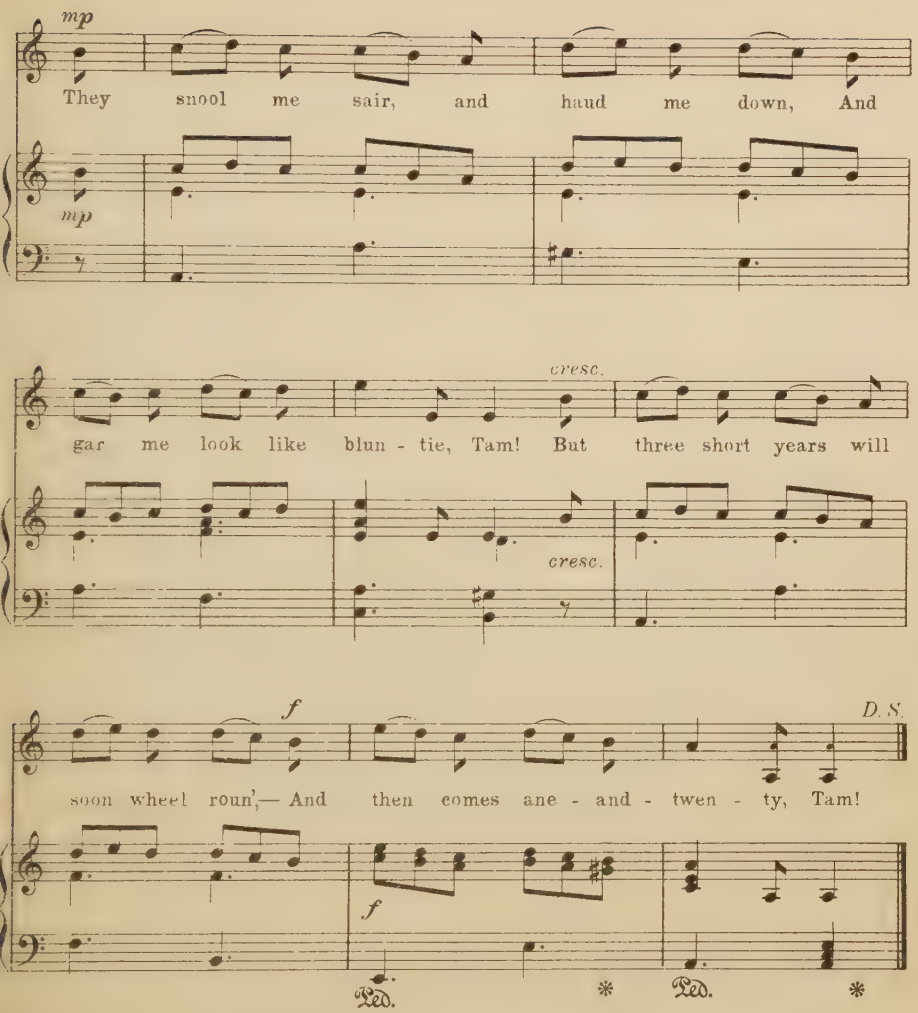
* The words are given as set by Burns and as usually sung, but they are sometimes, and more correctly, arranged as printed above the music.


mp
charms for him. It's a' for the ap-ple he'll nour-ish the tree! It's
for-tune maun try. Ye're like to the tim-mer o' yon rot-ten wood, Ye're
mp
cresc.
a' for the hin-ey he'll cher-ish the bee, My lad-die's sae mei-kle in
like to the bark o' yon rot-ten tree, Ye'll slip frae me like a
cresc.
p
luve wi' the sil-ler, He can-na hae luve to spare for me.
knot - less thread, And ye'll crack your cre-dit wi' mae nor me.
p
mf
D.S.

O for ane-and-twenty, Tam.

Tune: *"The Moudiewort."*



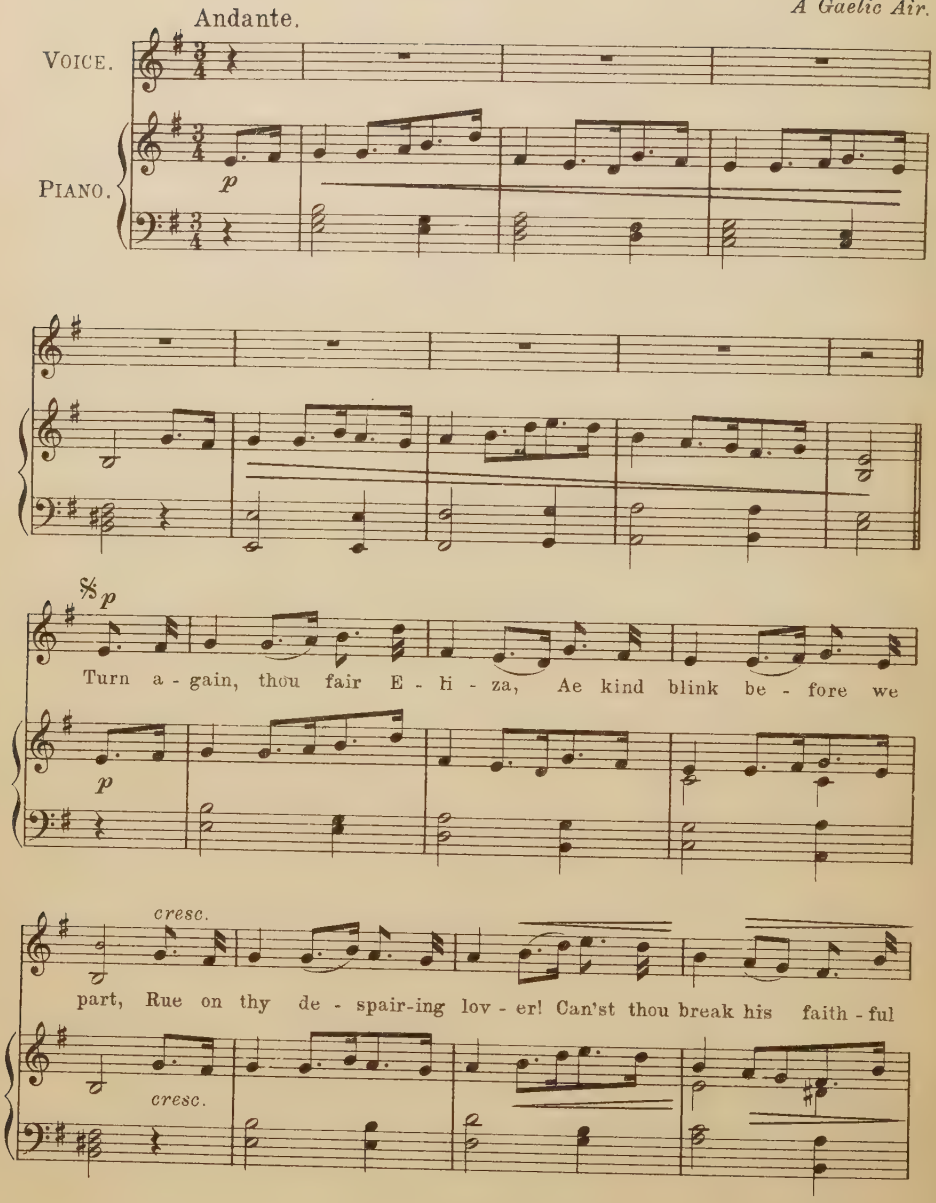


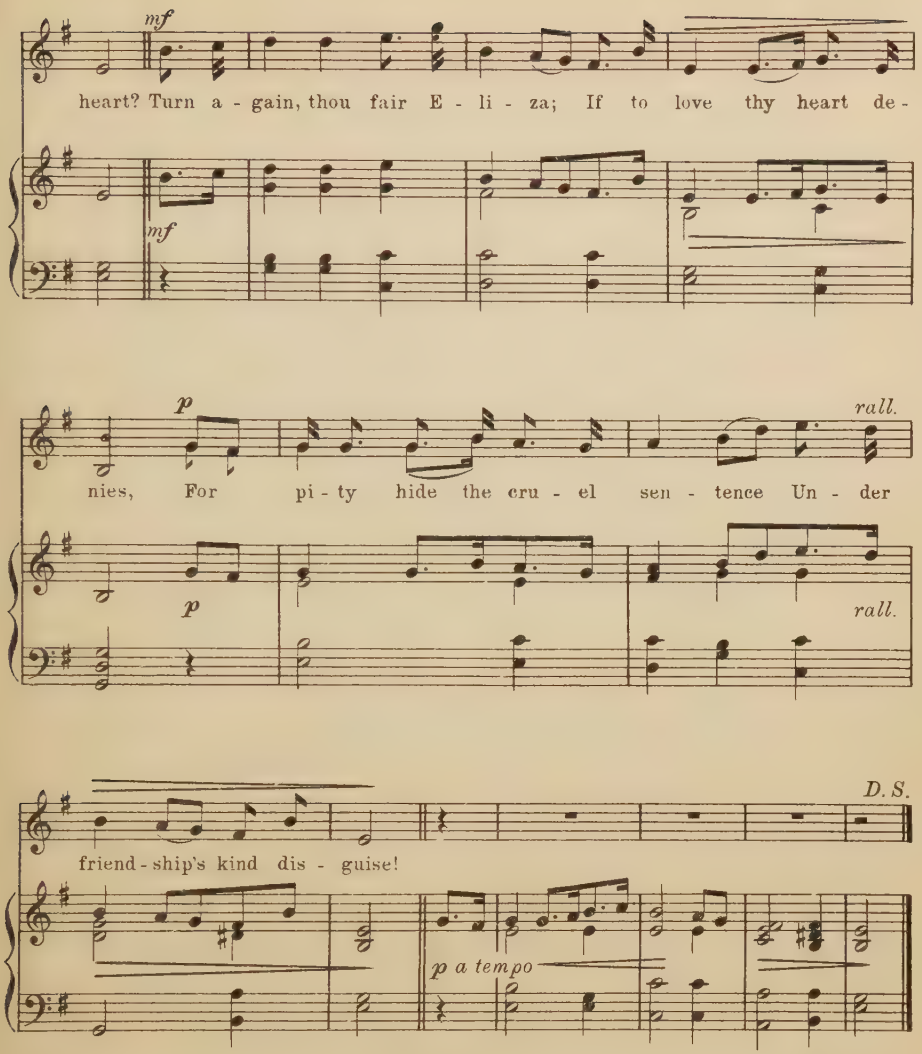
A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I needna spier,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam!
An' O, for ane-and-twenty, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I mysel' hae plenty, Tam;
But hear'st thou, laddie—there's my loof—
I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam!
An' O, for ane-and-twenty, &c.

Fair Eliza.

A Gaelic Air.


Andante.
Voice.
Piano.
p
Turn a - gain, thou fair E - li - za, Ae kind blink be - fore we
cresc.
part, Rue on thy de - spair-ing lov - er! Can'st thou break his faith - ful

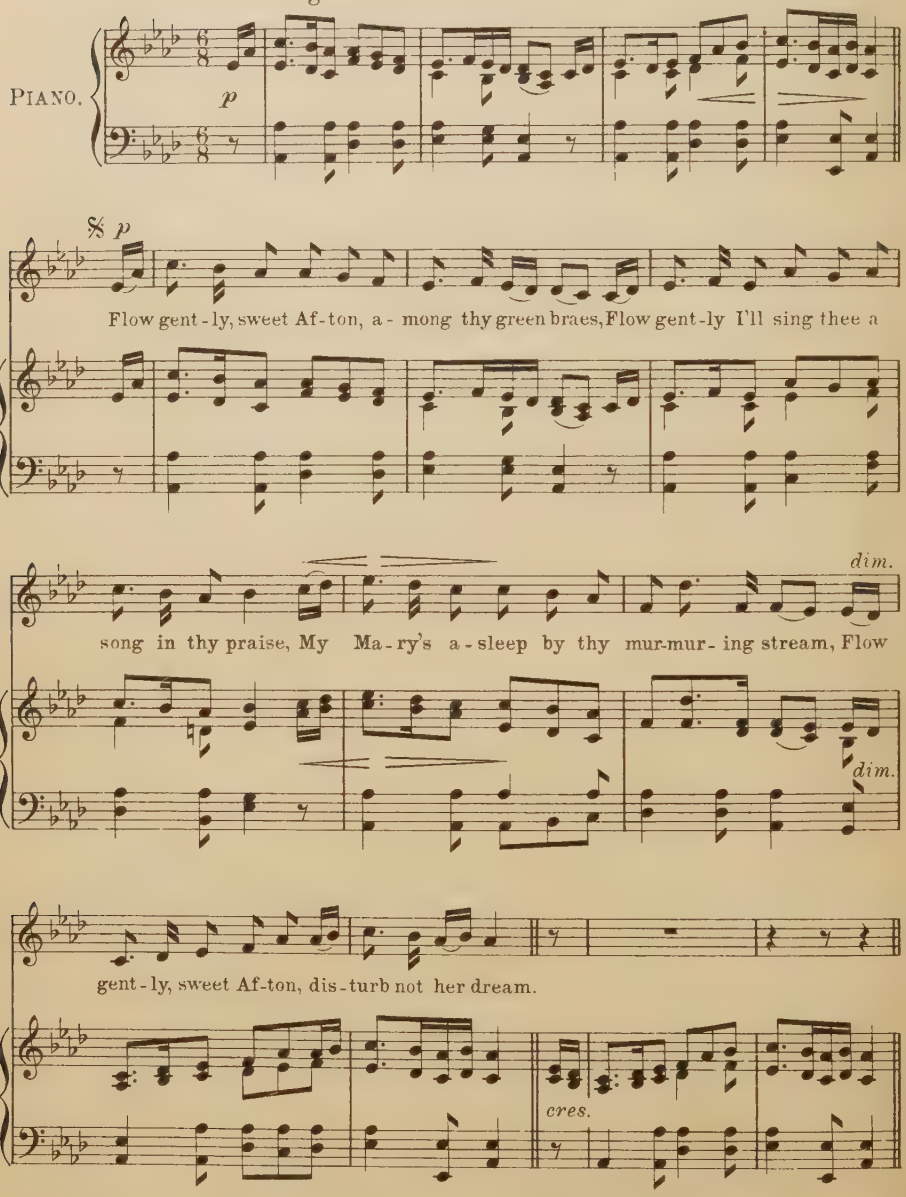

mf
heart? Turn a - gain, thou fair E - li - za; If to love thy heart de-
mf
p
rall.
nies, For pi - ty hide the cru - el sen - tence Un - der
p
rall.
D. S.
friend - ship's kind dis - guise!
p a tempo

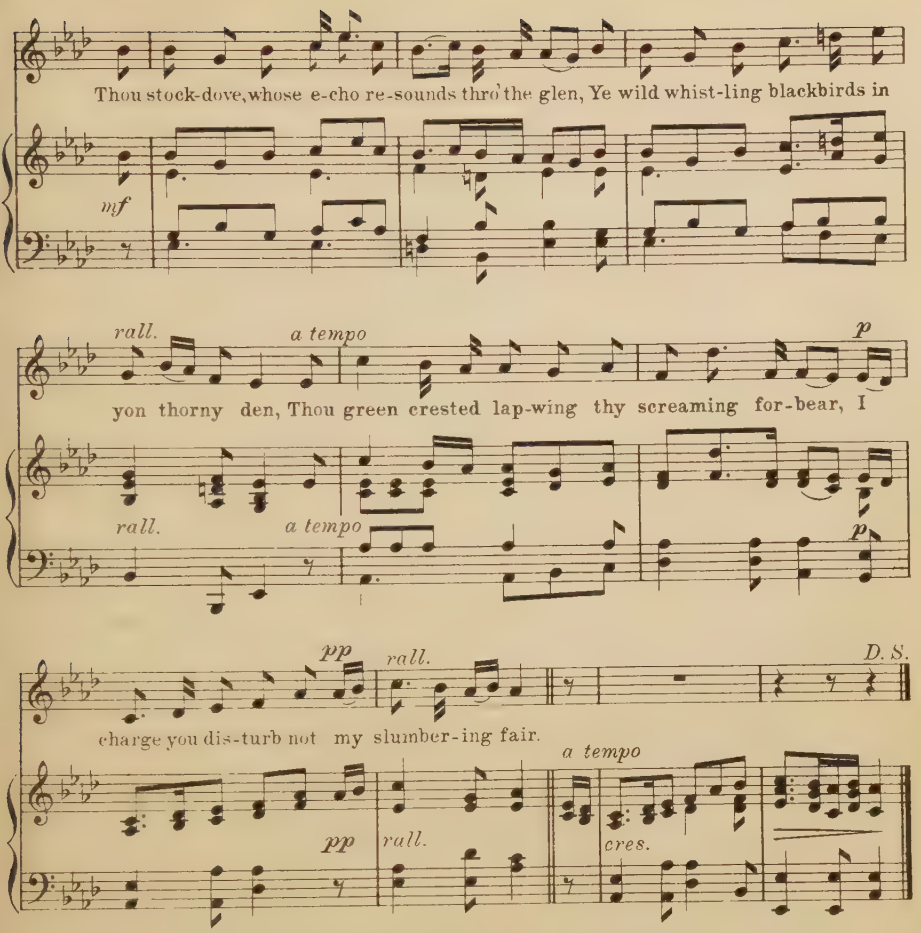
Thee, dear maid, hae I offended?
The offence is loving thee:
Can'st thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha for thine wad gladly die?
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe:
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride o' sinny noon;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the simmer moon;
Not the poet in the moment
Fancy lightens in his ee,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gies to me.

Flow gently, sweet Afton.

Andante grazioso. Tune: *"Afton Water."*


PIANO.
p
Flow gent-ly, sweet Af-ton, a-mong thy green braes, Flow gent-ly I'll sing thee a
dim.
song in thy praise, My Ma-ry's a-sleep by thy mur-mur-ing stream, Flow
dim.
gent-ly, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.
cres.



How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

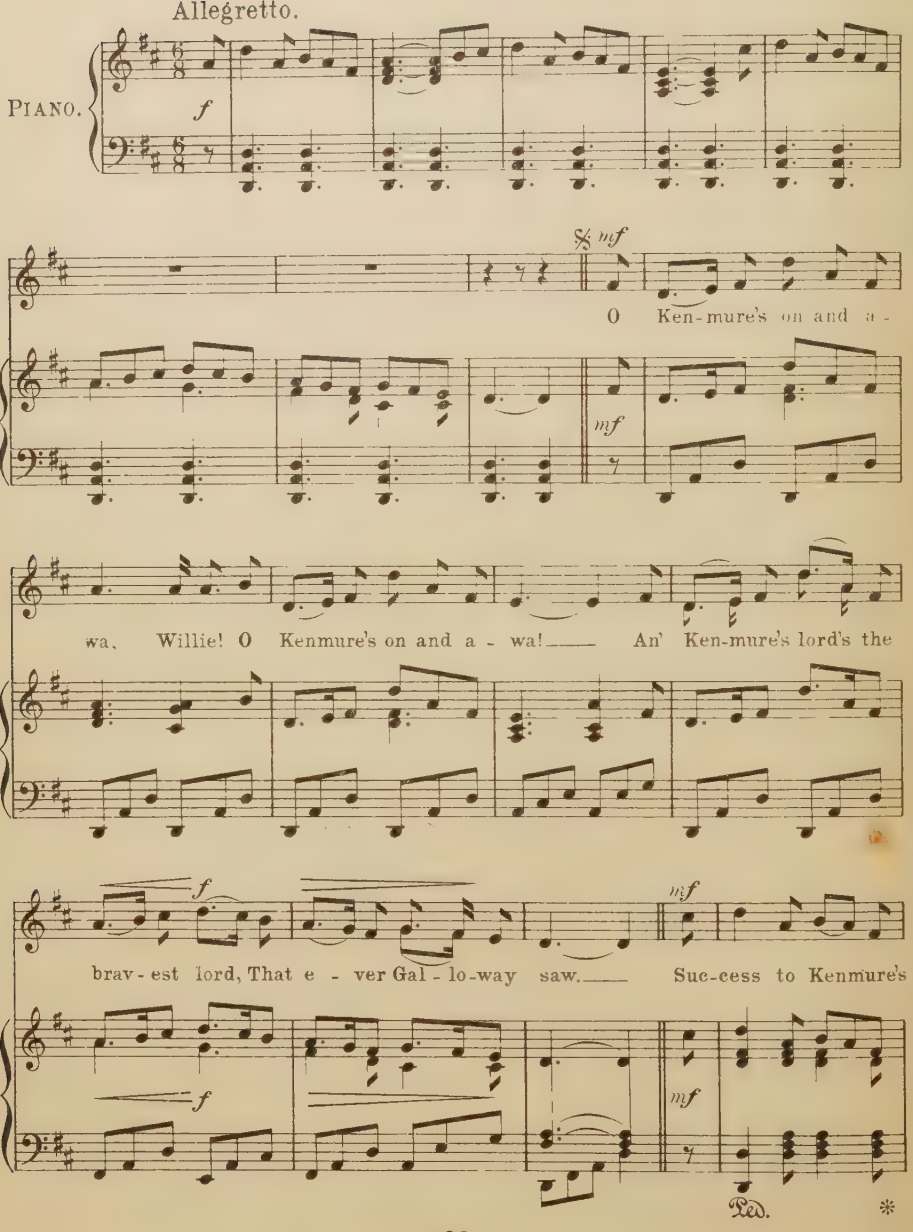
How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft, as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

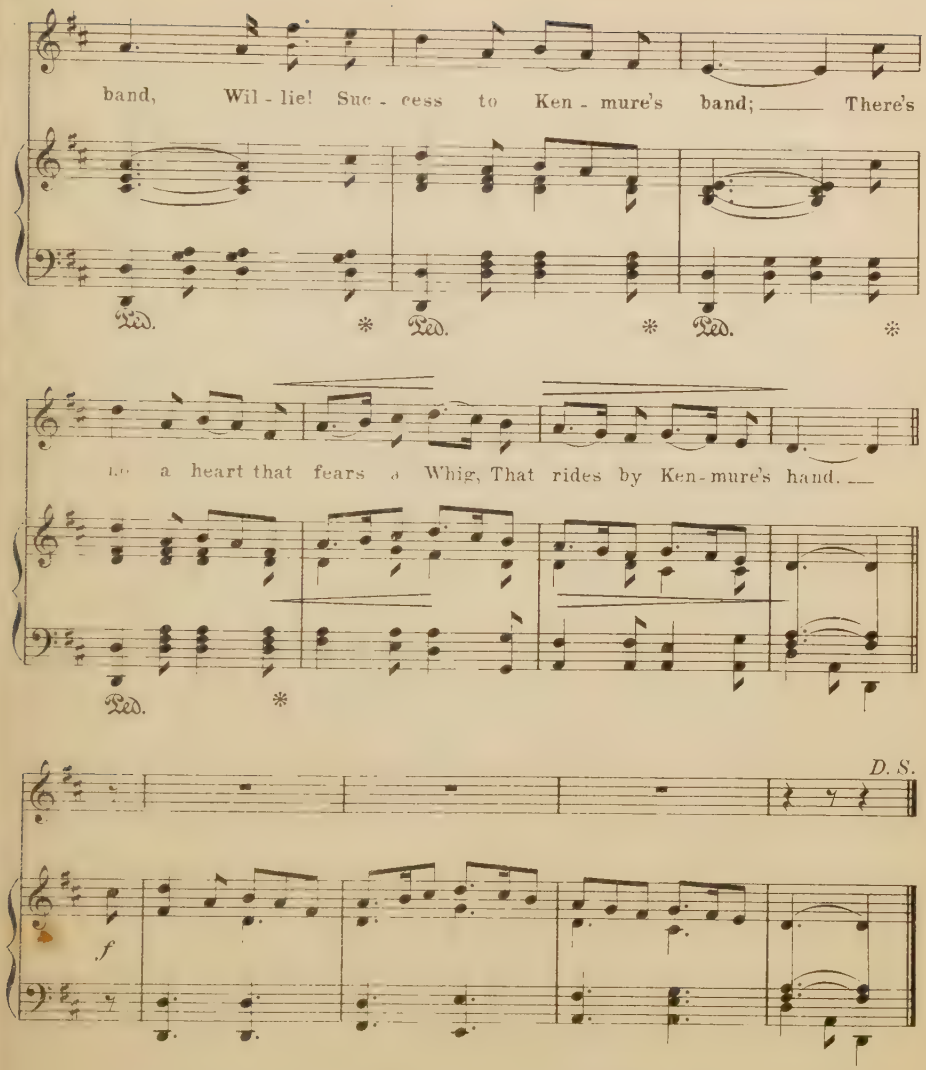
Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays:
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

O Kenmure's on and awa.

Tune: "*O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie.*"


Allegretto.
PIANO.
f
mf
O Ken-mure's on and a -
wa, Willie! O Kenmure's on and a - wa! An' Ken-mure's lord's the
brav-est lord, That e - ver Gal-lo-way saw. Suc-cess to Kenmure's
Ped.
*



Here Kenmure's health in wine, Willie!
Here Kenmure's health in wine;
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie!
O Kenmure's lads are men;
Their hearts and swords are metal true,
And that their faes shall ken.

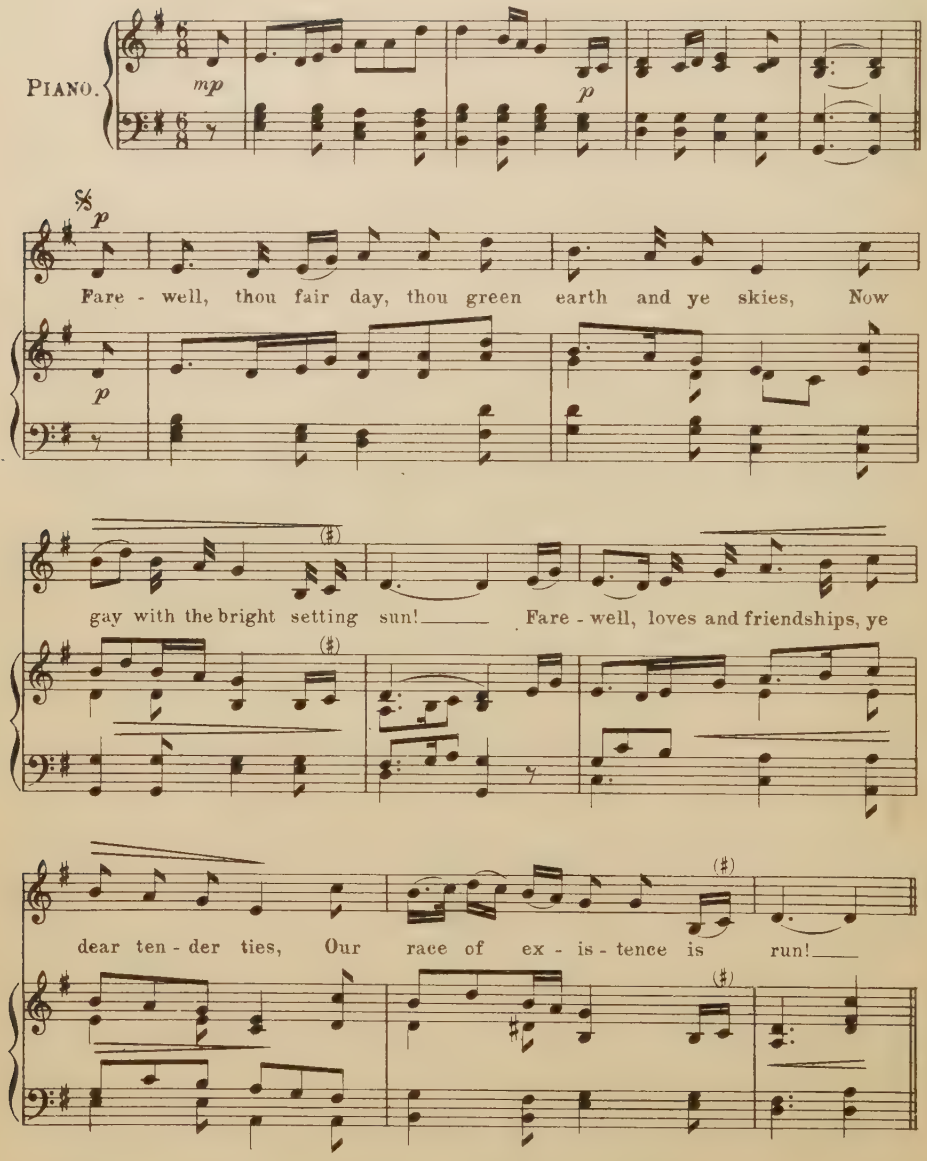
They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie!
They'll live or die wi' fame;
But soon, wi' sounding victorie,
May Kenmure's lord come hame!

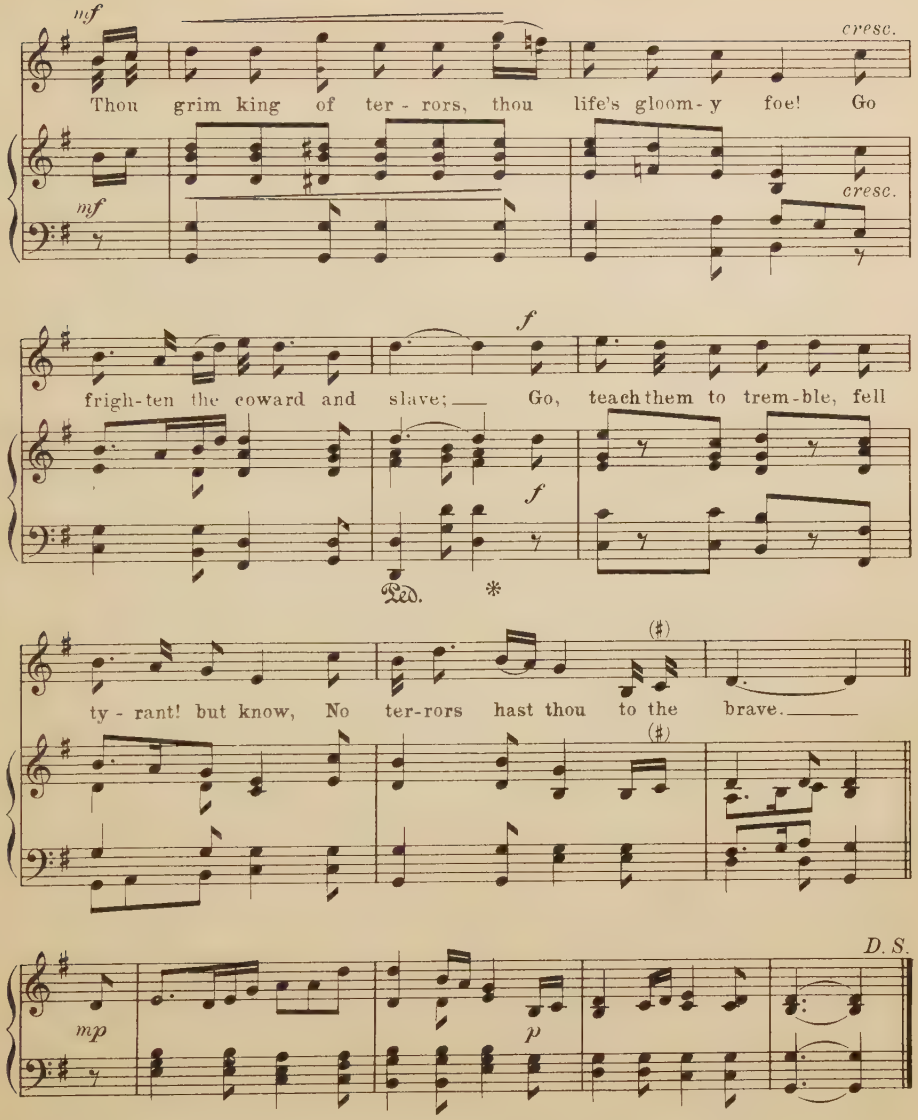
Here's him that's far awa, Willie!
Here's him that's far awa!
And here's the flower that I lo'e best—
The rose that's like the snaw!

Song of Death.

Lento.

Tune: *"Oran an Aoig."*

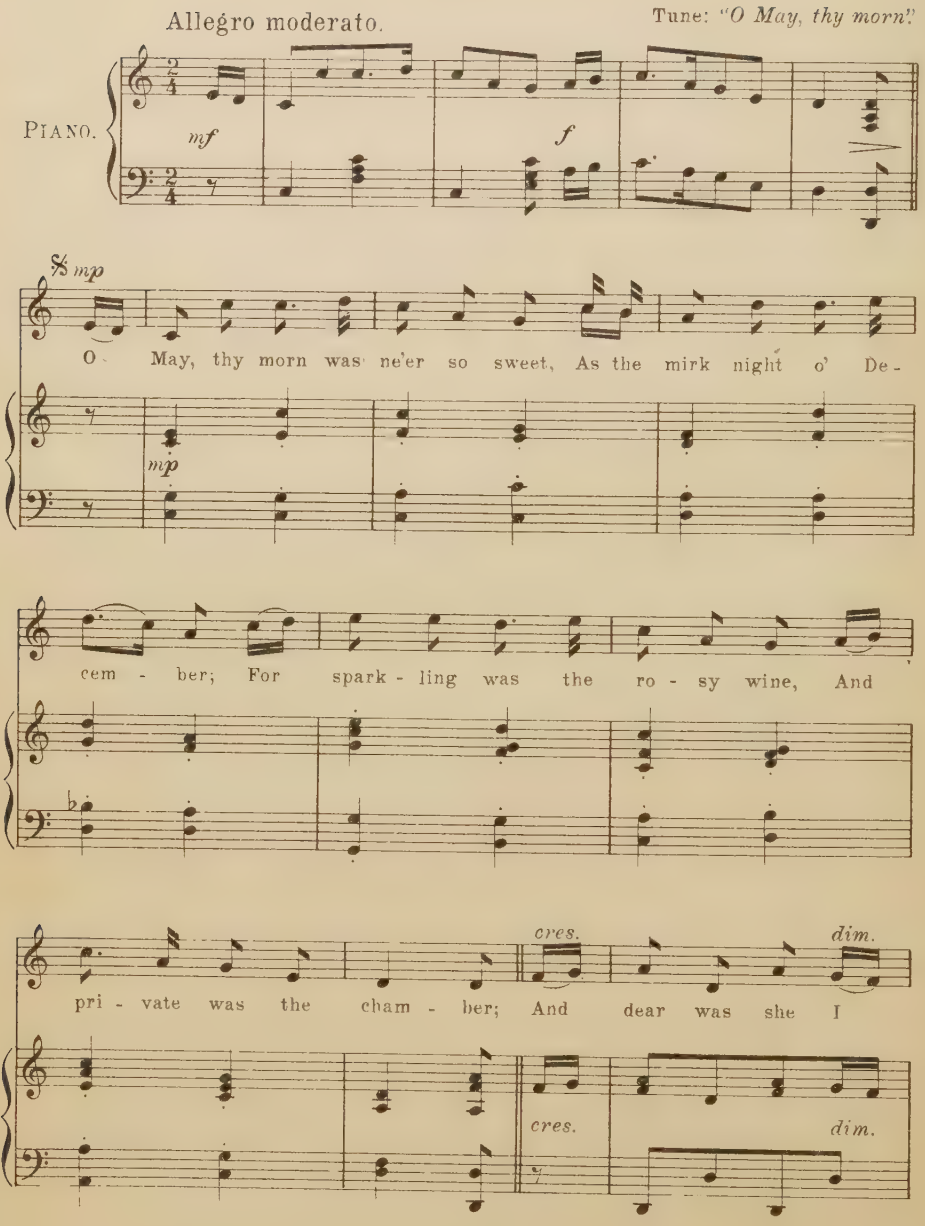

PIANO.
mp
p
Fare - well, thou fair day, thou green earth and ye skies, Now
gay with the bright setting sun! Fare - well, loves and friendships, ye
dear ten - der ties, Our race of ex - is - tence is run!

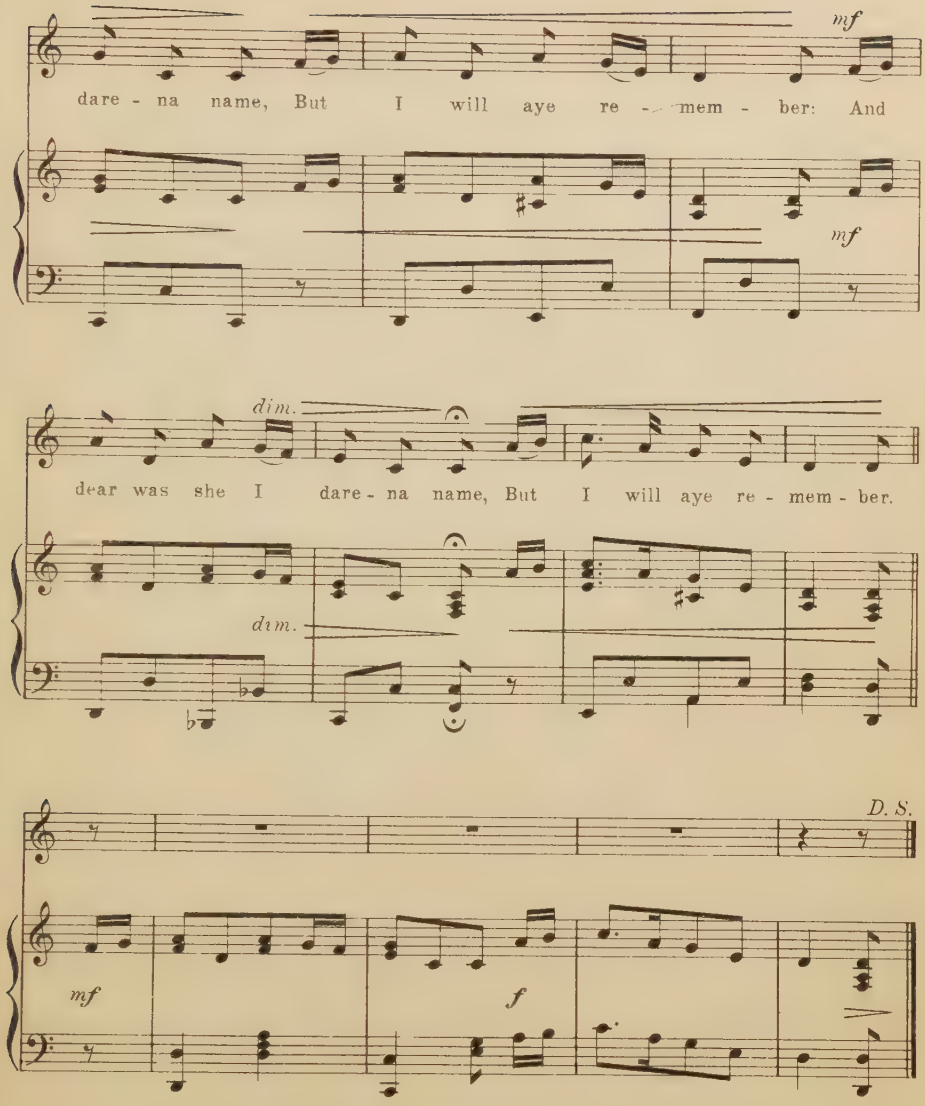


Thou strik'st the dull peasant — he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero — a glorious mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame.

In the field of proud honour — our swords in our hands —
Our king and our country to save —
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O! who would not rest with the brave?

O May, thy morn.

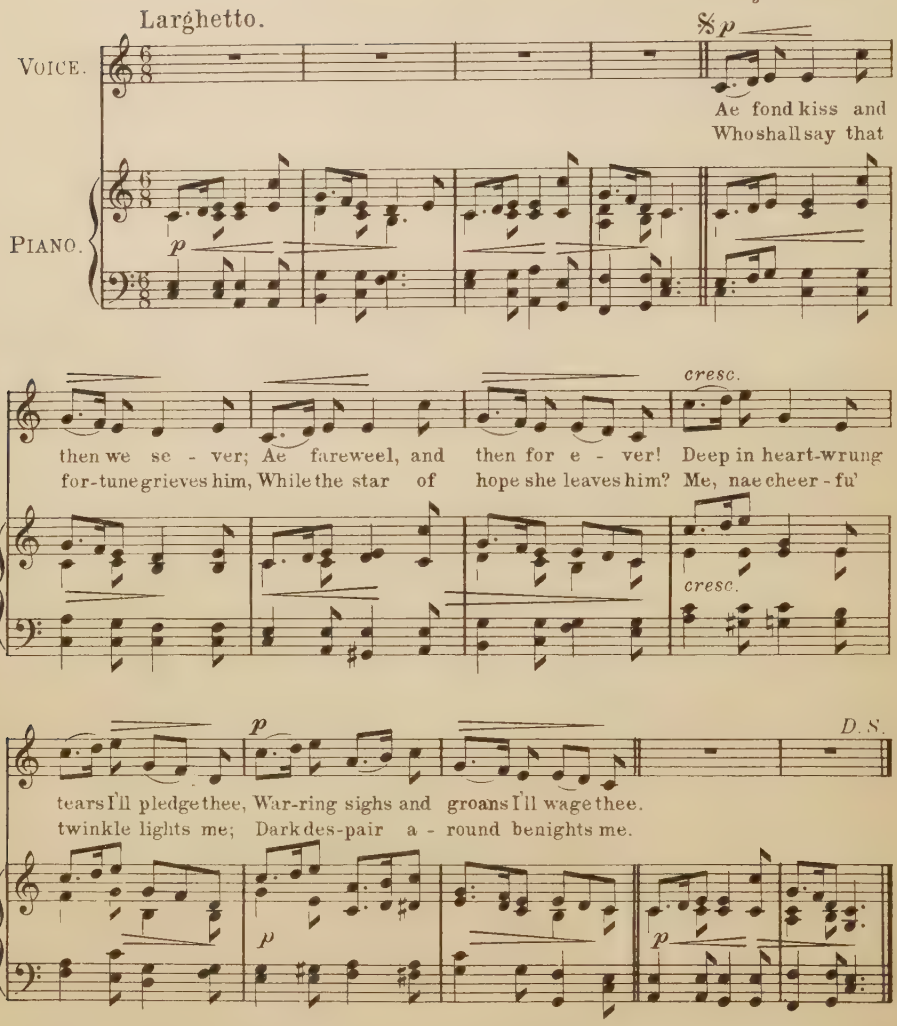

Allegro moderato.
Tune: "O May, thy morn."
Piano.
mf
f
mp
O May, thy morn was ne'er so sweet, As the mirk night o' De-
mp
cem - ber; For spark - ling was the ro - sy wine, And
cres.
dim.
pri - vate was the cham - ber; And dear was she I
cres.
dim.



And here's to them, that, like oursel',
Can push about the jorum;
And here's to them that wish us weel,
May a' that's guid watch o'er them!
And here's to them, we darena tell,
The dearest o' the quorum:
And here's to them, we darena tell,
The dearest o' the quorum.

Ae fond Kiss.

Tune: "*Rory Dall's Port.*"


Larghetto.
VOICE.
PIANO.
Ae fond kiss and
Who shall say that
then we se - ver; Ae fareweel, and then for e - ver! Deep in heart-wrung
for-tune grieves him, While the star of hope she leaves him? Me, nae cheer-fu'
cresc.
tears I'll pledge thee, War-ring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
twinkle lights me; Dark des-pair a - round benights me.
D. S.

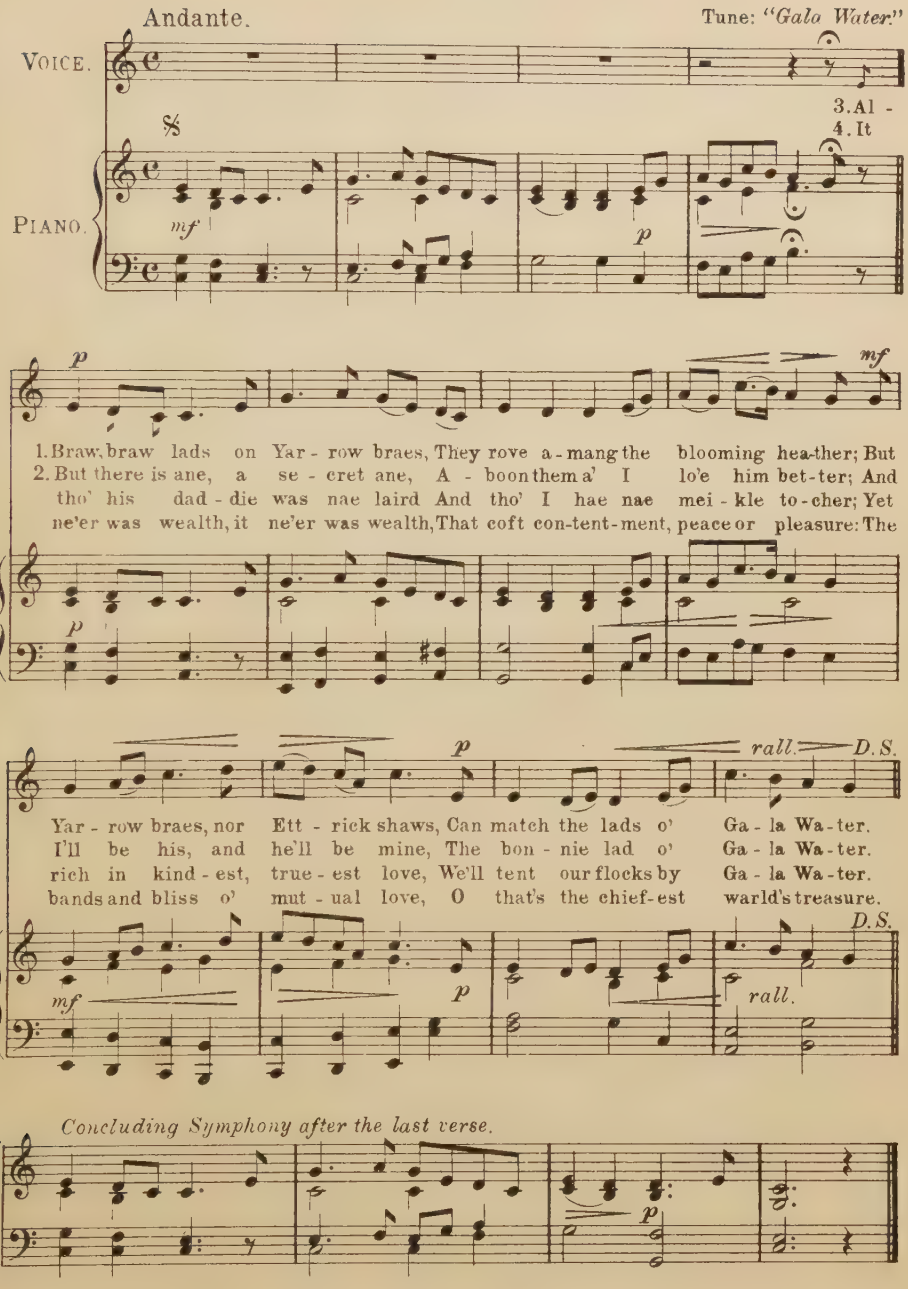
I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her, was to love her:
Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met — or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!

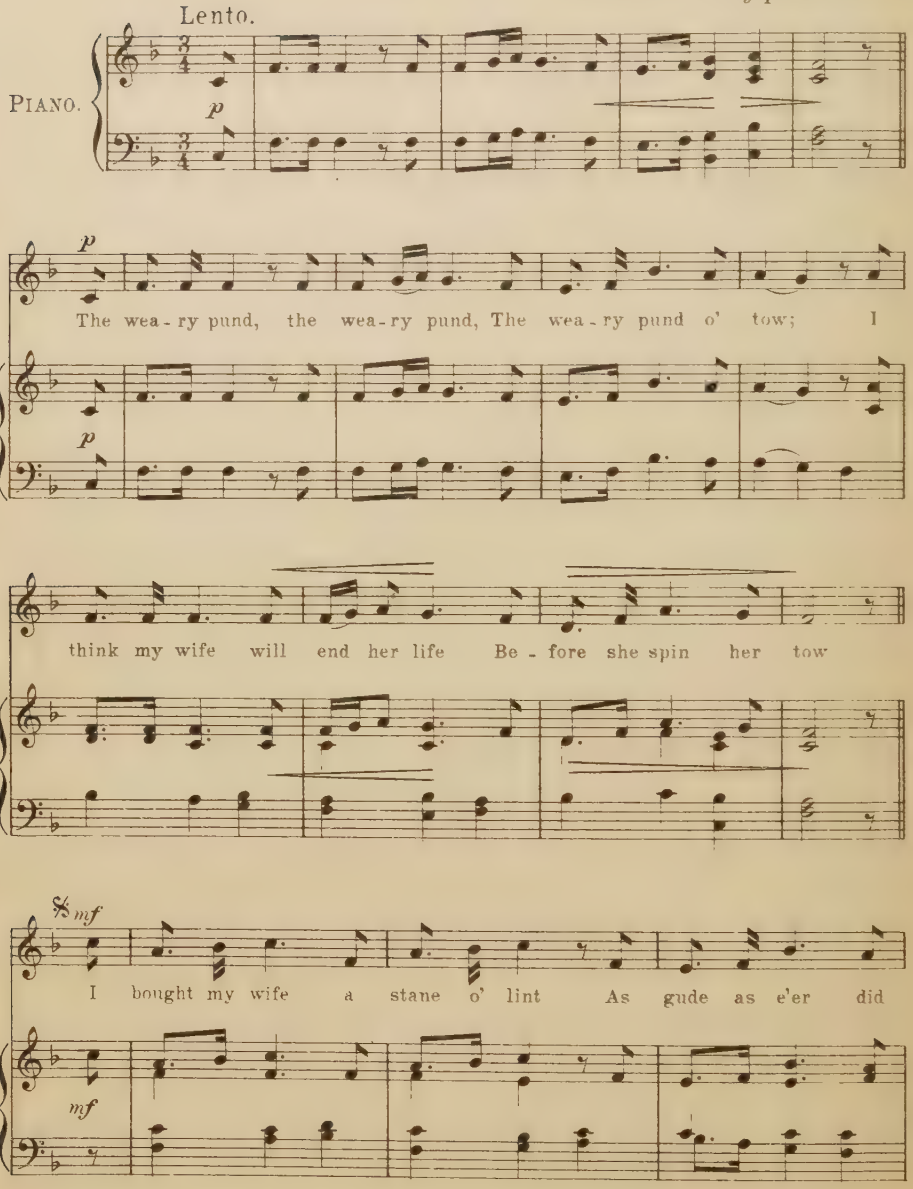
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

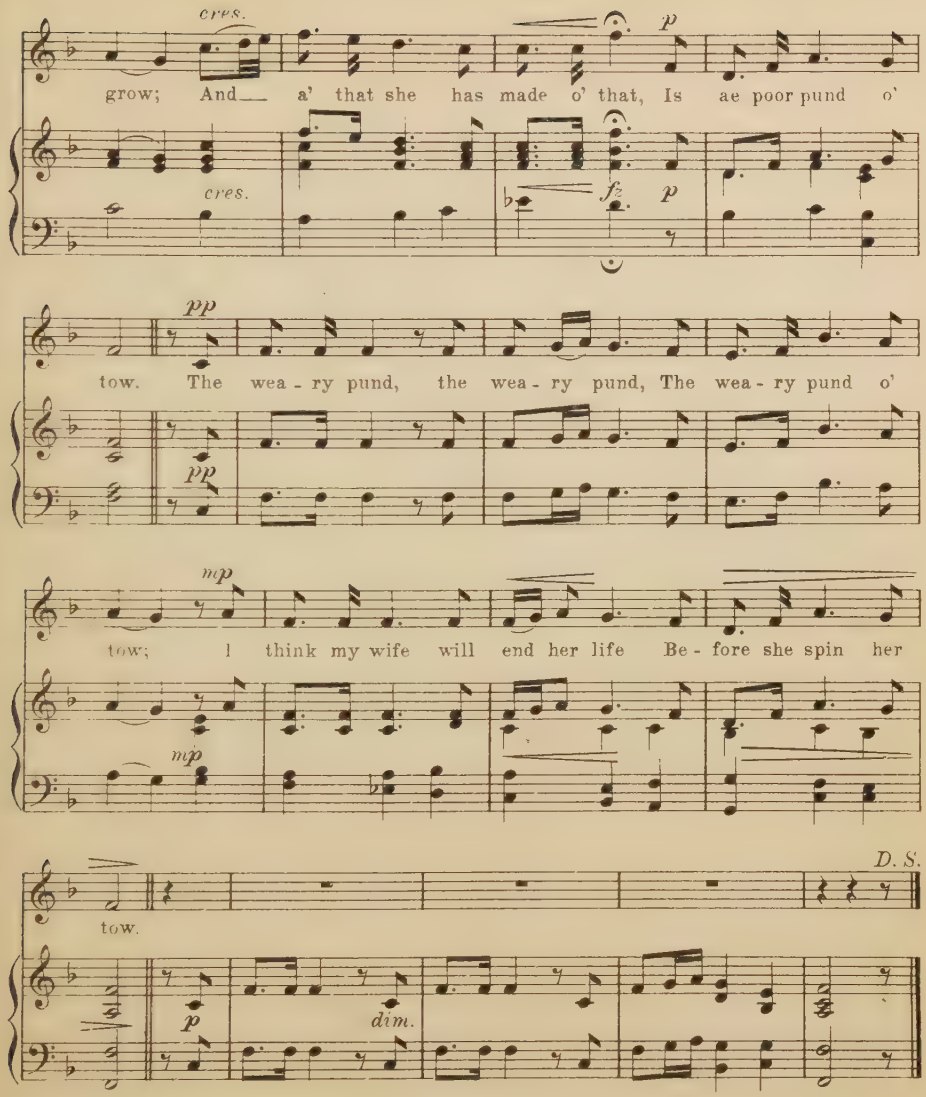
Gala Water.


Andante.
Tune: "Gala Water."
VOICE.
PIANO.
3. Al -
4. It
mf
p
1. Braw, braw lads on Yar - row braes, They rove a - mang the blooming hea-ther; But
2. But there is ane, a se - cret ane, A - boon them a' I lo'e him bet-ter; And
tho' his dad - die was nae laird And tho' I hae nae mei - kle to - cher; Yet
ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth, That coft con-tent-ment, peace or pleasure: The
rall.
D.S.
Yar - row braes, nor Ett - rick shaws, Can match the lads o' Ga - la Wa - ter.
I'll be his, and he'll be mine, The bon - nie lad o' Ga - la Wa - ter.
rich in kind - est, true - est love, We'll tent our flocks by Ga - la Wa - ter.
bands and bliss o' mut - ual love, O that's the chief-est warld's treasure.
Concluding Symphony after the last verse.

The weary pund o' Tow.

Tune: *"The weary pund o' Tow."*


Lento.
PIANO.
p
The wea - ry pund, the wea - ry pund, The wea - ry pund o' tow; I
think my wife will end her life Be - fore she spin her tow
mf
I bought my wife a stane o' lint As gude as e'er did



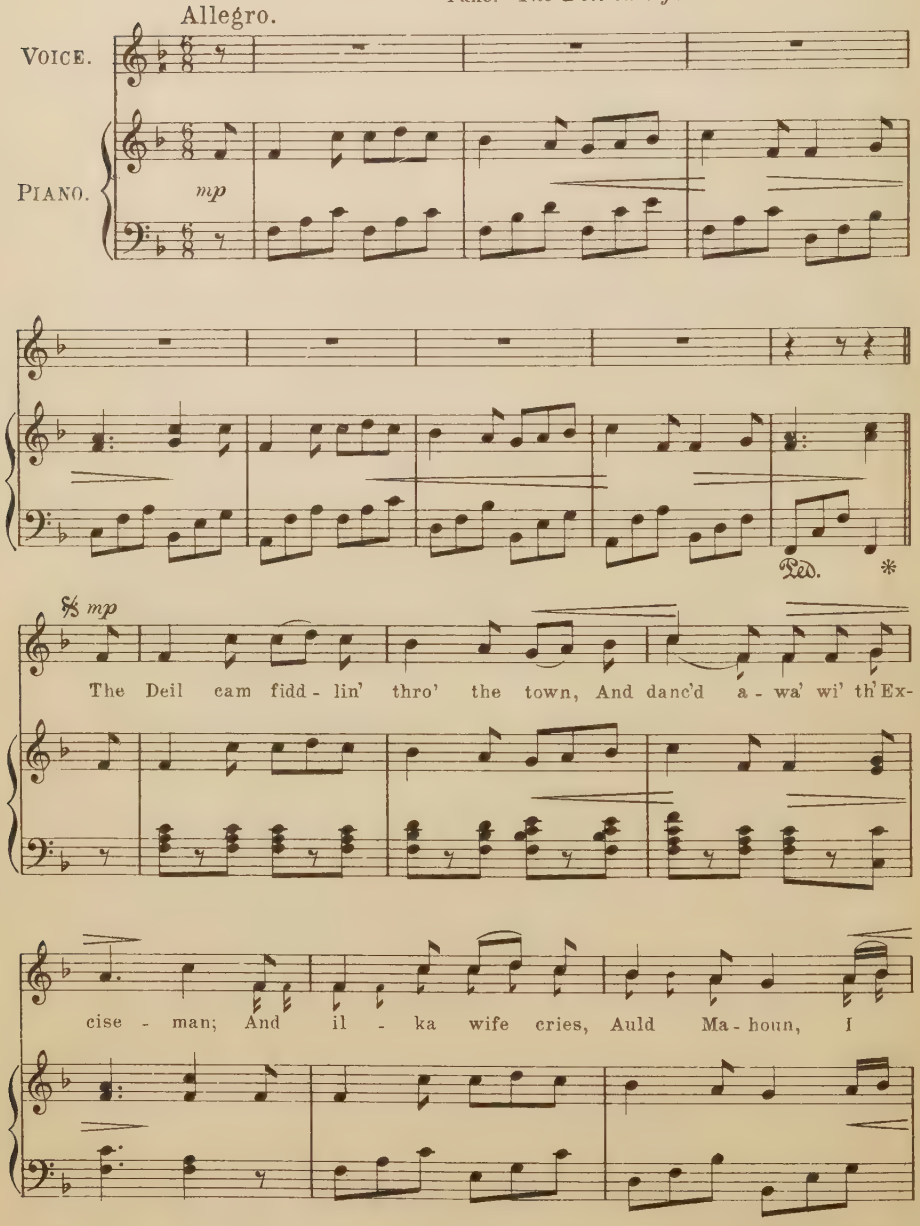
There sat a bottle in a bole,
Beyont the ingle lowe,
And aye she took the tither souk,
To drouk the stowrie tow.
The weary pund, &c.

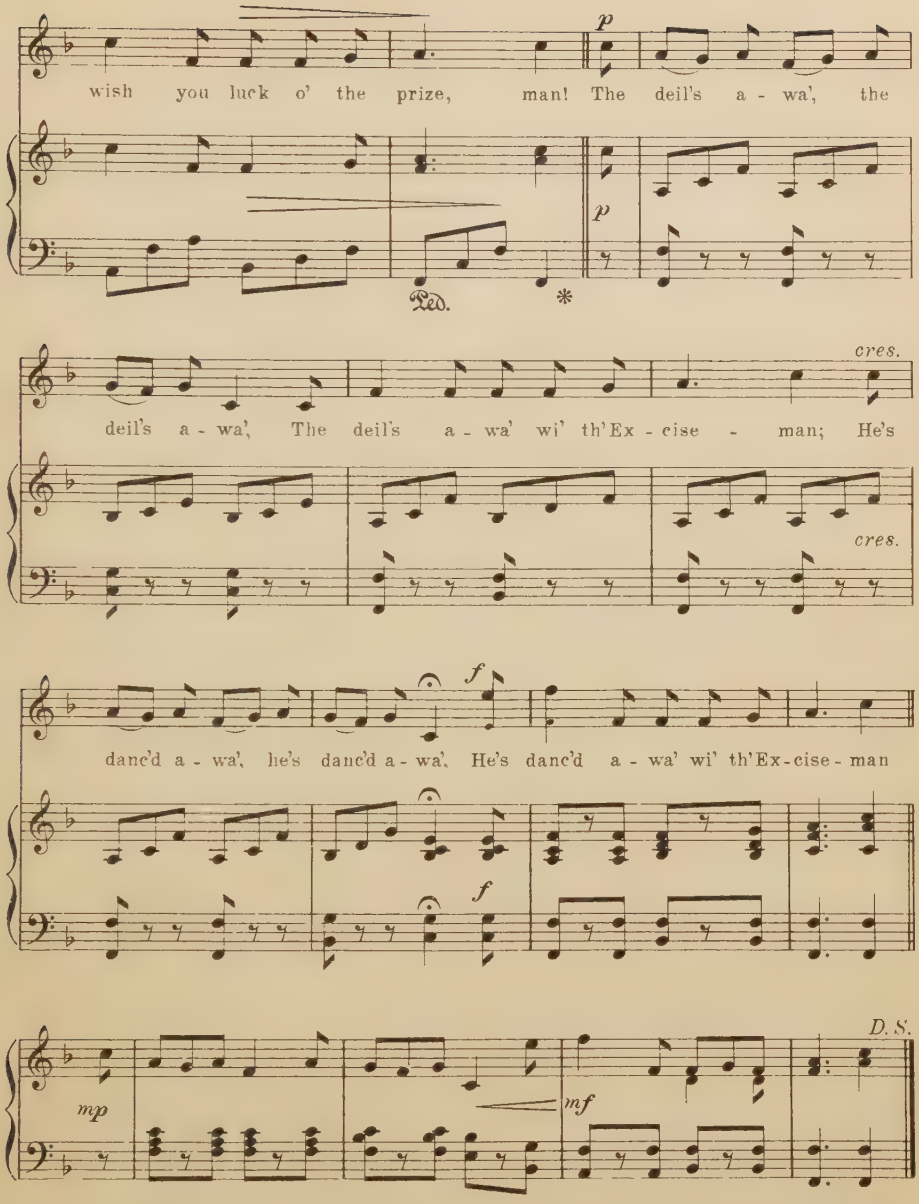
Quoth I, for shame, ye dirty dame
Gae spin your tap o' tow!
She took the rock, and wi' a knock
She brak it o'er my pow.
The weary pund, &c.

At last her feet—I sang to see't—
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;
And or I wad anither jad,
I'll wallop in a tow.
The weary pund, &c.

The Deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman.

Tune: *"The Deil cam fiddlin' thro' the town."*


Allegro.
Voice.
Piano.
mp
Ped.
*
mp
The Deil cam fidd - lin' thro' the town, And danc'd a - wa' wi' th' Ex-
cise - man; And il - ka wife cries, Auld Ma - houn, I

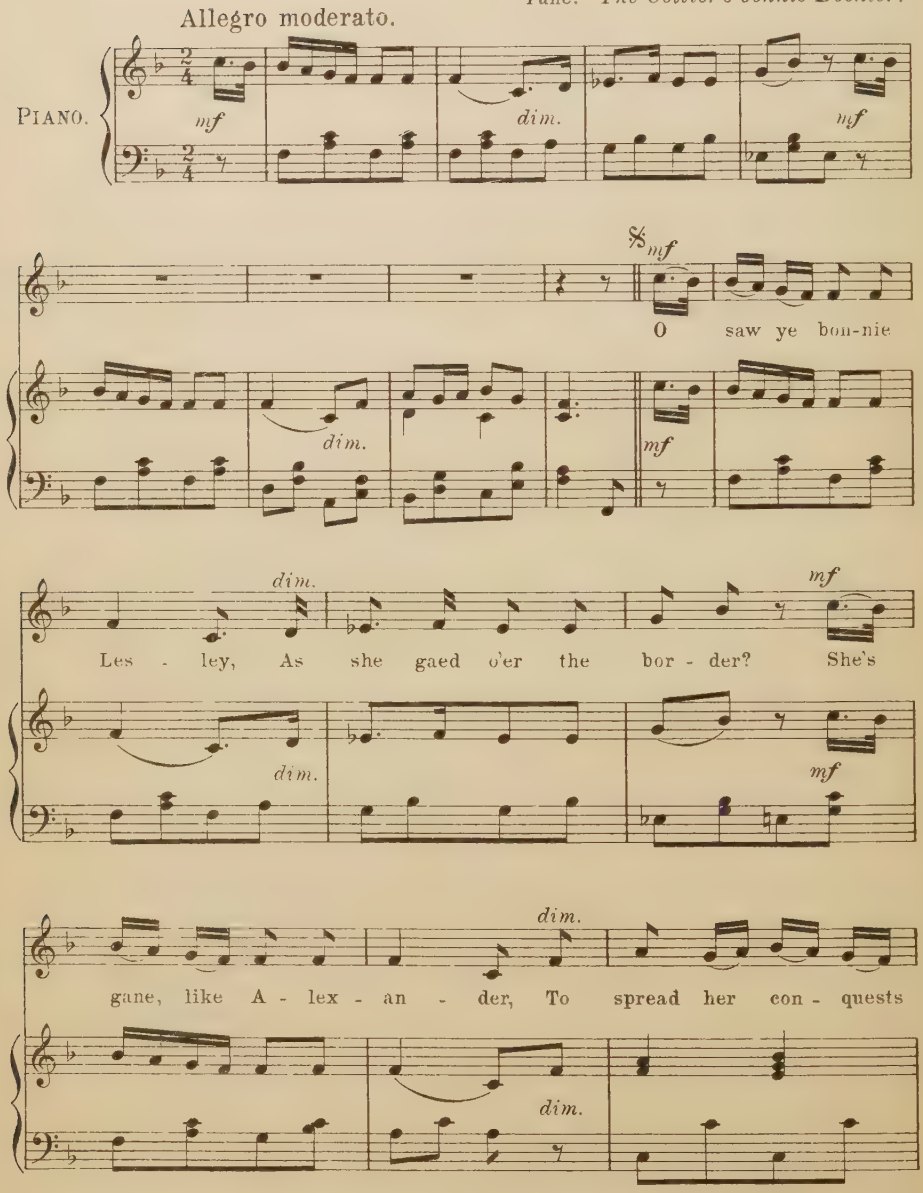

wish you luck o' the prize, man! The deil's a - wa', the
p
Ped.
*
deil's a - wa', The deil's a - wa' wi' th' Ex - cise - man; He's
cres.
danc'd a - wa', he's danc'd a - wa', He's danc'd a - wa' wi' th' Ex-cise - man
f
D. S.
mp
mf

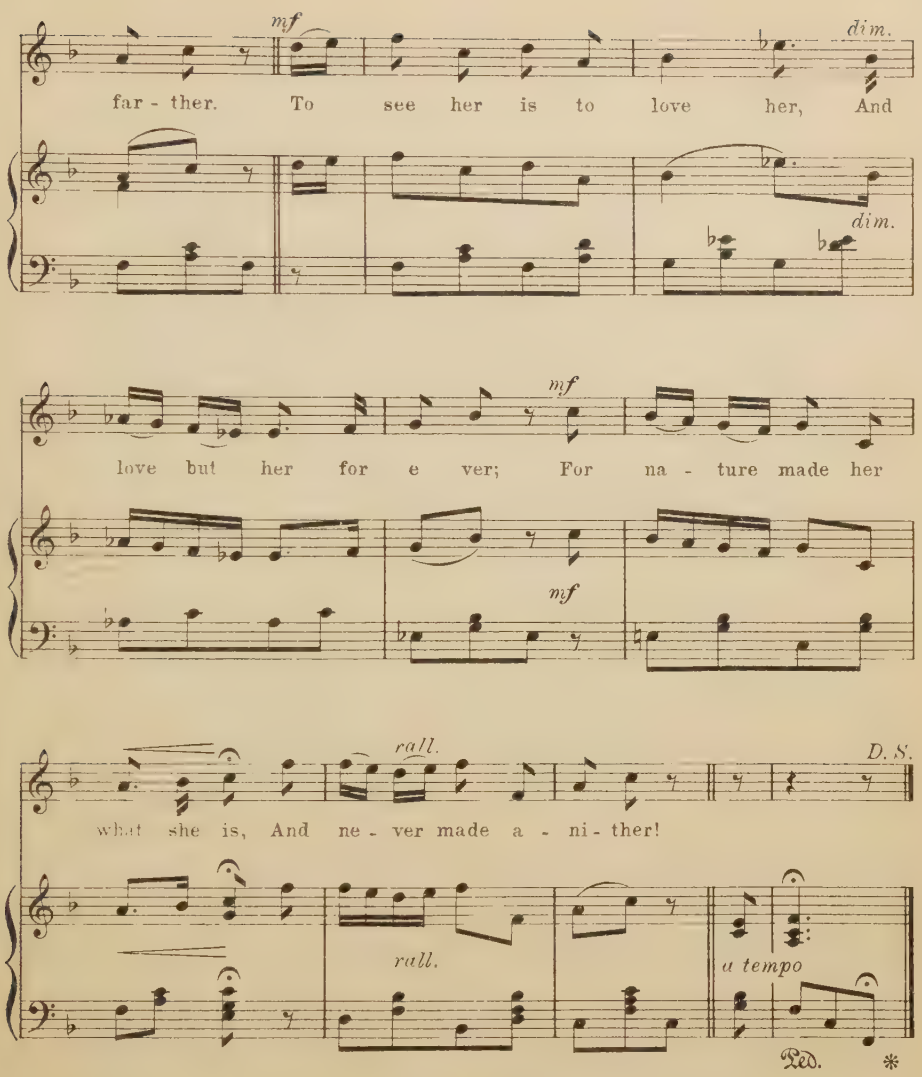
We'll mak our maut, we'll brew our drink,
We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man;
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil,
That danc'd awa' wi' the Exciseman.
The deil's awa', &c.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam to our land,
Was — the deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman.
The deil's awa', &c.

O saw ye bonnie Lesley.

Tune: *"The Collier's bonnie Dochter."*



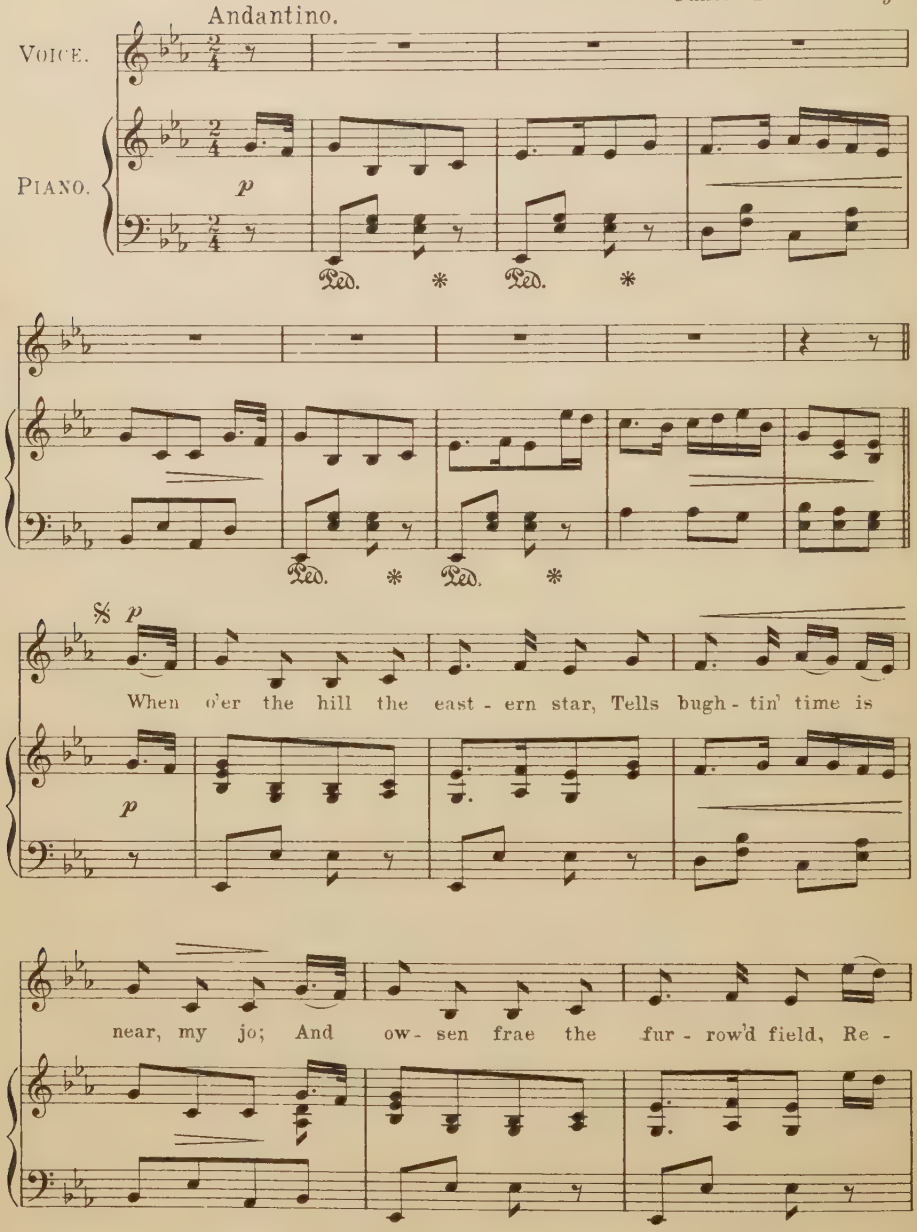


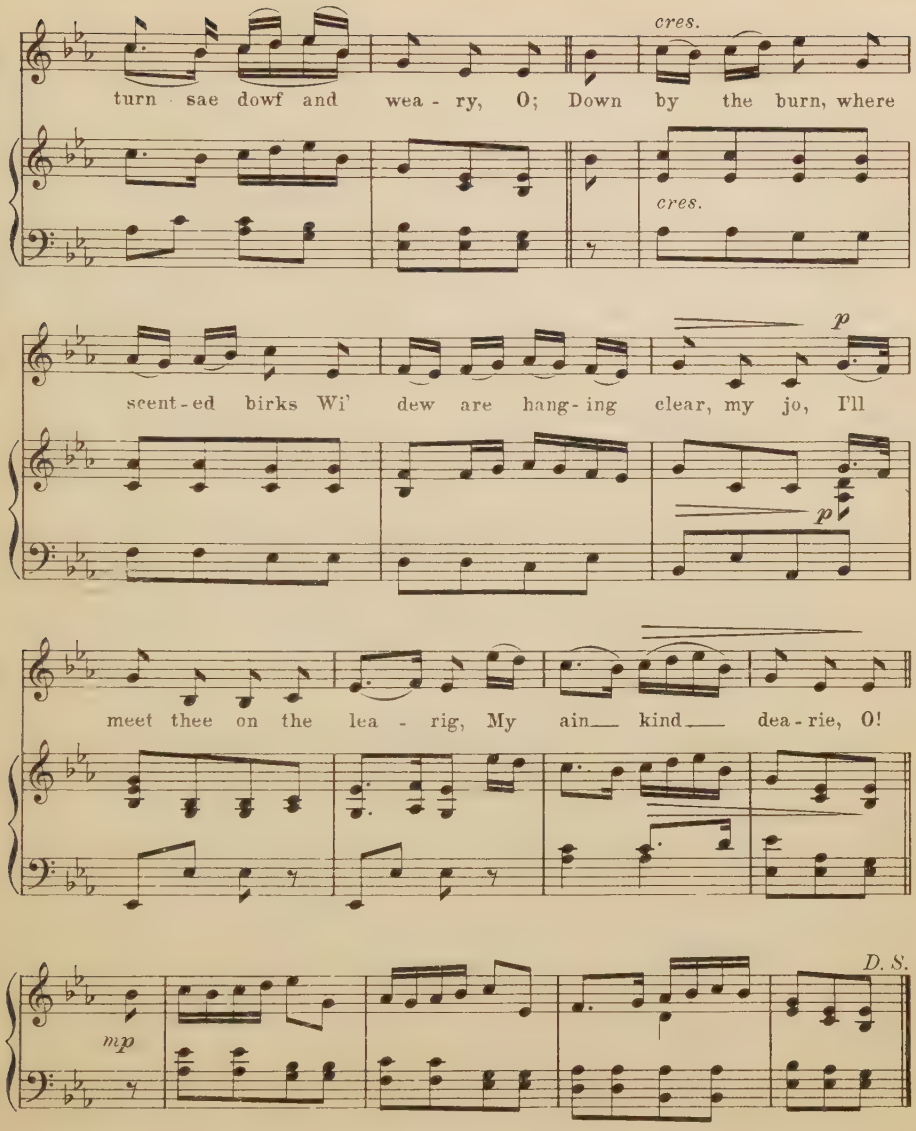
Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee:
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.
The Deil he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The powers aboon will tent thee,
Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.
Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag, we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonnie.

My ain kind dearie, O.

Tune: *"The Lea-Rig."*


Andantino.
VOICE.
PIANO.
p
Ped. * Ped. *
When o'er the hill the east - ern star, Tells bugh - tin' time is
near, my jo; And ow - sen frae the fur - row'd field, Re -

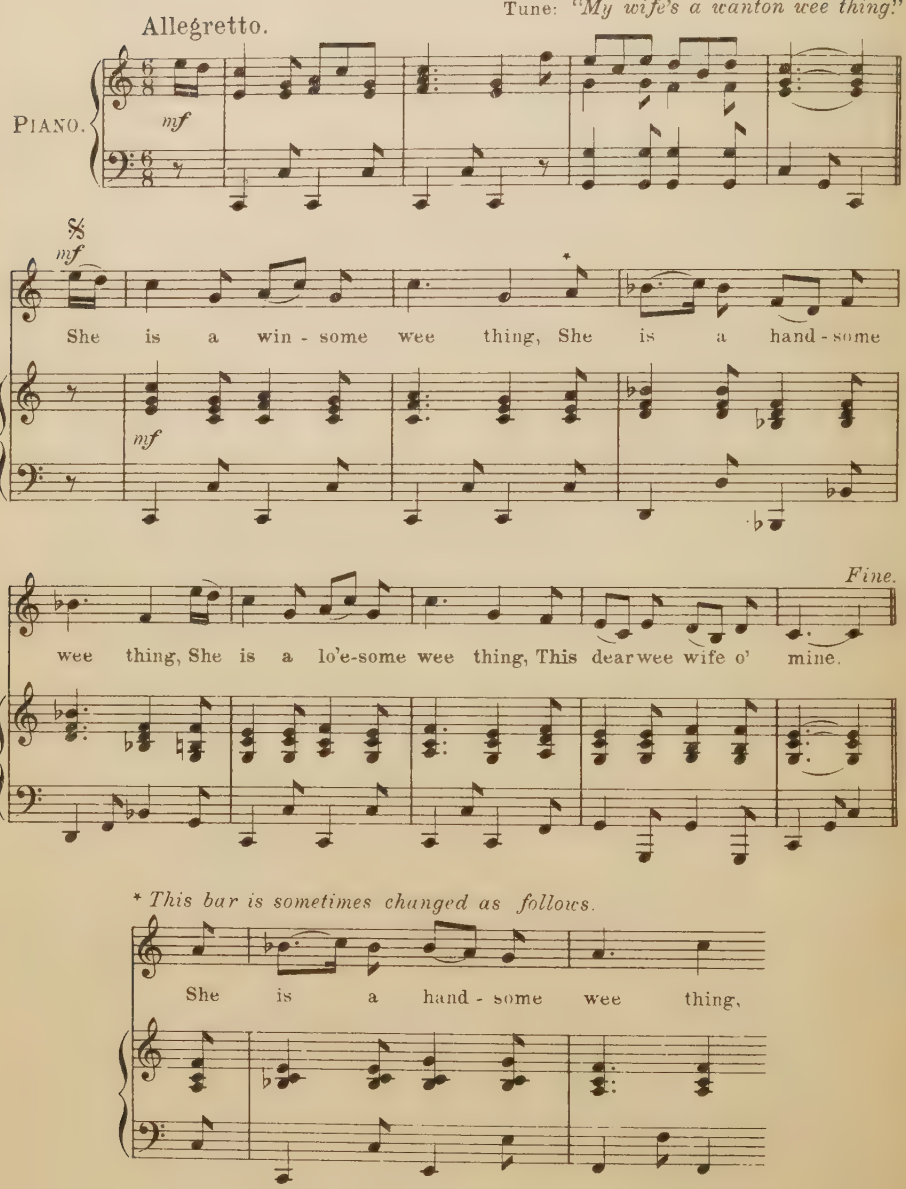

turn sae dowf and wea - ry, O; Down by the burn, where
cres.
cres.
scent - ed birks Wi' dew are hang - ing clear, my jo, I'll
p
p
meet thee on the lea - rig, My ain kind dea - rie, O!
D. S.
mp

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove and ne'er be eerie, O,
If through that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O!
Although the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

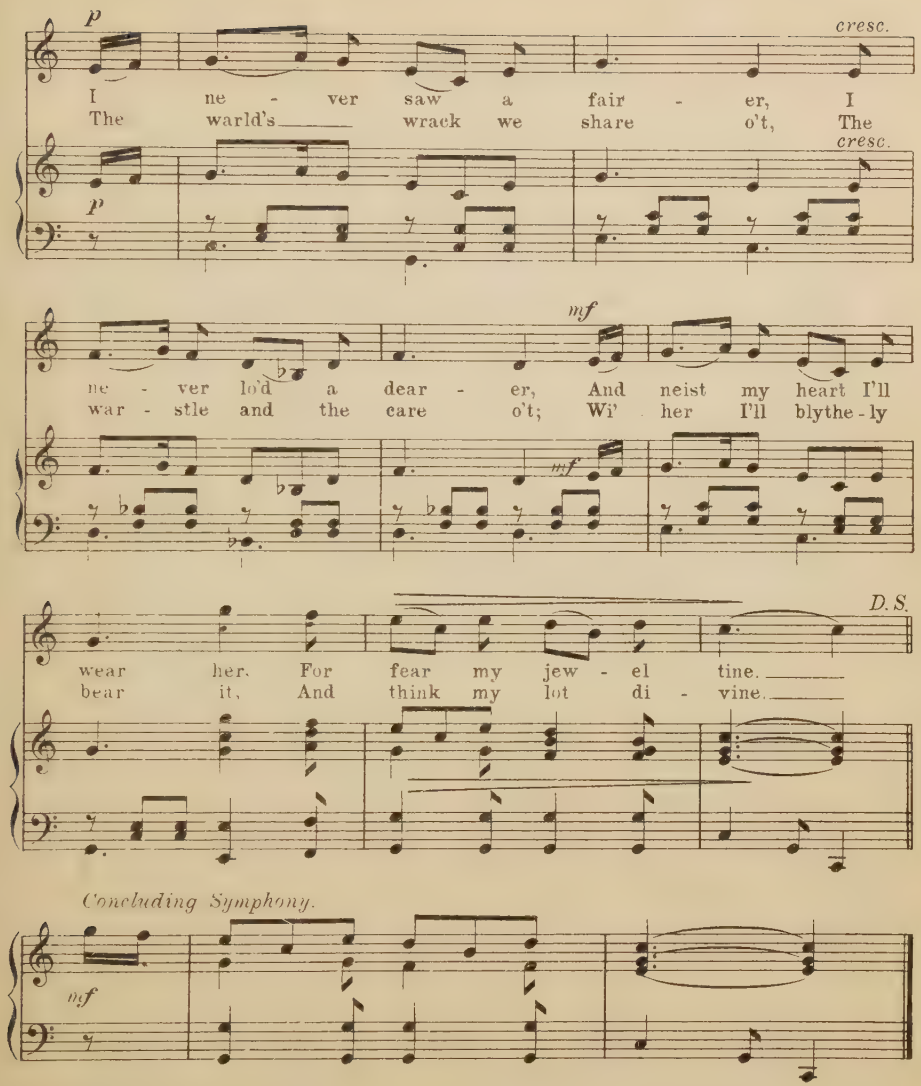
The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo;
Gie me the hour of gloaming grey,
It maks my heart sae cheery, O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

My wife's a winsome wee thing.

Tune: *"My wife's a wanton wee thing."*


Allegretto.
PIANO.
mf
She is a win - some wee thing, She is a hand - some
wee thing, She is a lo'e-some wee thing, This dear wee wife o' mine.
Fine.

* *This bar is sometimes changed as follows.*


p
cresc.
I ne - ver saw a fair - er, I
The warld's wrack we share o't, The
cresc.
p
mf
ne - ver lo'd a dear - er, And neist my heart I'll
war - stle and the care o't; Wi' her I'll blythe - ly
mf
D.S.
wear her. For fear my jew - el tine.
bear it, And think my lot di - vine.
Concluding Symphony.
mf

The Words as sometimes altered.

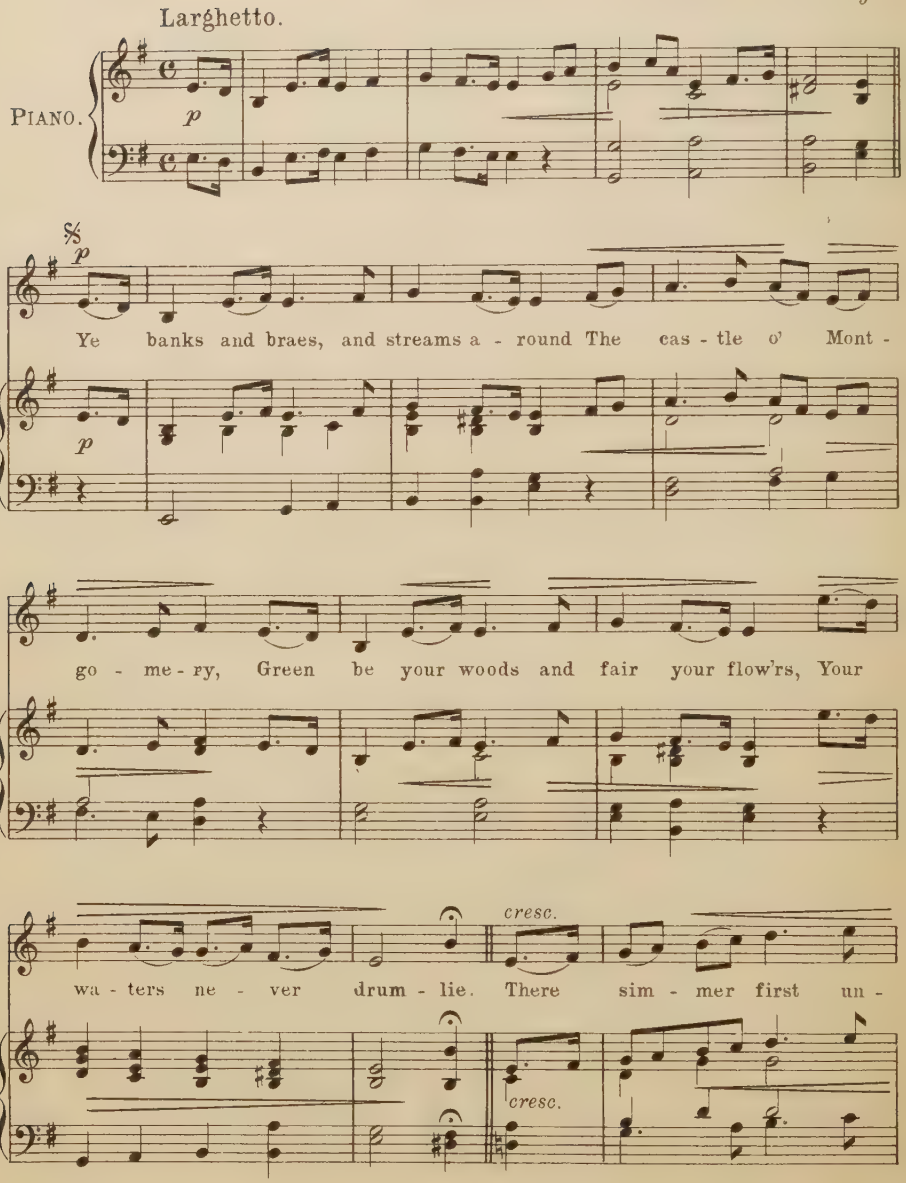
My wife's a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

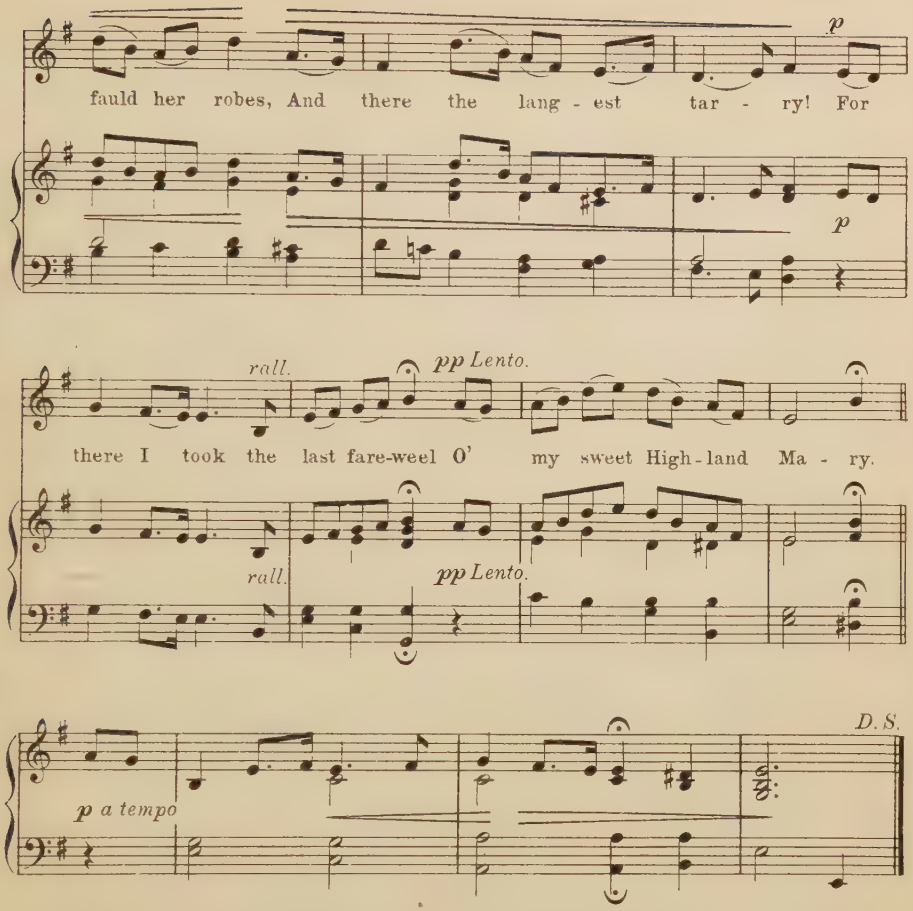
O leeze me on my wee thing,
My bonnie blythesome wee thing;
Sae lang's I hae my wee thing,
I'll think my lot divine.

Tho' the warld's care we share o't,
And may see meikle mair o't,
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
And ne'er a word repine.

Highland Mary.

Tune: *"Katharine Ogie."*


Larghetto.
PIANO.
p
Ye banks and braes, and streams a - round The cas - tle o' Mont -
go - me - ry, Green be your woods and fair your flow'rs, Your
wa - ters ne - ver drum - lie. There sim - mer first un -
cresc.
cresc.



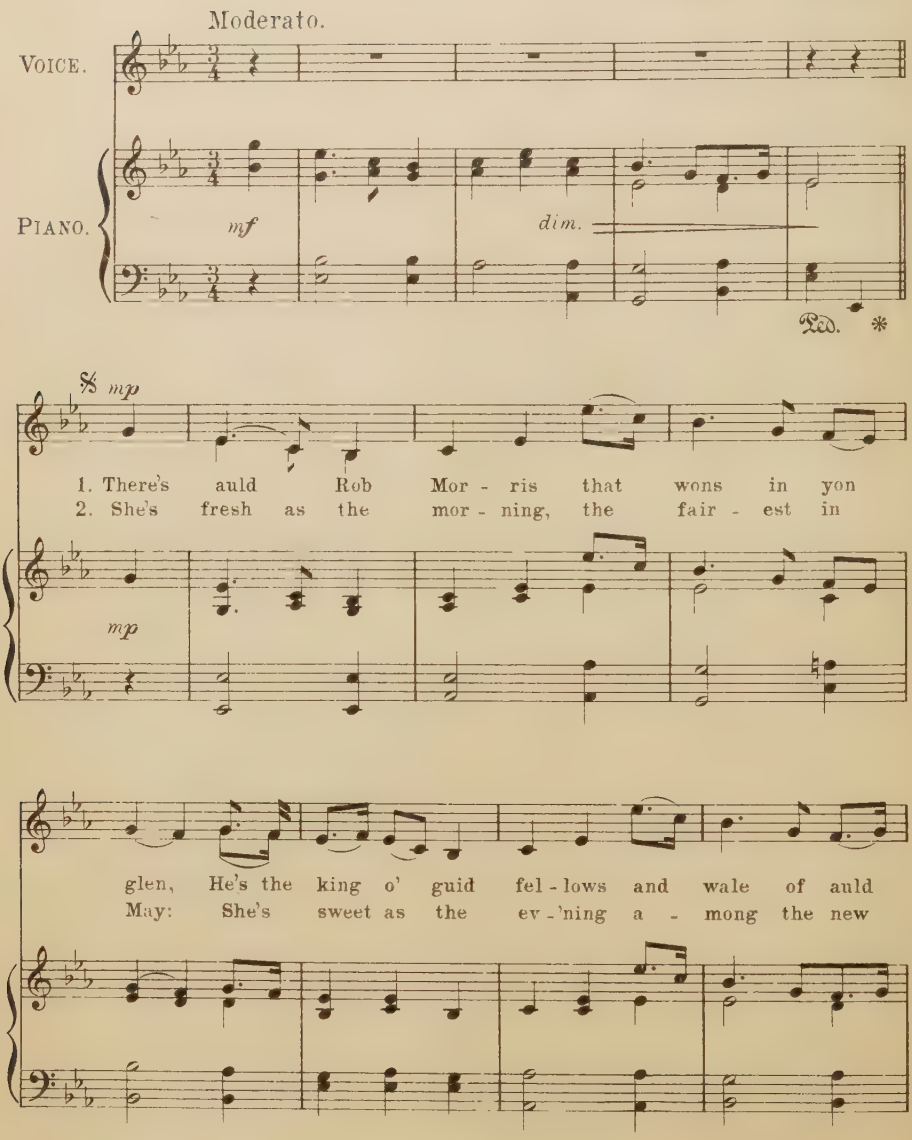
How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom!
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

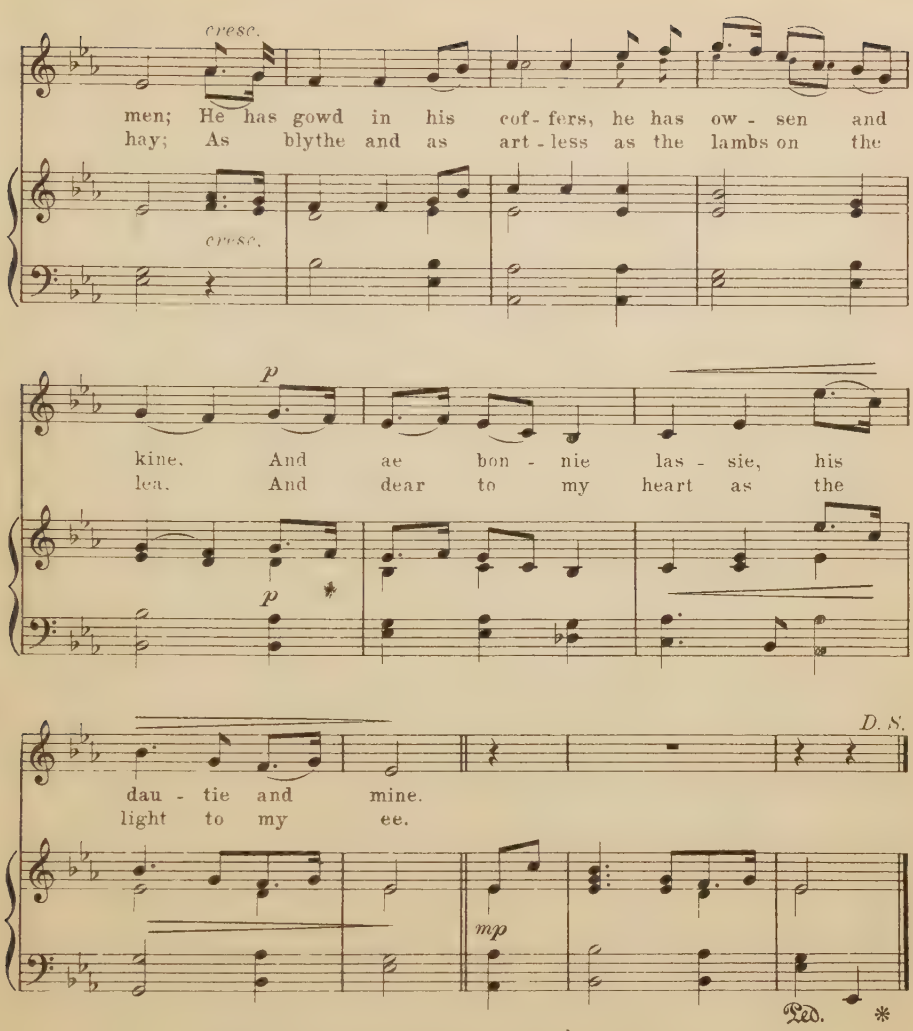
Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But Oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary.

Auld Rob Morris.

Tune: *"Auld Rob Morris."*


Moderato.
VOICE.
PIANO.
mf
dim.
Ped. *
mp
1. There's auld Rob Mor - ris that wons in yon
2. She's fresh as the mor - ning, the fair - est in
mp
glen, He's the king o' guid fel - lows and wale of auld
May: She's sweet as the ev - 'ning a - mong the new


cresc.
men; He has gowd in his cof - fers, he has ow - sen and
hay; As blythe and as art - less as the lambs on the
cresc.
p
kine. And ae bon - nie las - sie, his
lea. And dear to my heart as the
p
D. S.
dau - tie and mine.
light to my ee.
mp
Ped. *

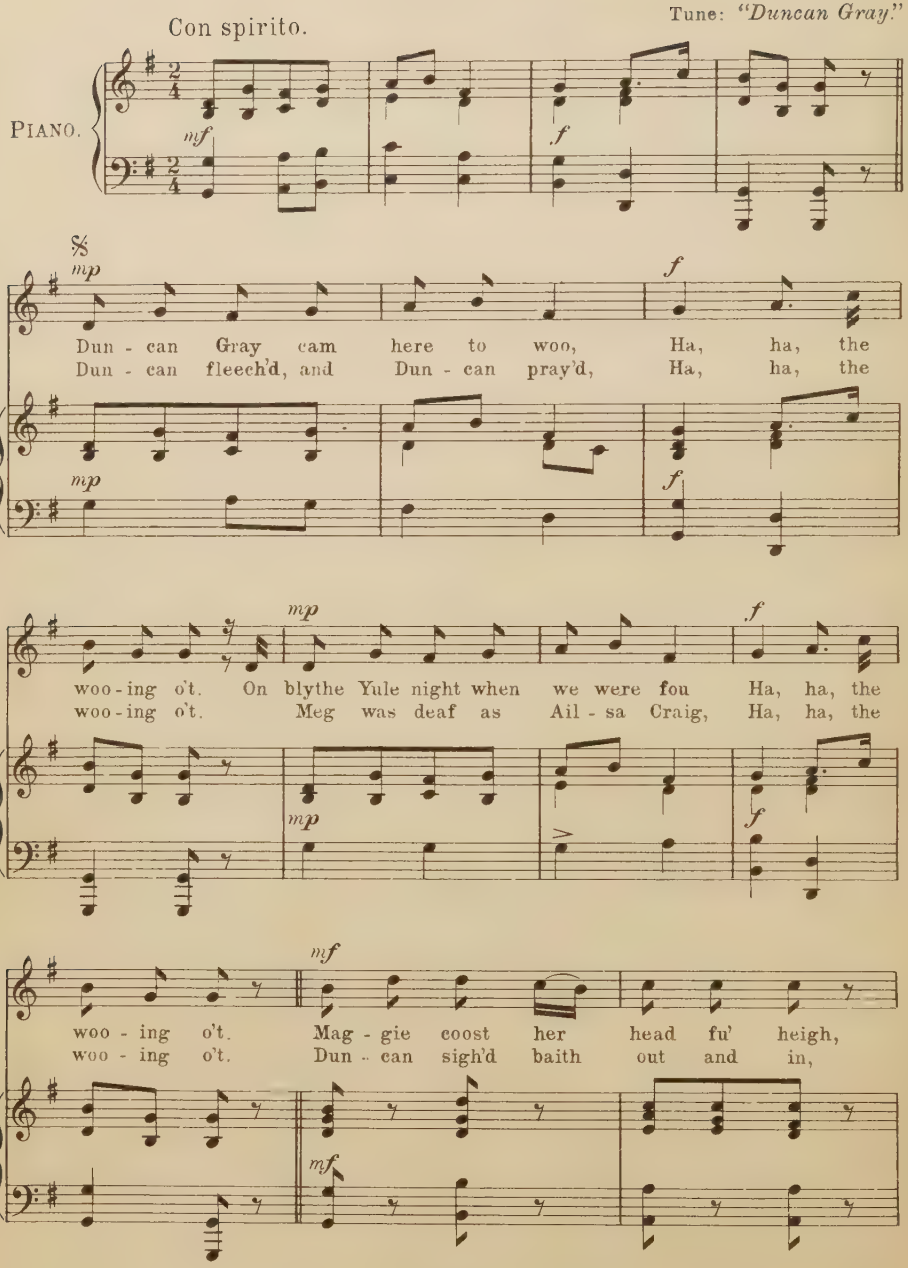
But Oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yaird,
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

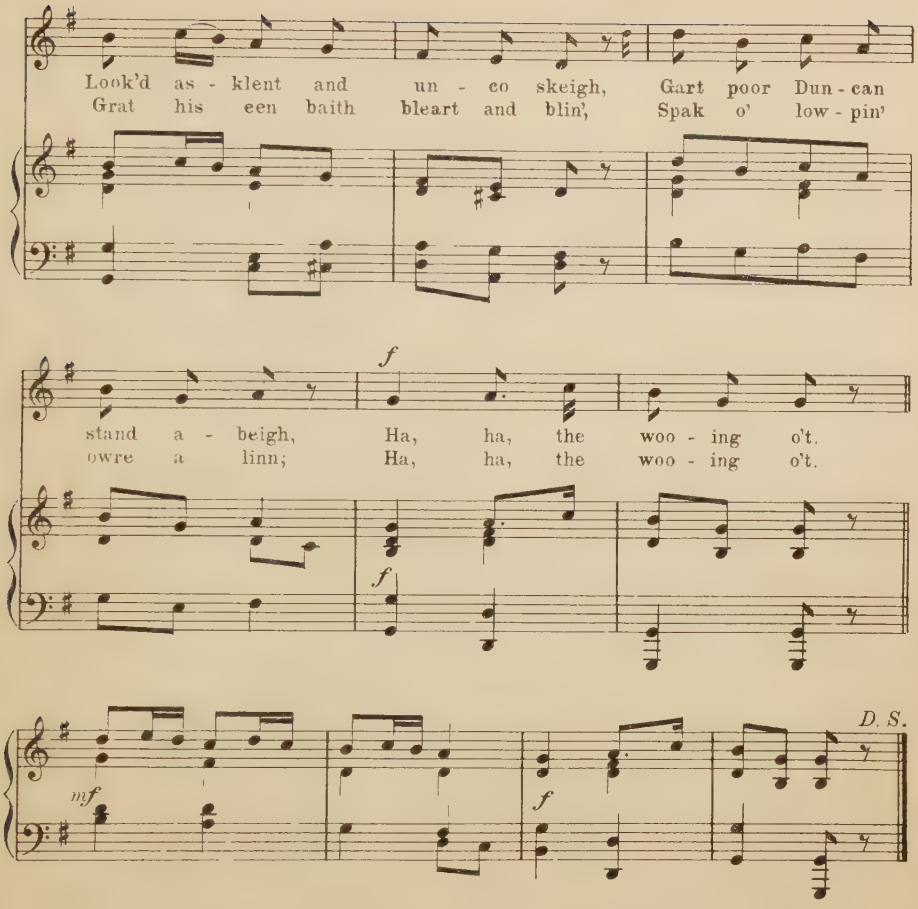
The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd she'd hae smil'd upon me!
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express!

Duncan Gray.

Tune: *"Duncan Gray."*


Con spirito.
PIANO.
mf
f
mp
Dun - can Gray cam here to woo, Ha, ha, the
Dun - can fleech'd, and Dun - can pray'd, Ha, ha, the
woo - ing o't. On blythe Yule night when we were fou Ha, ha, the
woo - ing o't. Meg was deaf as Ail - sa Craig, Ha, ha, the
woo - ing o't. Mag - gie coost her head fu' heigh,
woo - ing o't. Dun - can sigh'd baith out and in,


Look'd as - klent and un - co skeigh, Gart poor Dun - can
Grat his een baith bleart and blin', Spak o' low - pin'
f
stand a - beigh, Ha, ha, the woo - ing o't.
owre a linn; Ha, ha, the woo - ing o't.
f
mf
f
D. S.

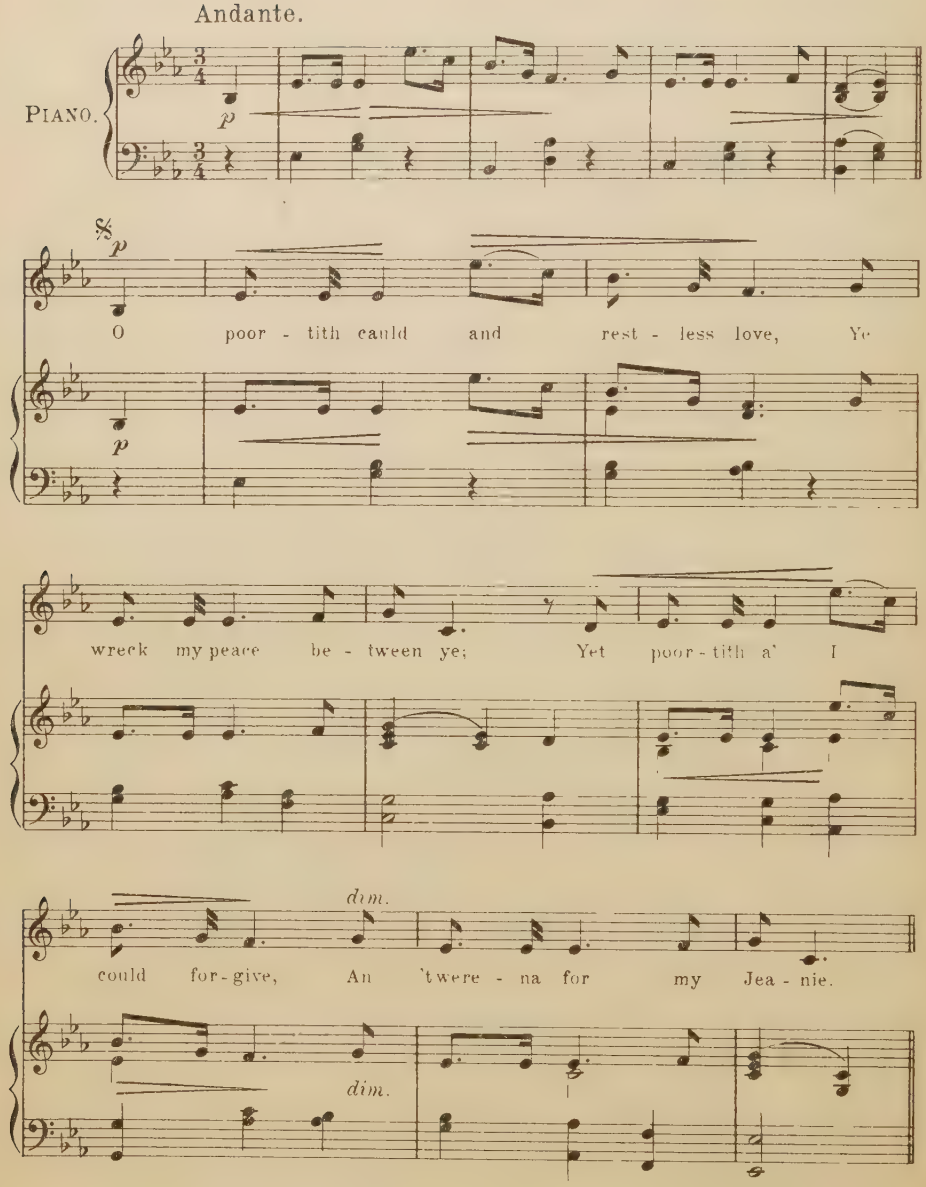
Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
"Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to France for me!"
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

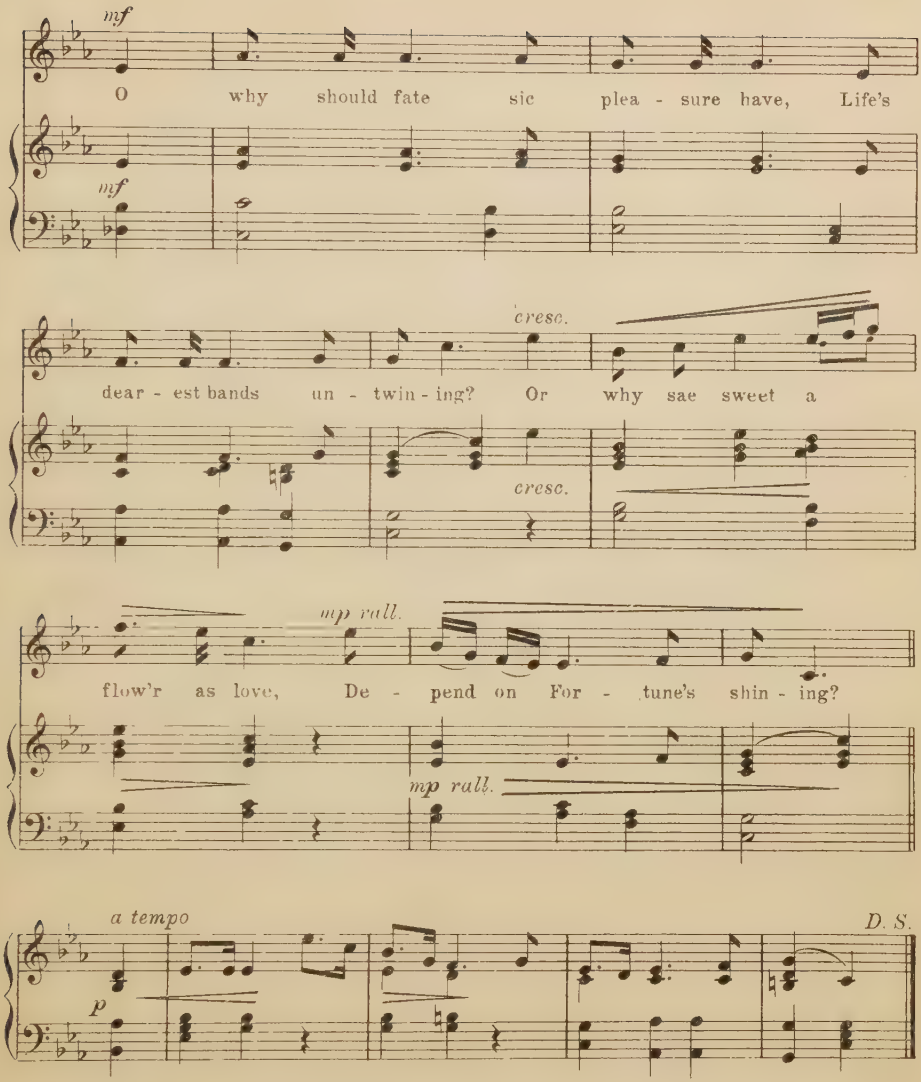
How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And O, her een, they spak sic things!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
Now they're crouse and canty baith,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

O Poortith cauld.

Tune: *"I had a horse."*


Andante.
PIANO.
p
O poor - tith cauld and rest - less love, Ye
wreck my peace be - tween ye; Yet poor - tith a' I
dim.
could for - give, An 'twere - na for my Jea - nie.
dim.


mf
O why should fate sic plea - sure have, Life's
mf
cresc.
dear - est bands un - twin - ing? Or why sae sweet a
cresc.
mp rall.
flow'r as love, De - pend on For - tune's shin - ing?
mp rall.
a tempo
D. S.
p

This warld's wealth when I think on,
Its pride, and a' the lave o't;—
O fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't!
O why, &c.

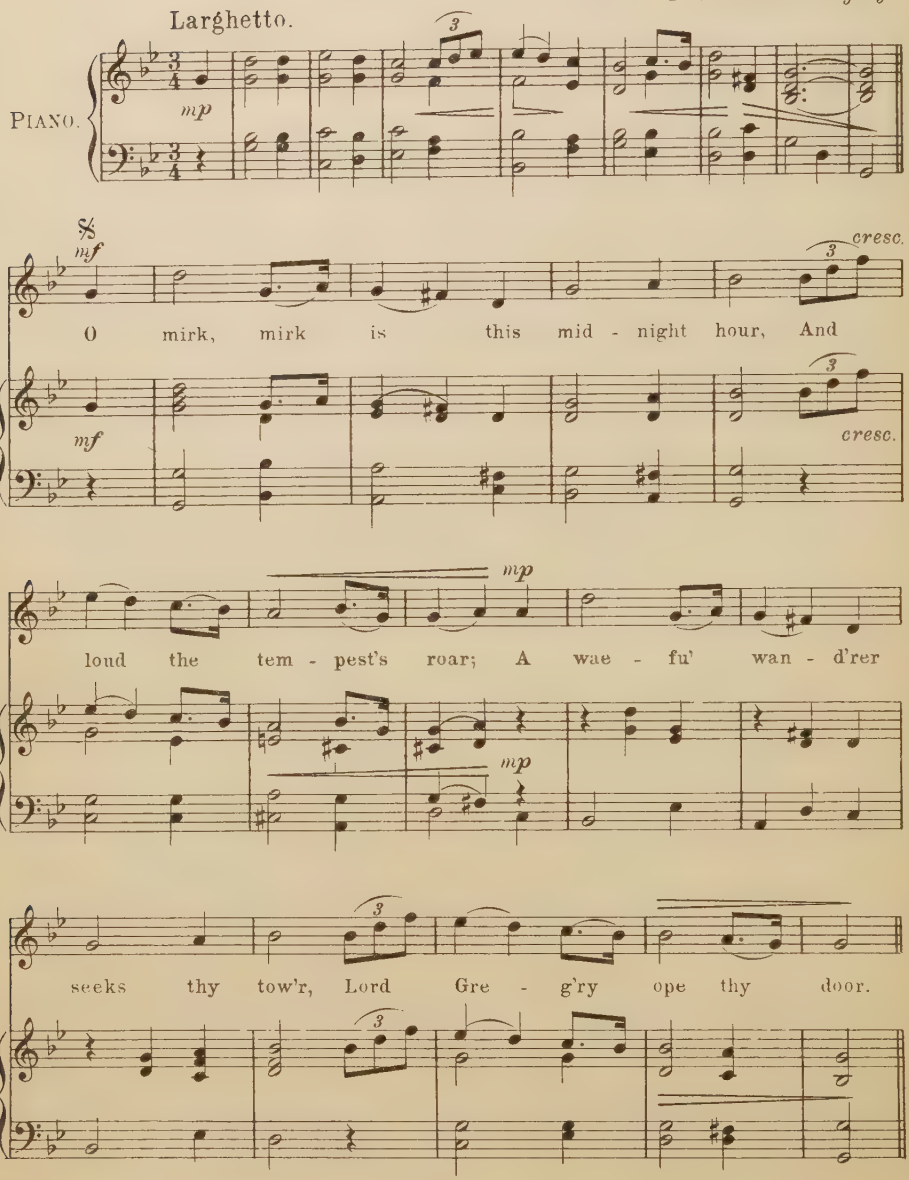
Her een sae bonnie blue betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword aye,
She talks of rank and fashion.
O why, &c.

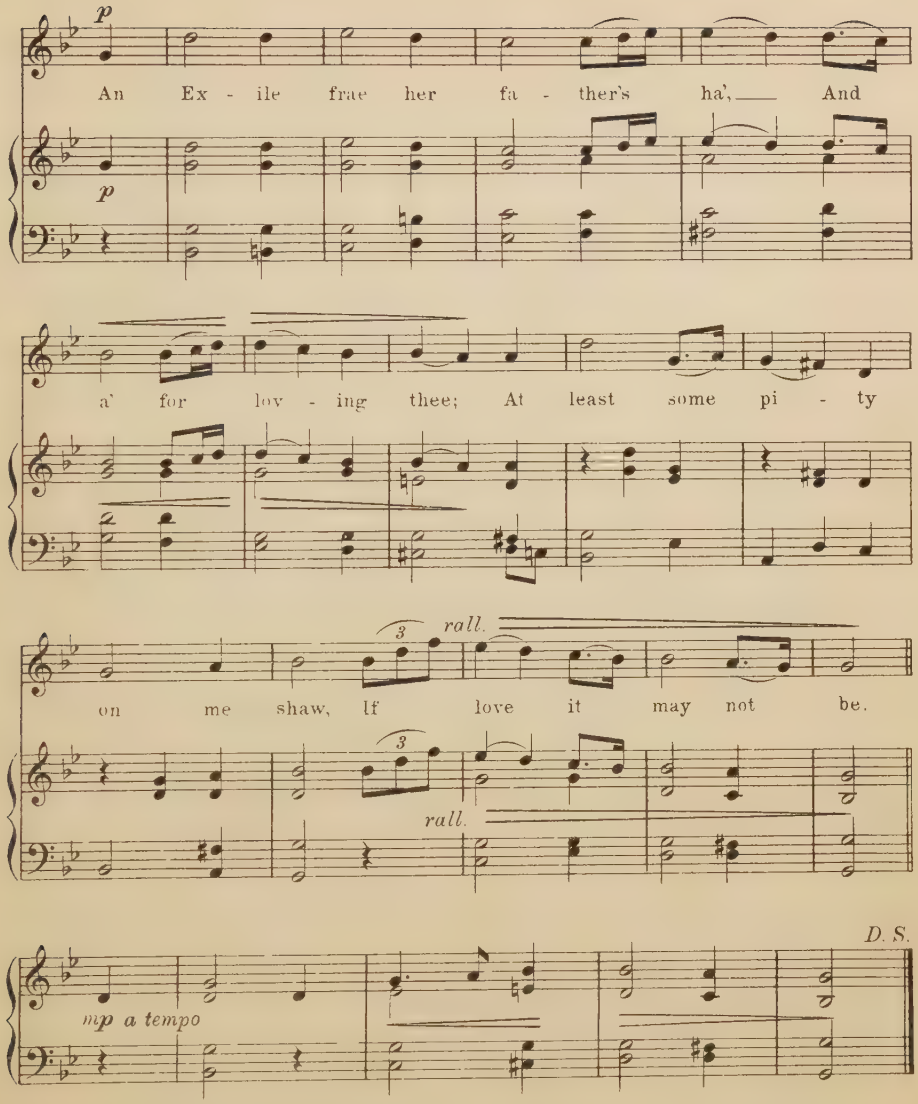
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?
O why, &c.

How blest the simple cotter's fate!
He woos his artless dearie;
The silly bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make them eerie.
O why, &c.

Lord Gregory.

Tune: *"Lord Gregory."*

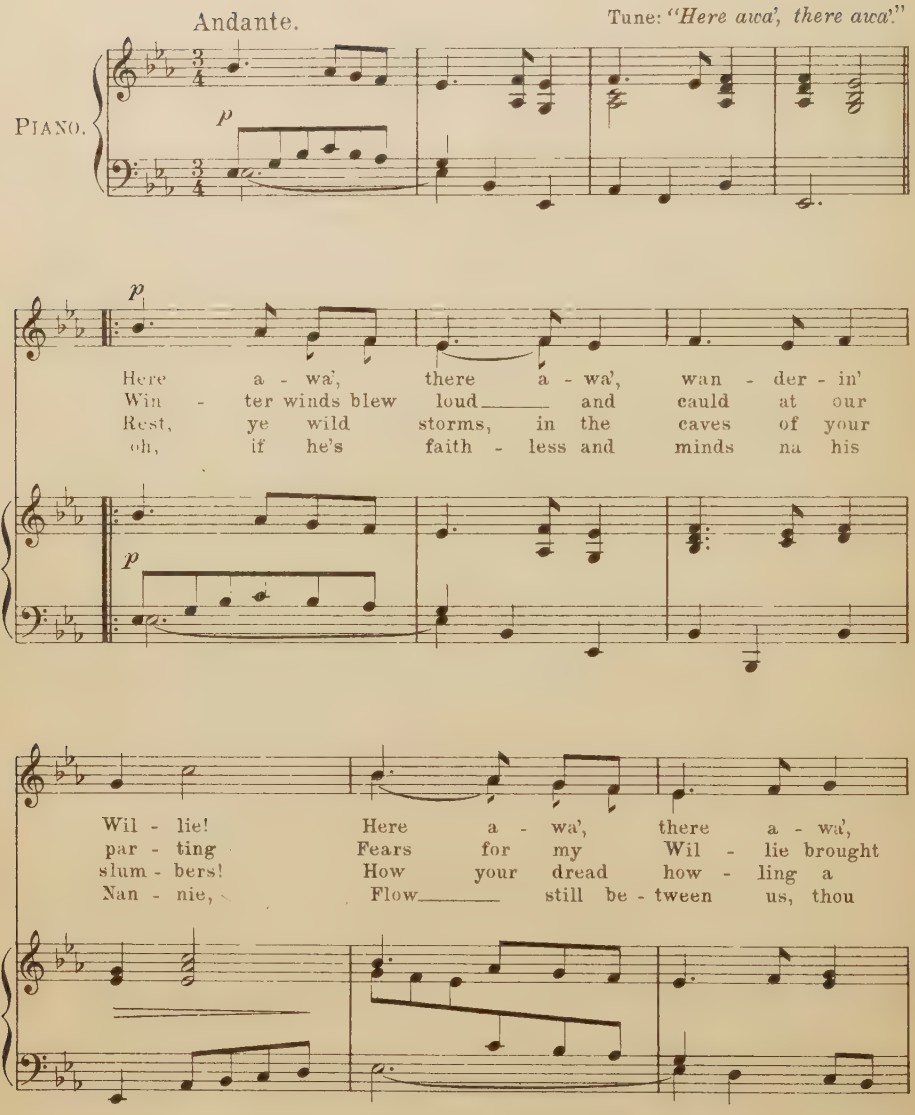


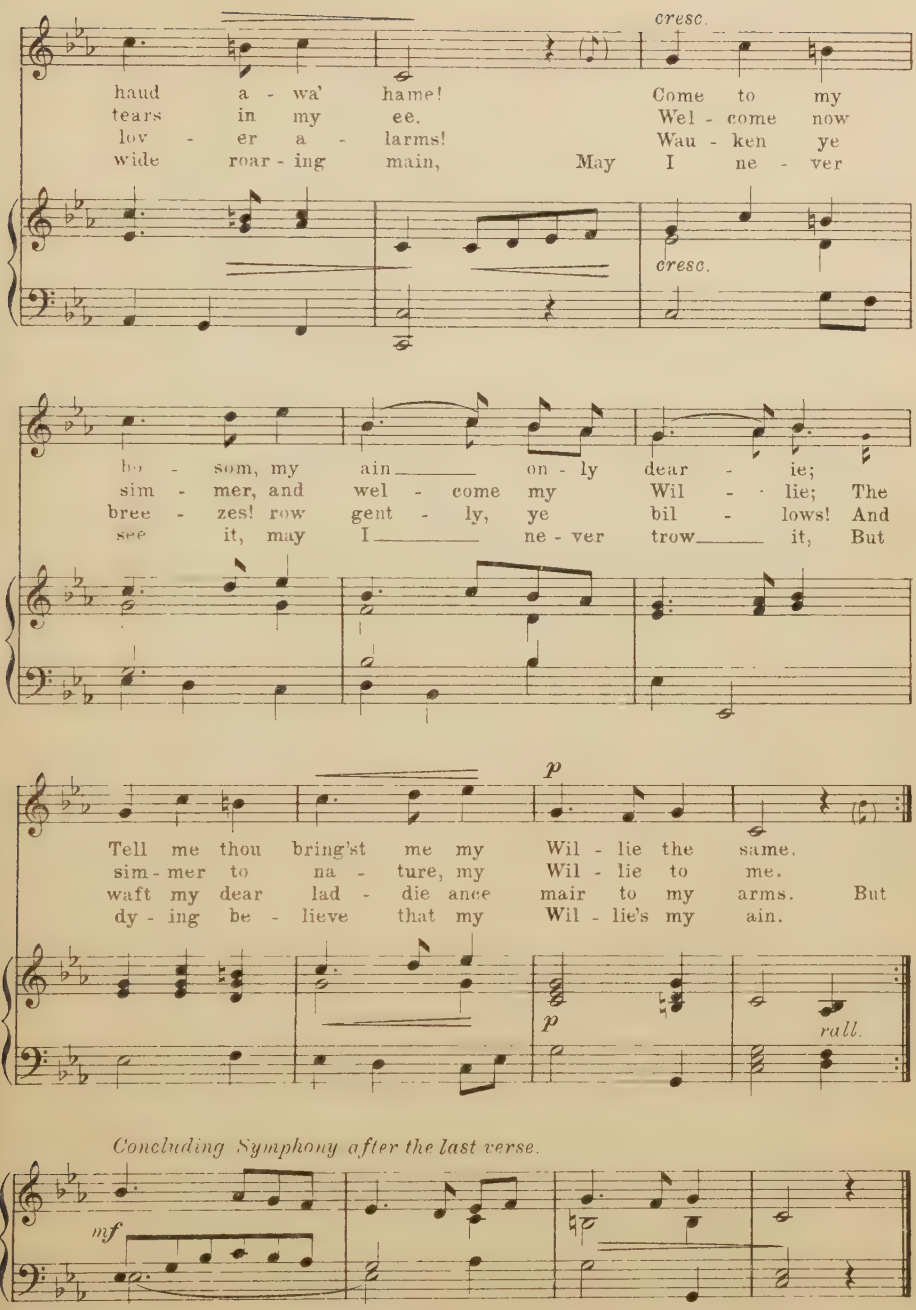


Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonnie Irwine-side,
Where first I own'd that virgin-love
I lang, lang had denied?
How aften didst thou pledge and vow
Thou wad for aye be mine;
And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast —
Thou dart of heav'n that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest!
Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see!
But spare, and pardon my false love,
His wrangs to heaven and me!

Here awa', there awa'.

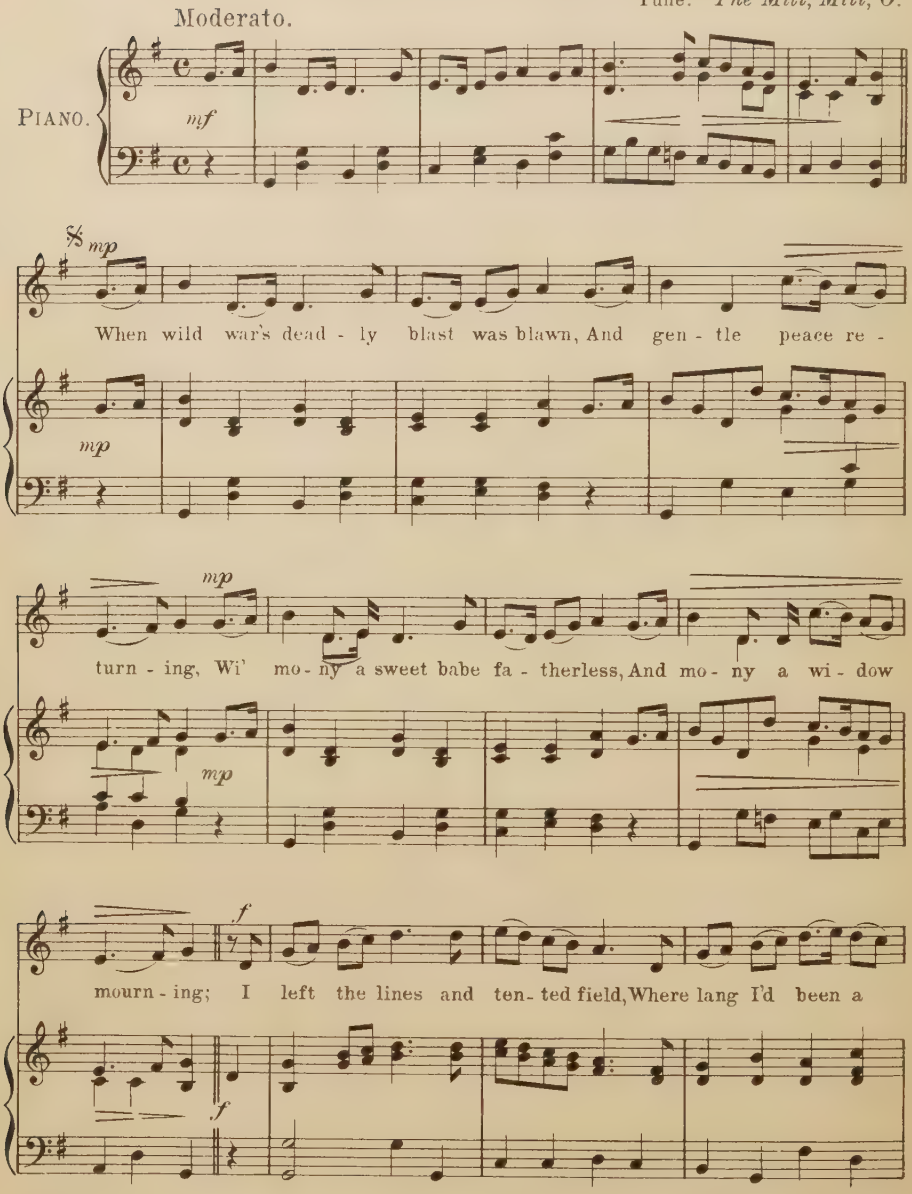

Andante.
Tune: "Here awa', there awa'."
PIANO.
Here a - wa', there a - wa', wan - der - in'
Win - ter winds blew loud and cauld at our
Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your
oh, if he's faith - less and minds na his
Wil - lie! Here a - wa', there a - wa',
par - ting Fears for my Wil - lie brought
slum - bers! How your dread how - ling a
Nan - nie, Flow still be - tween us, thou

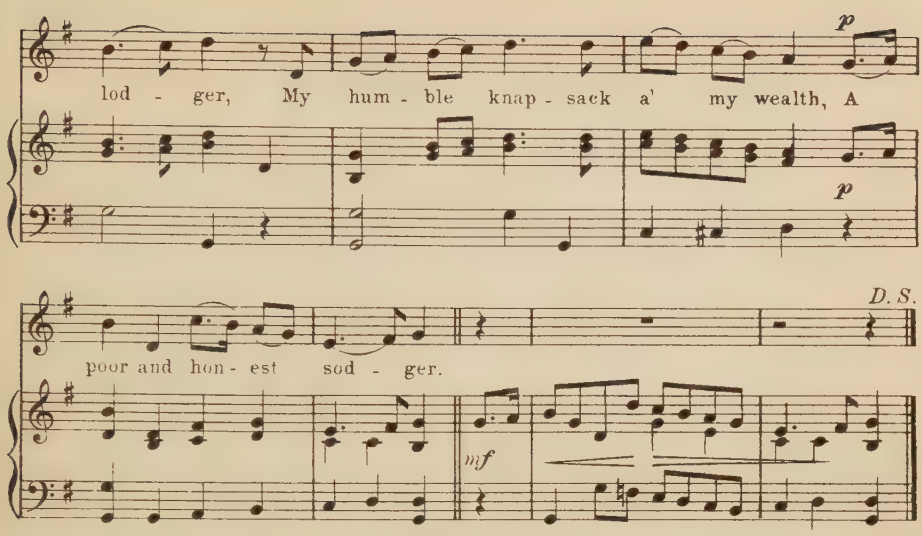

cresc.
haud a - wa' hame!
tears in my ee.
lov - er a - larms!
wide roar - ing main,
Come to my
Wel - come now
Wau - ken ye
May I ne - ver
cresc.
bo - som, my ain on - ly dear - ie;
sim - mer, and wel - come my Wil - lie; The
bree - zes! row gent - ly, ye bil - lows! And
see it, may I ne - ver trow it, But
p
Tell me thou bring'st me my Wil - lie the same.
sim - mer to na - ture, my Wil - lie to me.
waft my dear lad - die ance mair to my arms. But
dy - ing be - lieve that my Wil - lie's my ain.
p
rall.

Concluding Symphony after the last verse.

The Soldier's Return.

Tune: *"The Mill, Mill, O."*


Moderato.
PIANO.
mf
mp
When wild war's dead - ly blast was blawn, And gen - tle peace re -
mp
mp
turn - ing, Wi' mo - ny a sweet babe fa - therless, And mo - ny a wi - dow
mp
f
mourn - ing; I left the lines and ten - ted field, Where lang I'd been a
f



A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain would be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my king and country lang,—
Take pity on a sodger."

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever:
Quo' she, "A sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge—the dear cockade—
Ye're welcome for the sake o't."

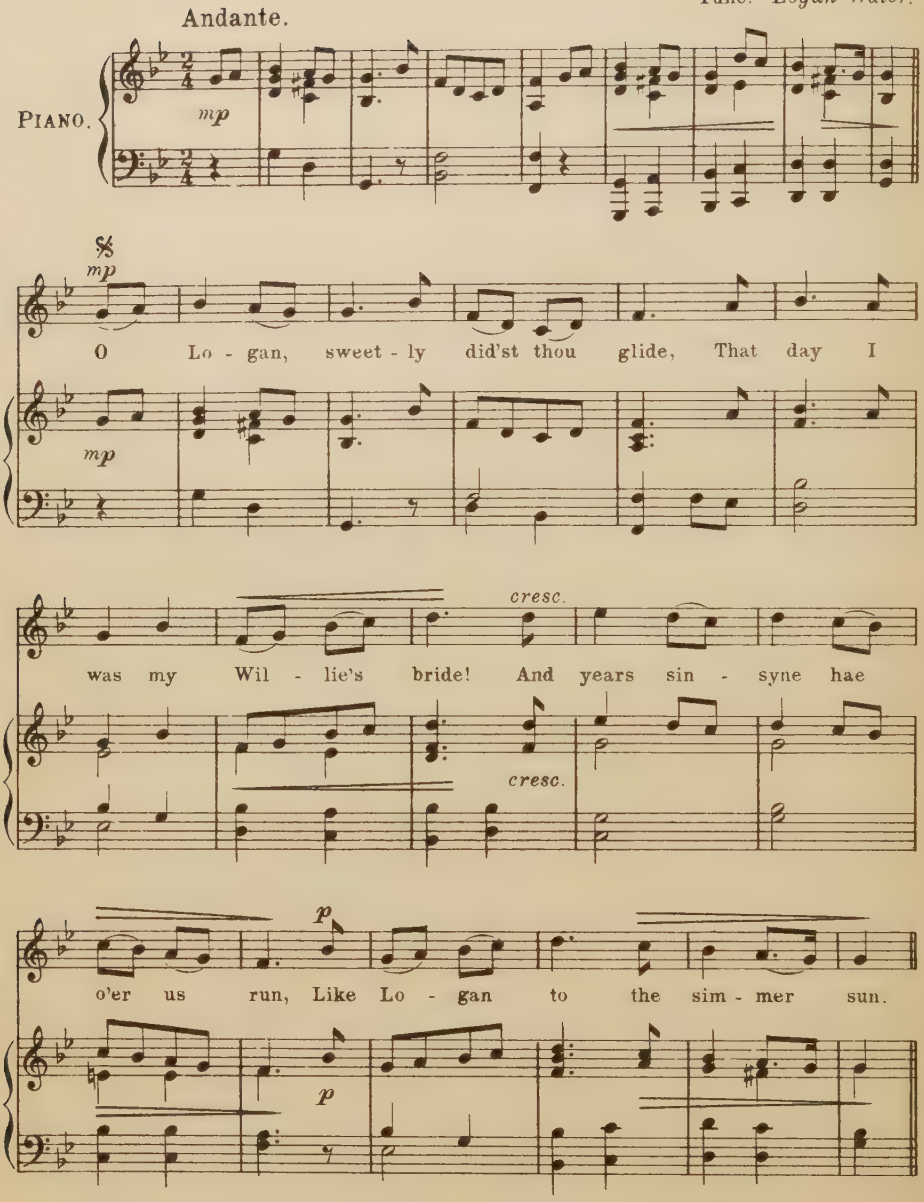
She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
Syne, pale like ony lily,
She sank within my arms, and cried,
"Art thou my ain dear Willie?"
"By him that made yon sun and sky,
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded!

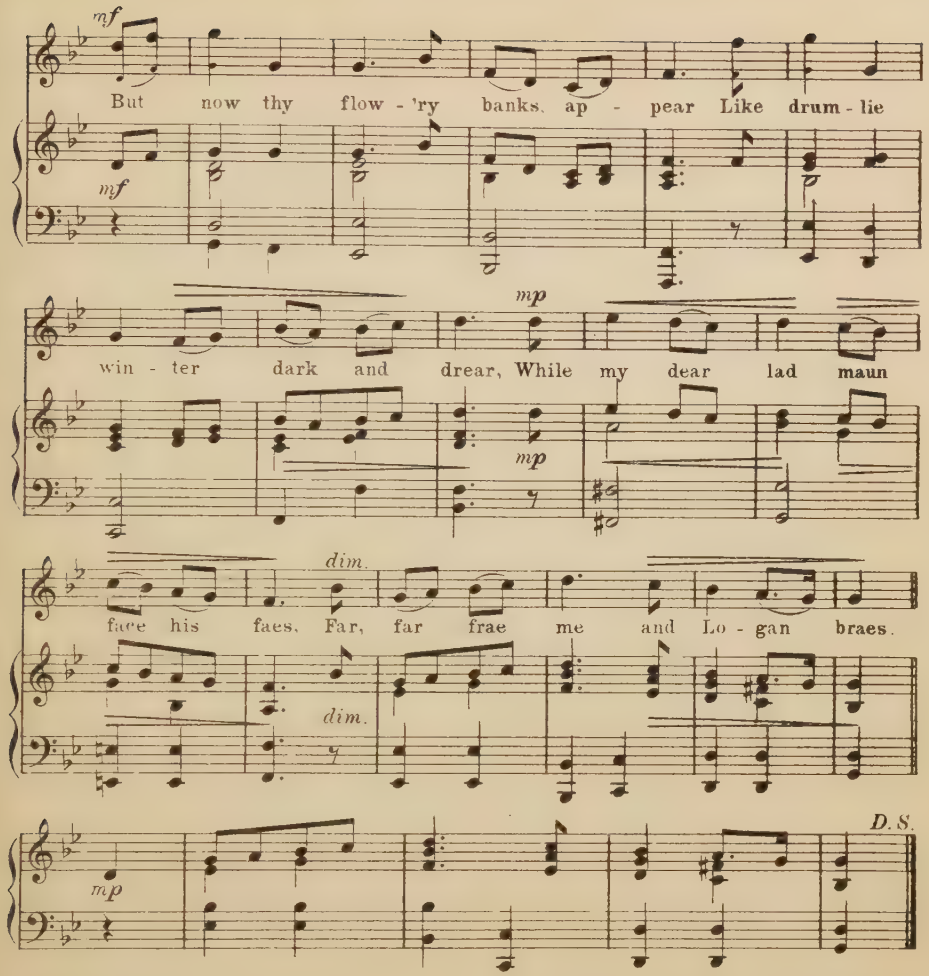
"The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair, we'se ne'er be parted."
Quo' she, "My grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenish'd fairly;
And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!"

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour:
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his country's stay,
In day and hour of danger.

Logan Braes.

Tune: "*Logan Water.*"


Andante.
PIANO.
mp
O Lo - gan, sweet - ly did'st thou glide, That day I
was my Wil - lie's bride! And years sin - syne hae
cresc.
cresc.
o'er us run, Like Lo - gan to the sim - mer sun.
p
p


mf
But now thy flow - 'ry banks ap - pear Like drum - lie
mf
mp
win - ter dark and drear, While my dear lad maun
mp
dim.
face his faes. Far, far frae me and Lo - gan braes.
dim.
mp
D.S.

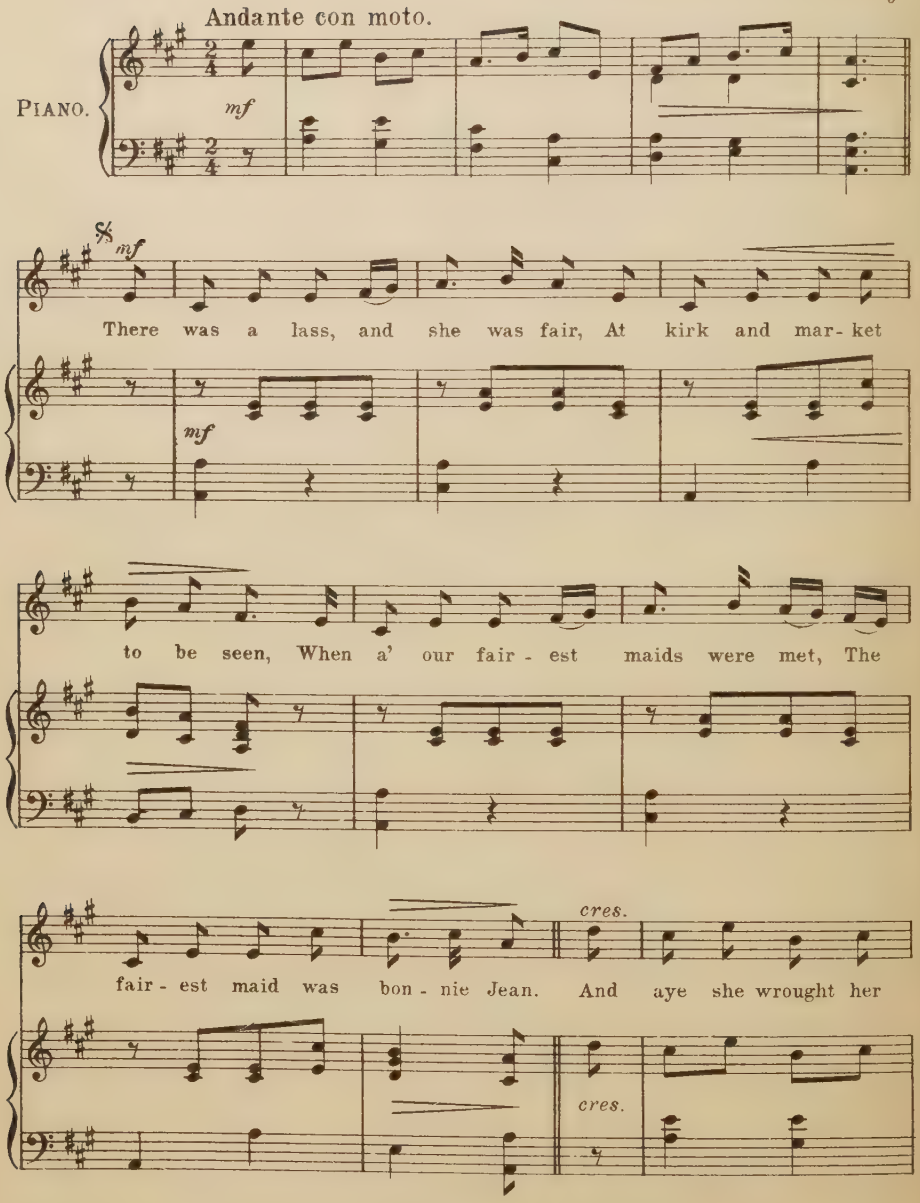
Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers:
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evening's tears are tears of joy:
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

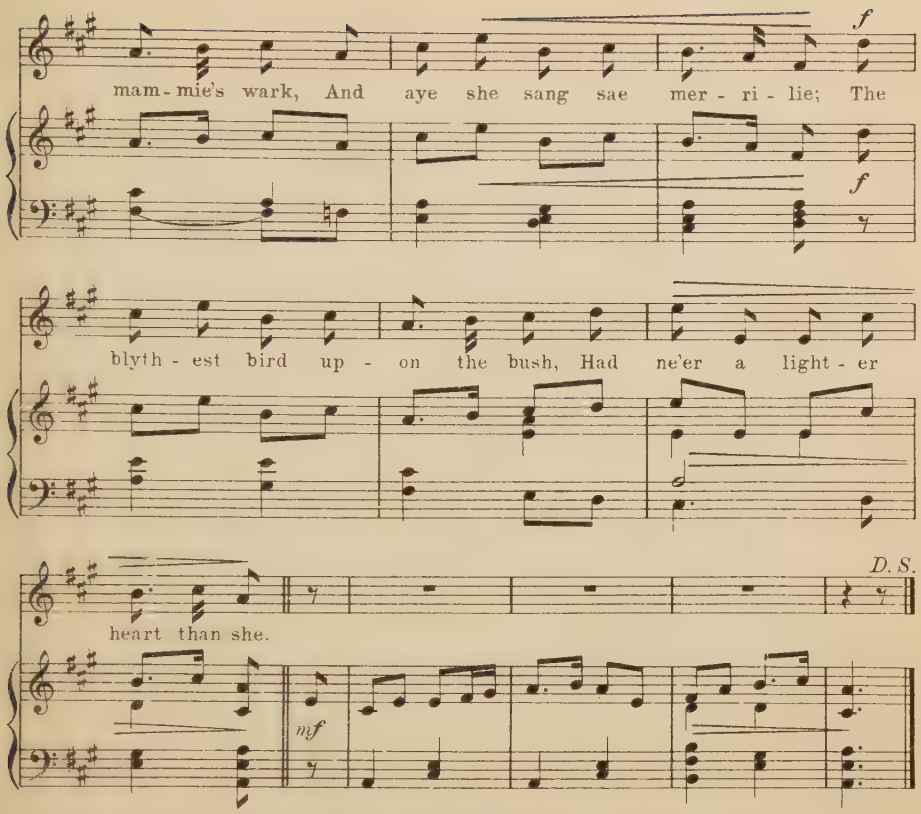
Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile:
But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights, and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes!

Bonnie Jean.

Tune: "*Willie was a wanton wag.*"


Andante con moto.
PIANO.
mf
There was a lass, and she was fair, At kirk and mar- ket
to be seen, When a' our fair - est maids were met, The
fair - est maid was bon - nie Jean. And aye she wrought her
cres.
cres.



But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream,
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en;
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wist na what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
And did na joy blink in her ee,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love
Ae e'enin' on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:

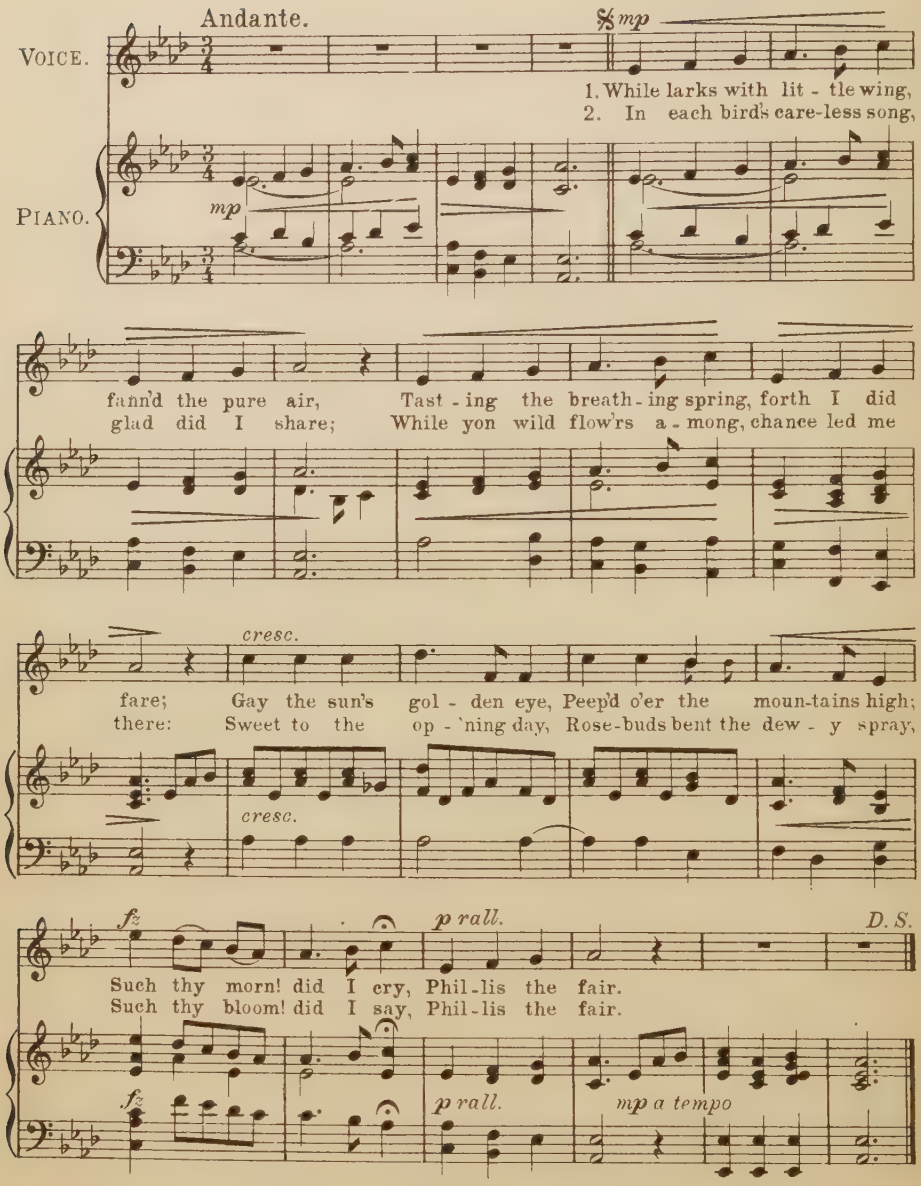
"O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
O canst thou think to fancy me!
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

"At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee;
But stray amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me."

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na:
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa.

Phillis the fair.

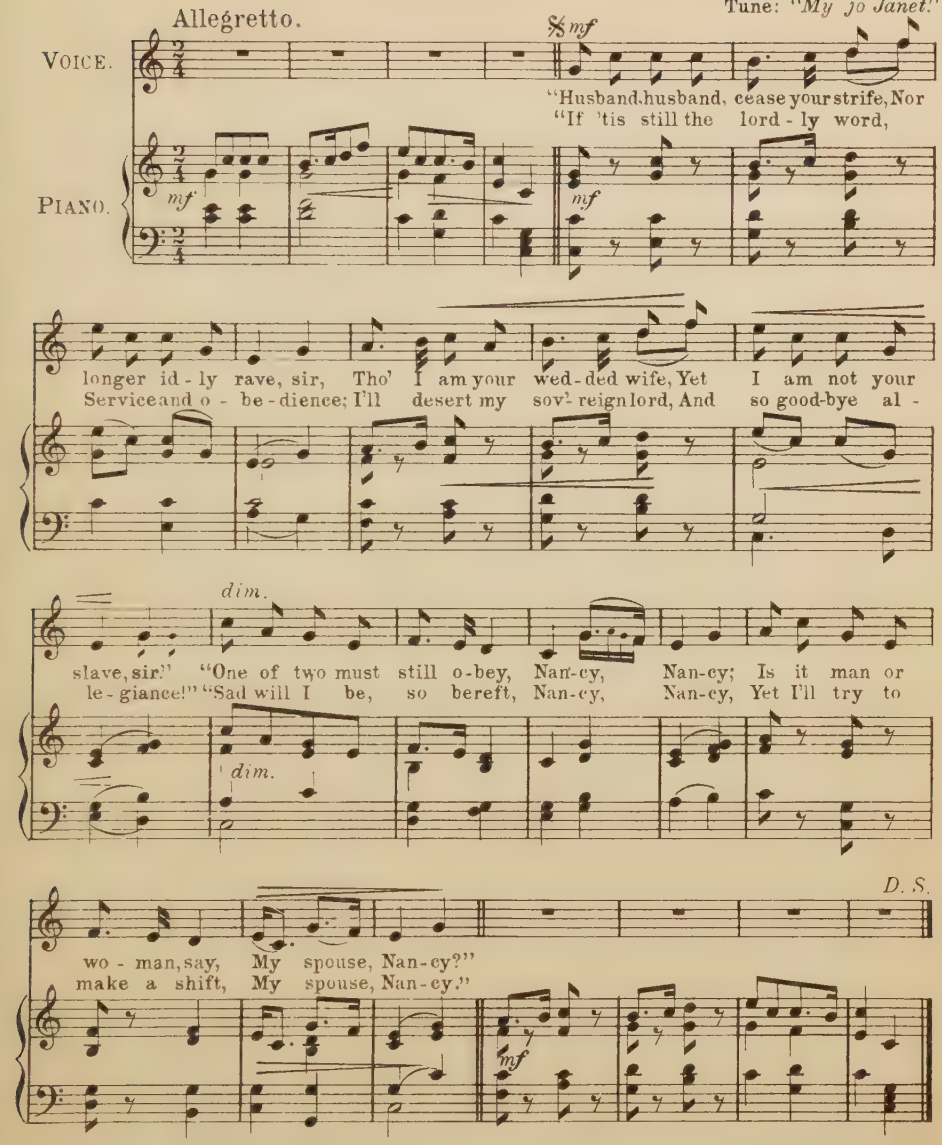
Tune: *"Robin Adair."*


Andante.
VOICE.
PIANO.
mp
1. While larks with lit - tle wing,
2. In each bird's care-less song,
fann'd the pure air, Tast - ing the breath - ing spring, forth I did
glad did I share; While yon wild flow'rs a - mong, chance led me
cresc.
fare; Gay the sun's gol - den eye, Peep'd o'er the moun-tains high;
there: Sweet to the op - 'ning day, Rose-buds bent the dew - y spray,
fz
p rall.
D. S.
Such thy morn! did I cry, Phil-lis the fair.
Such thy bloom! did I say, Phil-lis the fair.
mp a tempo

Down in a shady walk, doves cooing were:
I marked the cruel hawk caught in a snare;
So kind may fortune be,
Such make his destiny!
He who would injure thee, Phillis the fair.

My Spouse Nancy.

Tune: *"My jo Janet."*


Allegretto.
VOICE.
PIANO.
mf
"Husband, husband, cease your strife, Nor
"If 'tis still the lord-ly word,
longer id-ly rave, sir, Tho' I am your wed-ded wife, Yet I am not your
Service and o-be-dience; I'll desert my sov'-reign lord, And so good-bye al-
dim.
slave, sir!" "One of two must still o-bey, Nan-cy, Nan-cy; Is it man or
le-giance!" "Sad will I be, so bereft, Nan-cy, Nan-cy, Yet I'll try to
D. S.
wo-man, say, My spouse, Nan-cy?"
make a shift, My spouse, Nan-cy."

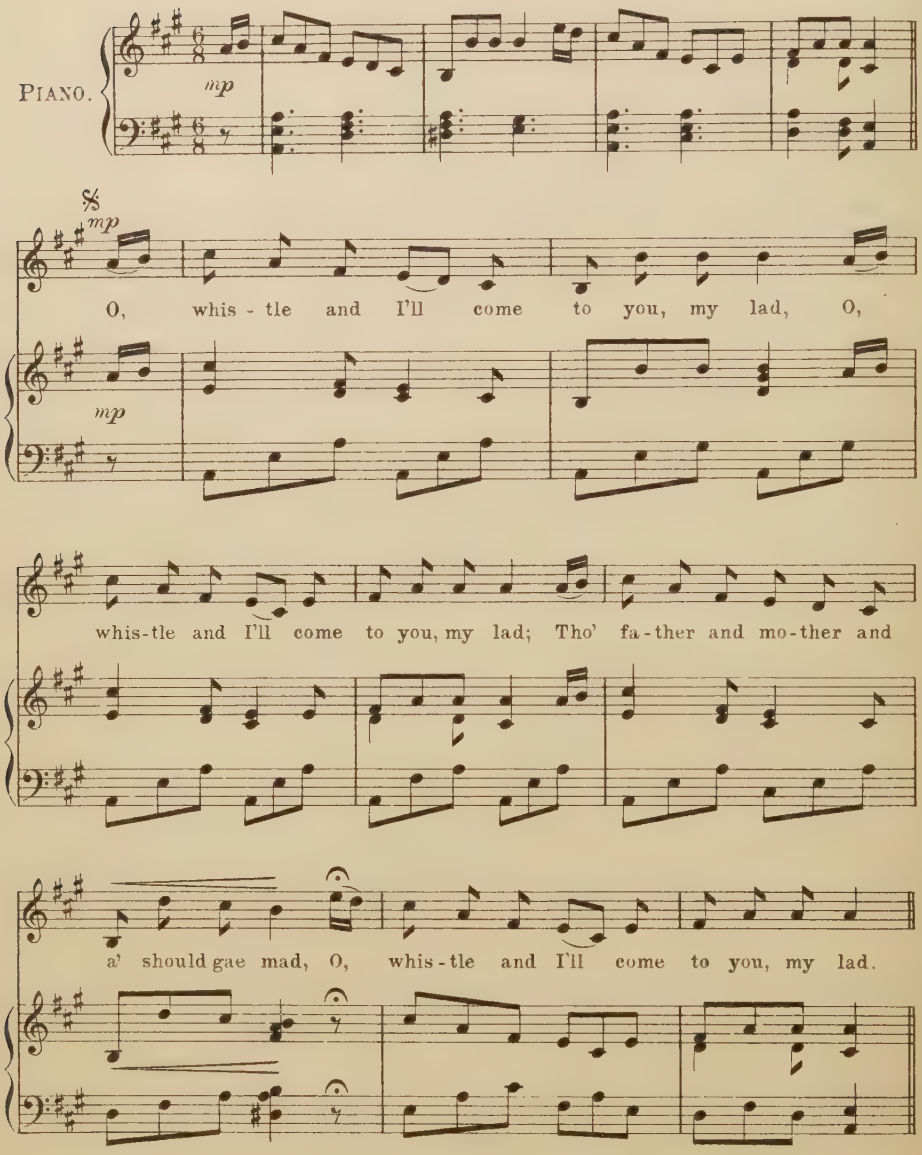
"My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I am near it:
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think, how you will bear it!"
"I will hope and trust in heaven,
Nancy, Nancy;
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse Nancy."

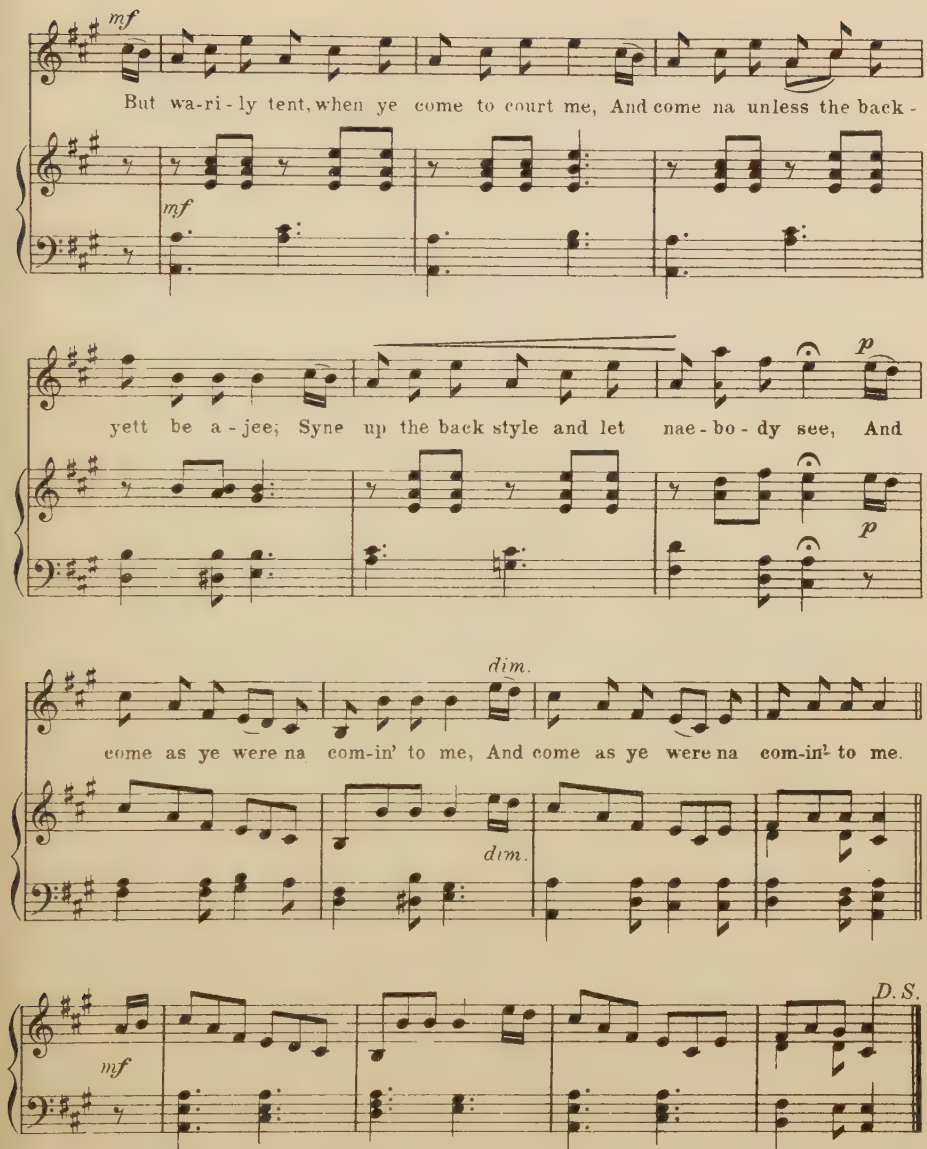
"Well, sir, from the silent dead,
Still I'll try to daunt you;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you!"
"I'll wed another, like my dear
Nancy, Nancy;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse Nancy."

O whistle and I'll come to you.

Allegretto.

Tune: *"O whistle and I'll come to you."*


PIANO.
mp
O, whis - tle and I'll come to you, my lad, O,
whis-tle and I'll come to you, my lad; Tho' fa-ther and mo-ther and
a' should gae mad, O, whis-tle and I'll come to you, my lad.


mf
But wa-ri-ly tent, when ye come to court me, And come na unless the back-
mf
yett be a-jee; Syne up the back style and let nae-bo-dy see, And
p
p
dim.
come as ye were na com-in' to me, And come as ye were na com-in' to me.
dim.
D.S.
mf

O whistle, and I'll come, &c.

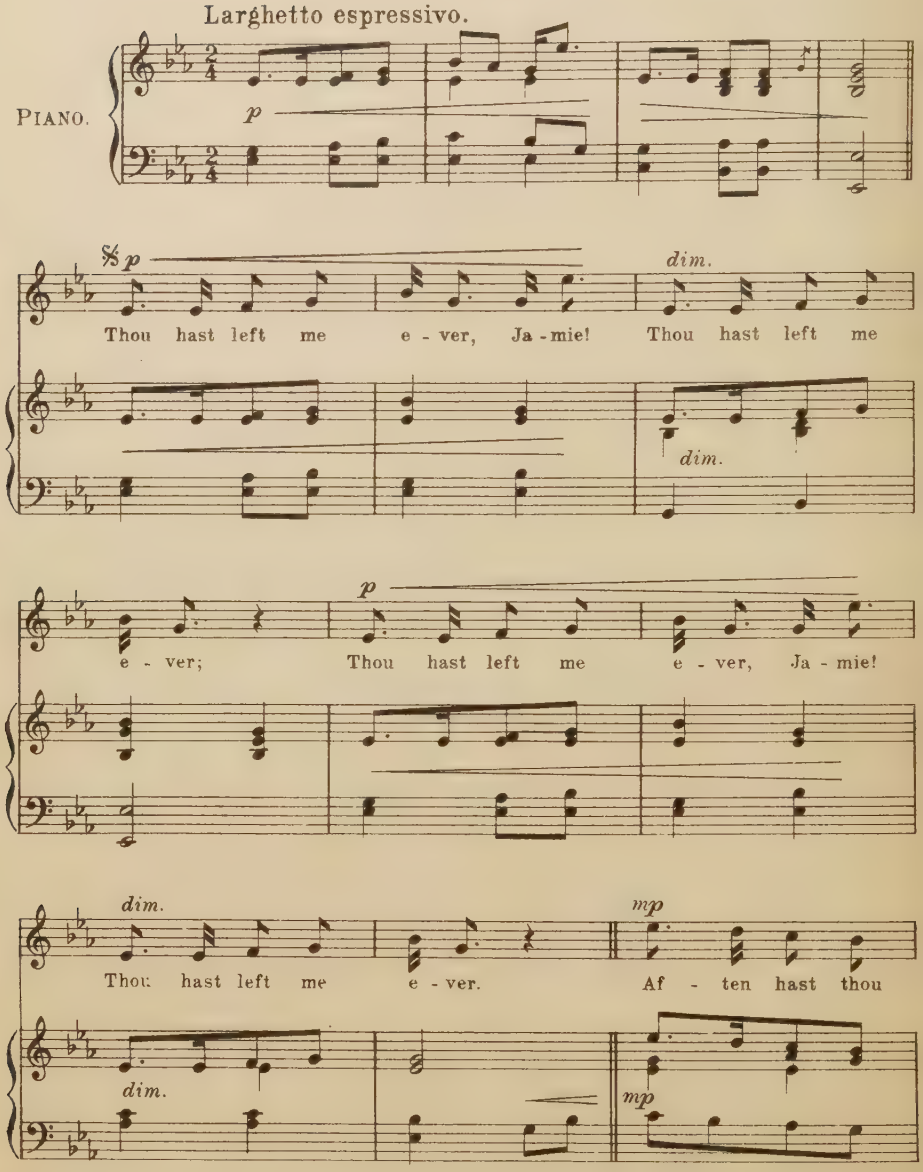
At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as though ye car'd na a flie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black ee,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.

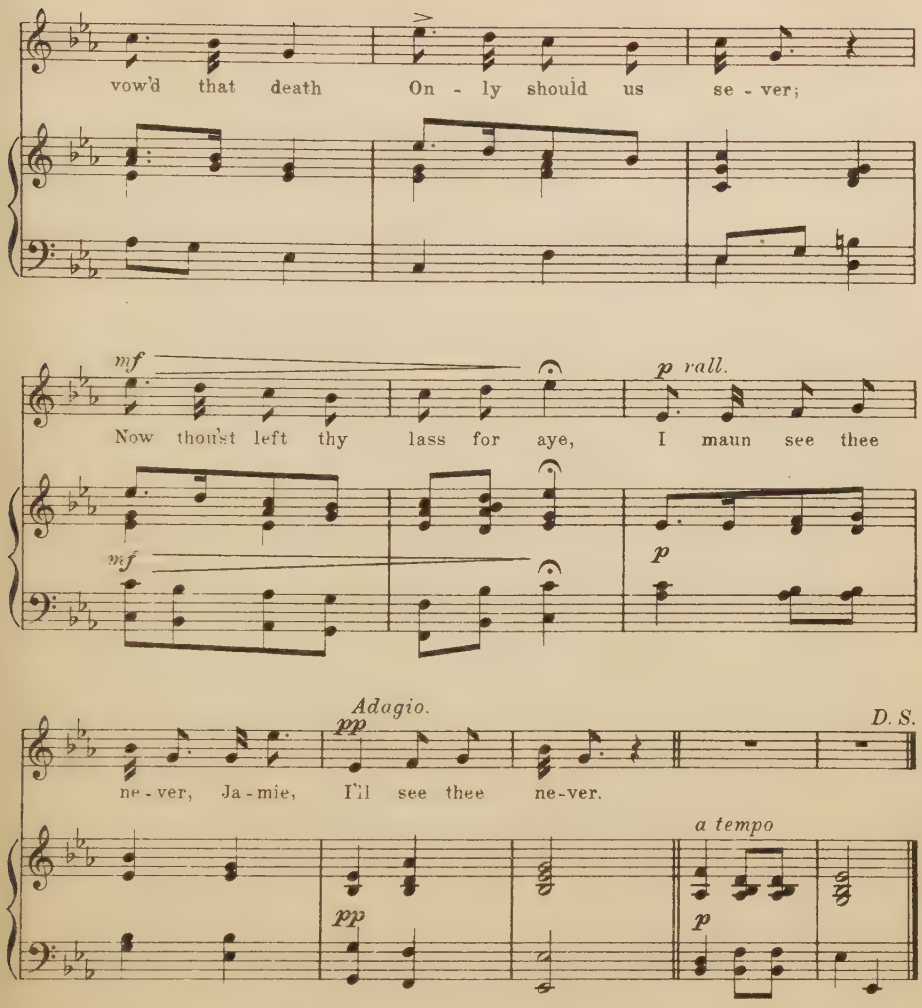
O whistle, and I'll come, &c.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And *whiles* ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me,
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.

Thou hast left me ever.

Tune: *"Fee him, father."*

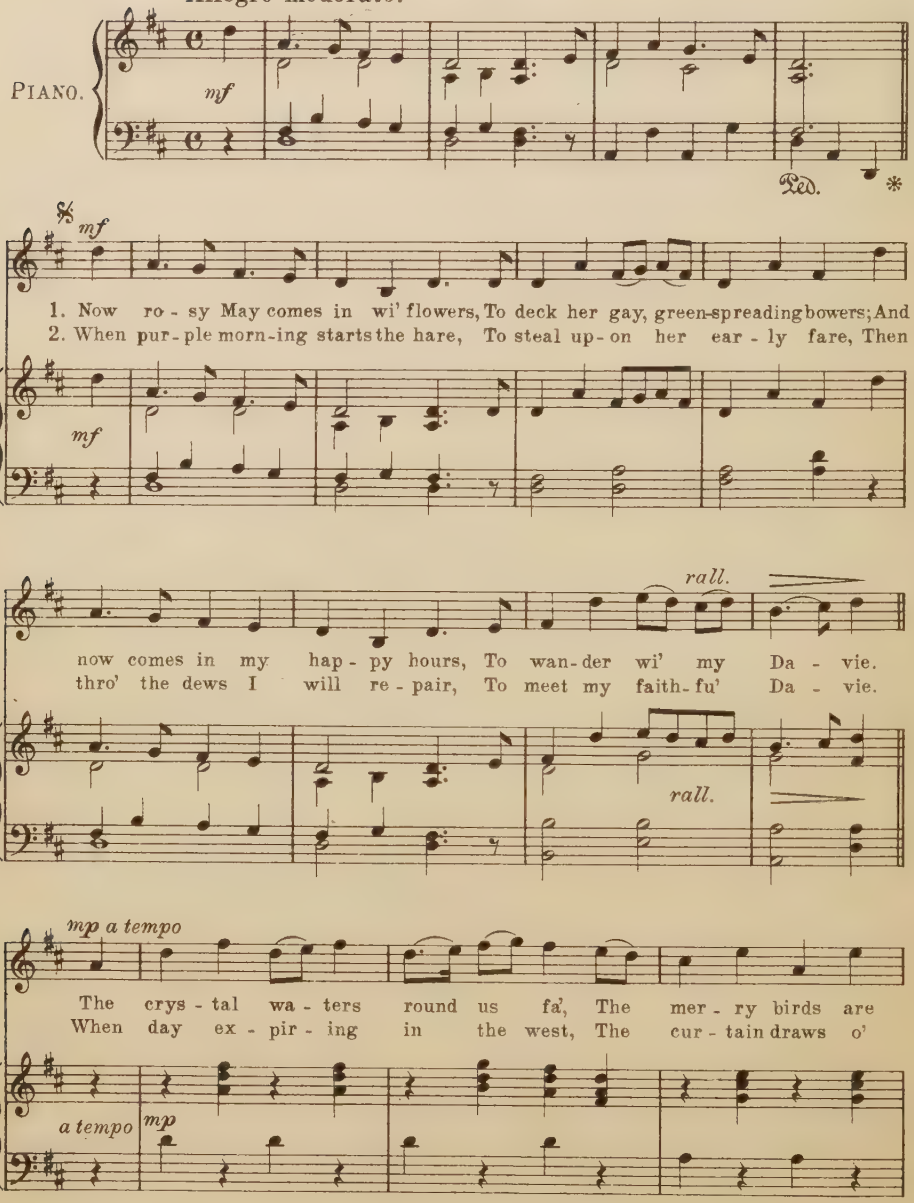

Larghetto espressivo.
PIANO.
p
Thou hast left me e - ver, Ja - mie! Thou hast left me
dim.
e - ver; Thou hast left me e - ver, Ja - mie!
Thou hast left me e - ver. Af - ten hast thou
mp

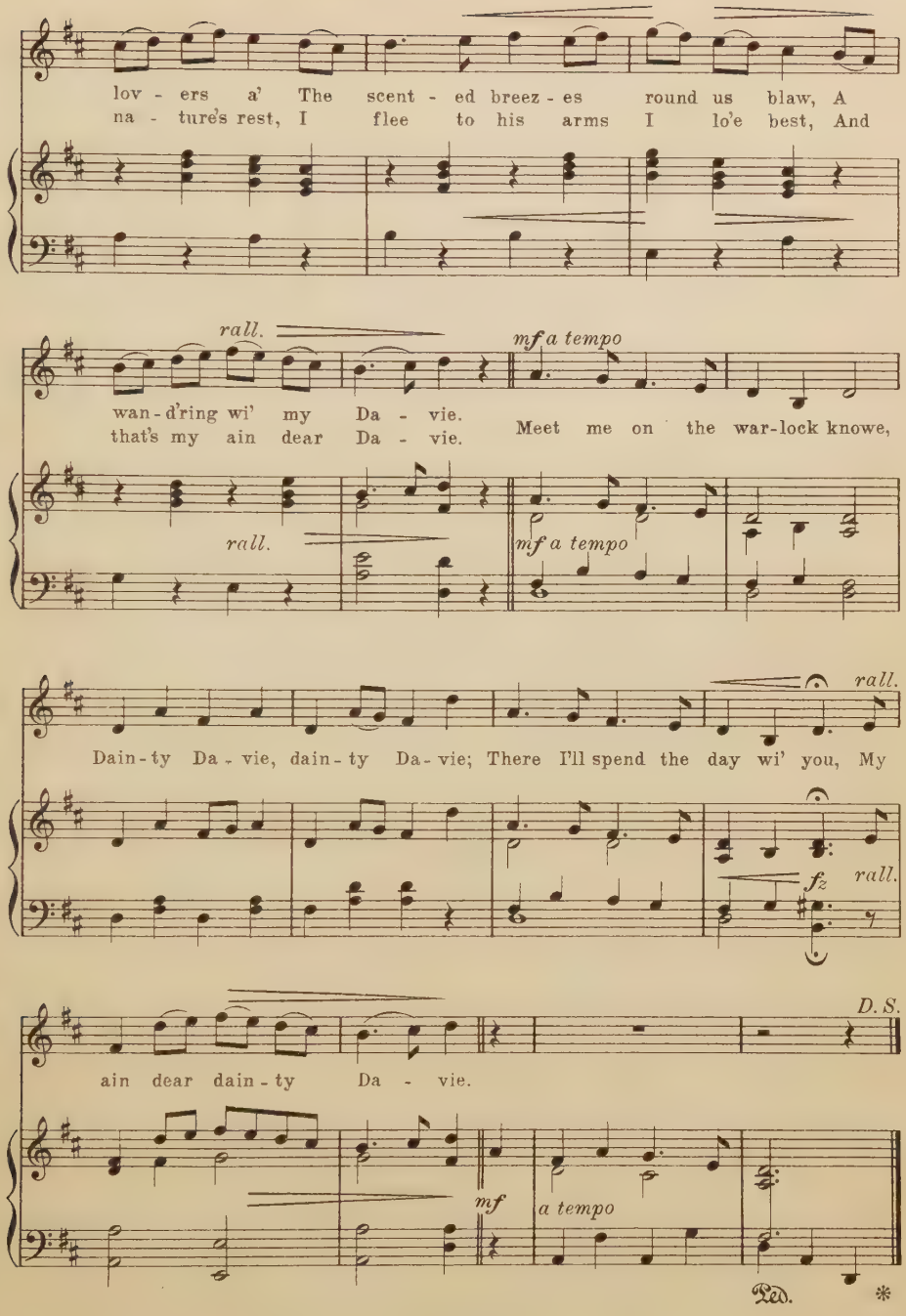


Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie!
Thou hast me forsaken;
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie!
Thou hast me forsaken.
Thou canst love anither jo,
While my heart is breaking:
Soon my weary een I'll close—
Never mair to waken, Jamie,
Ne'er mair to waken.

Dainty Davie.

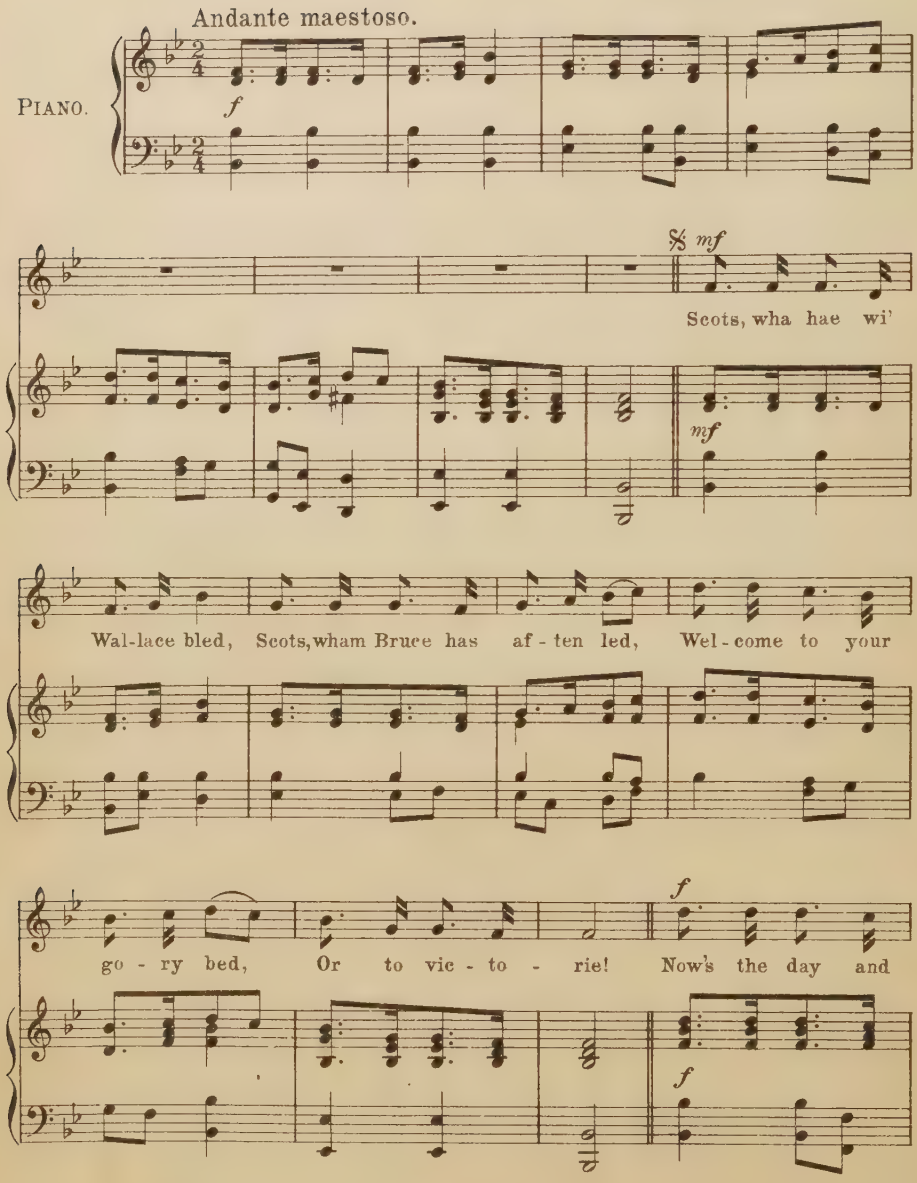
Tune: *"Dainty Davie."*

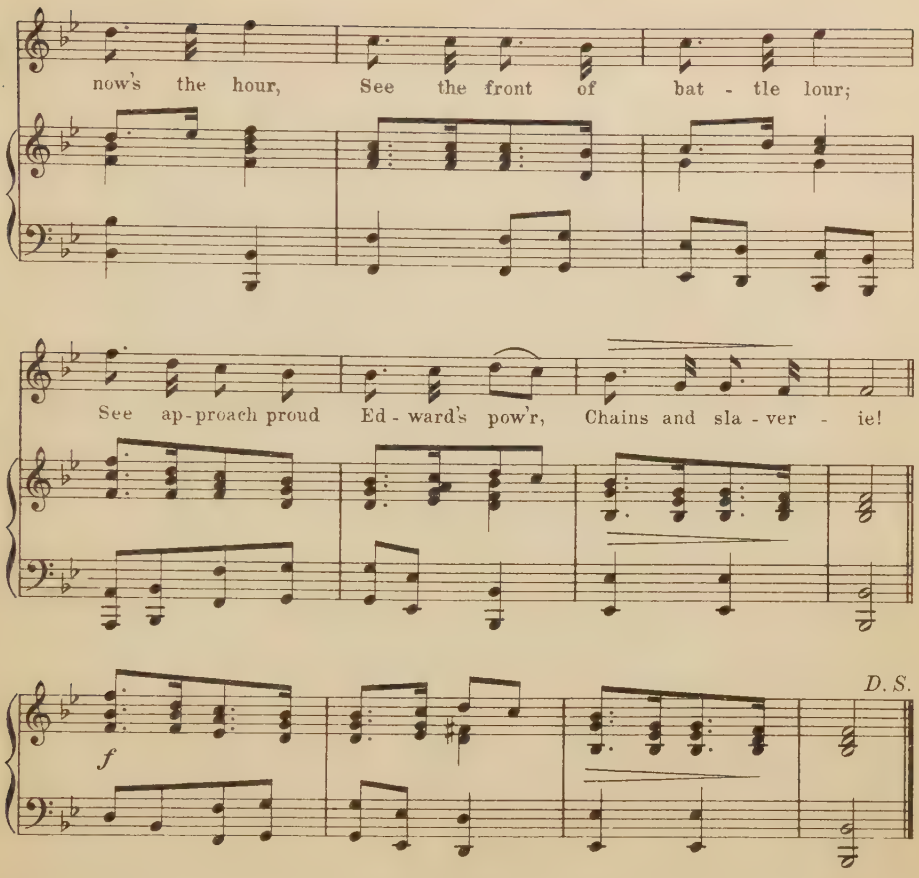

Allegro moderato.
PIANO.
mf
Ped.
*
mf
1. Now ro - sy May comes in wi' flowers, To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers; And
2. When pur - ple morn - ing starts the hare, To steal up - on her ear - ly fare, Then
mf
rall.
now comes in my hap - py hours, To wan - der wi' my Da - vie.
thro' the dews I will re - pair, To meet my faith - fu' Da - vie.
rall.
mp a tempo
The crys - tal wa - ters round us fa', The mer - ry birds are
When day ex - pir - ing in the west, The cur - tain draws o'
a tempo
mp


lov - ers a' The scent - ed breez - es round us blaw, A
na - ture's rest, I flee to his arms I lo'e best, And
rall.
mf a tempo
wan - d'ring wi' my Da - vie.
that's my ain dear Da - vie.
Meet me on the war-lock knowe,
rall.
mf a tempo
rall.
Dain - ty Da - vie, dain - ty Da - vie; There I'll spend the day wi' you, My
fz
rall.
D. S.
ain dear dain - ty Da - vie.
mf
a tempo
Ped.
*

Scots, wha hae.

Tune: *"Hey, tuttie taitie."*





Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

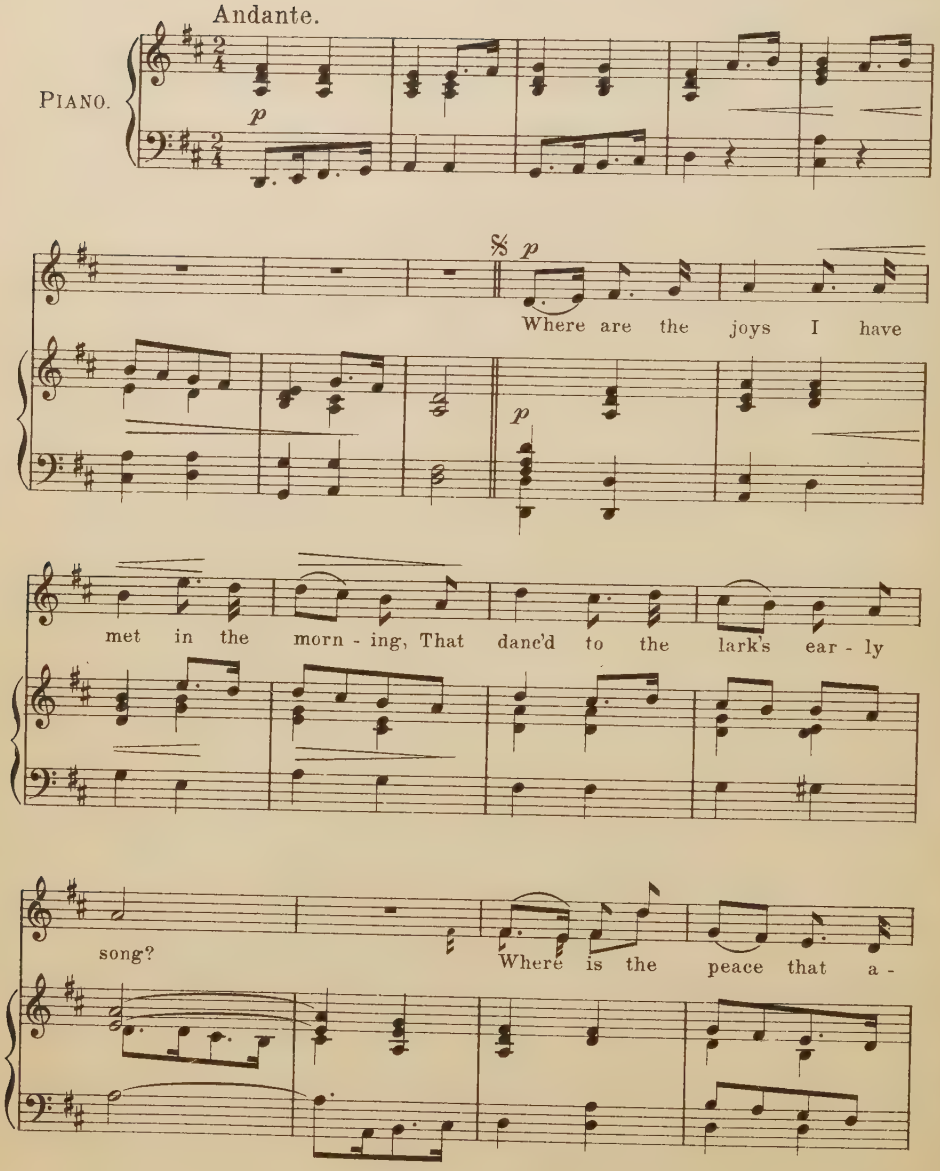
Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

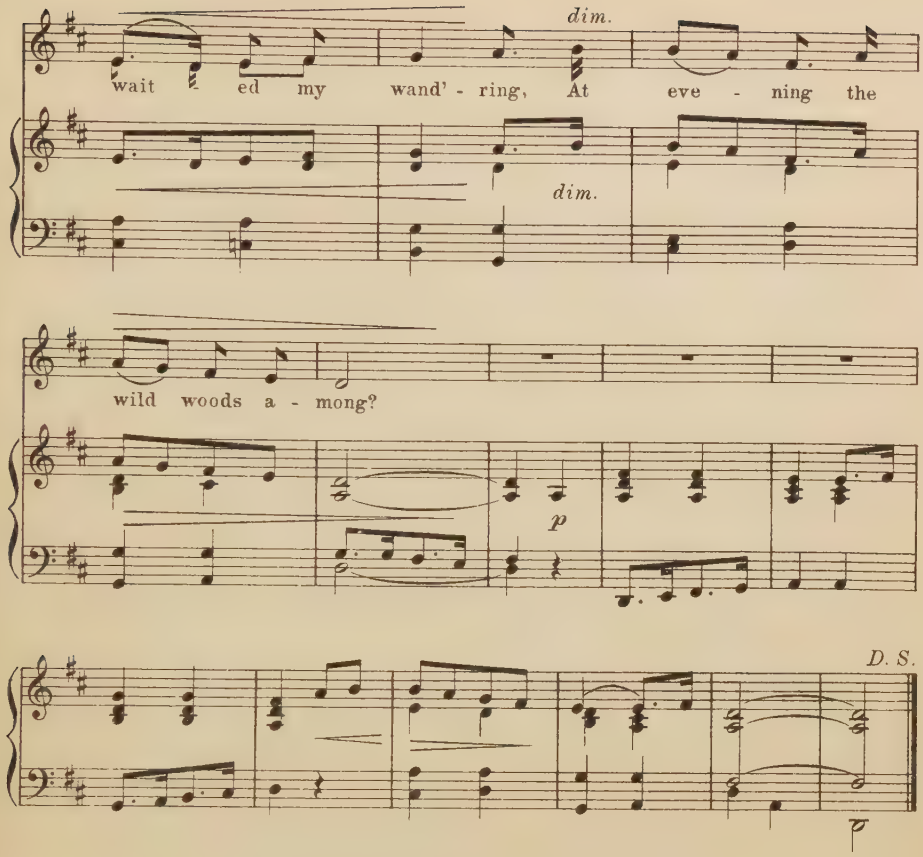
By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

Fair Jenny.

Tune: *"Saw ye my father?"*





No more a-winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flowerets so fair:
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
And grim surly winter is near?
No, no! the bees, humming around the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

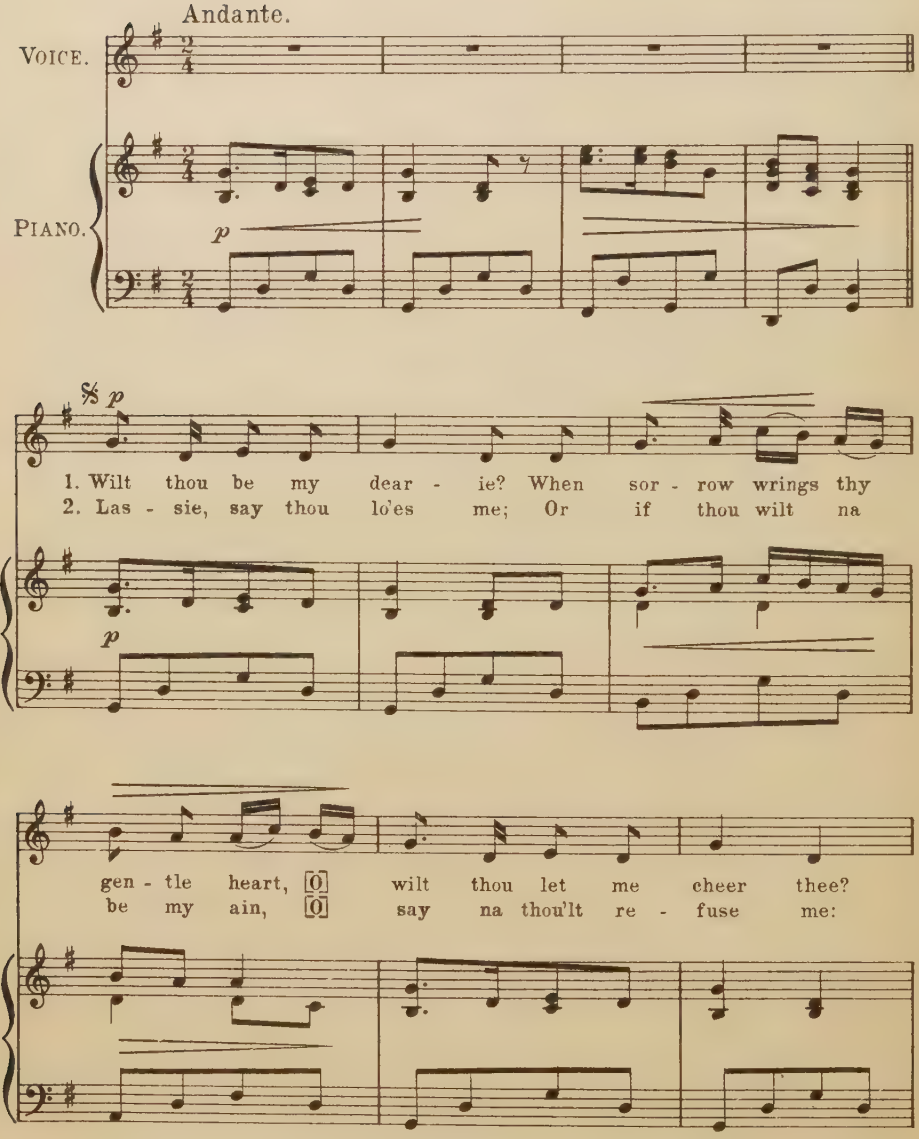
Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known,
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

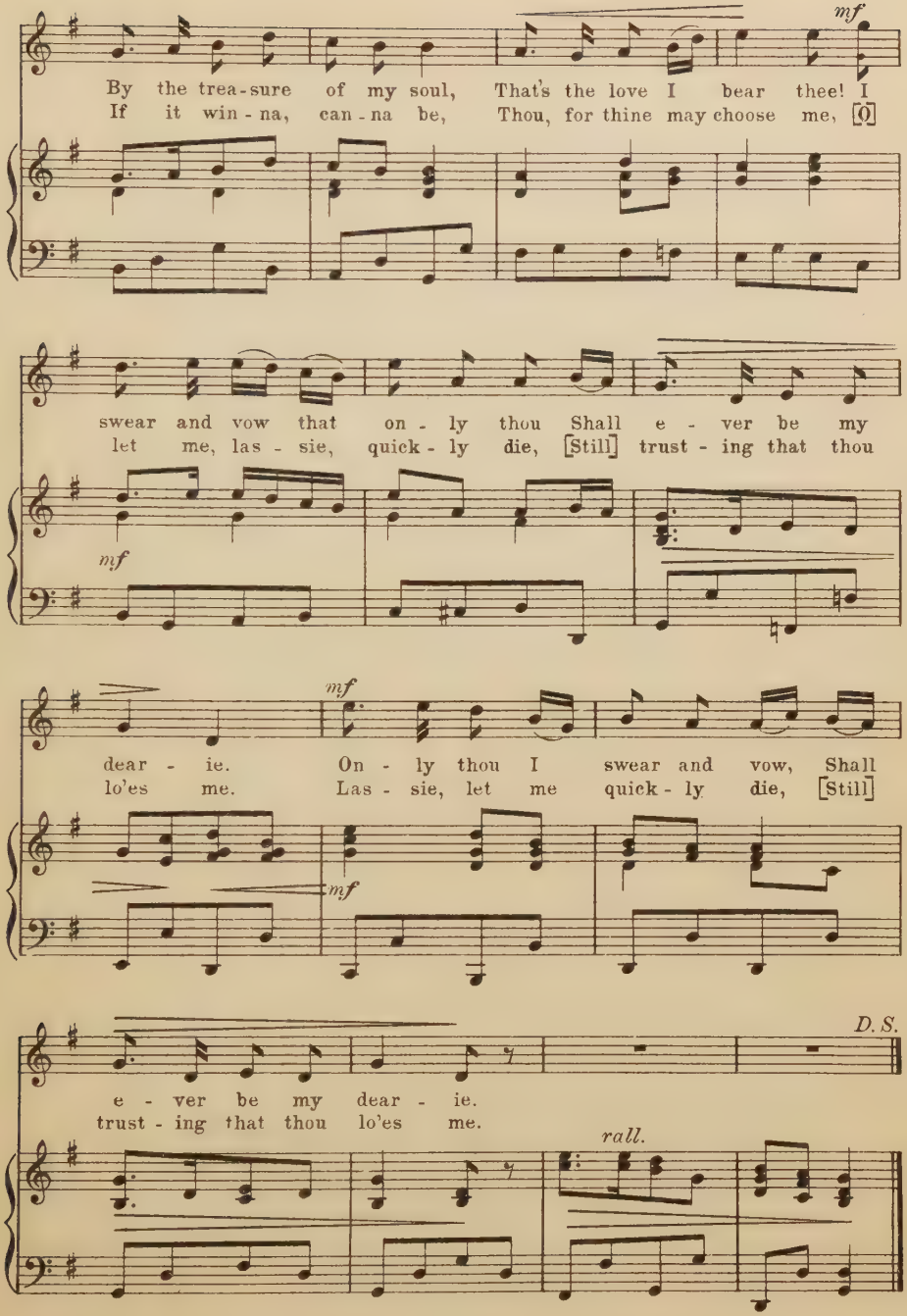
Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow:
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my wo.

S

Wilt thou be my dearie?

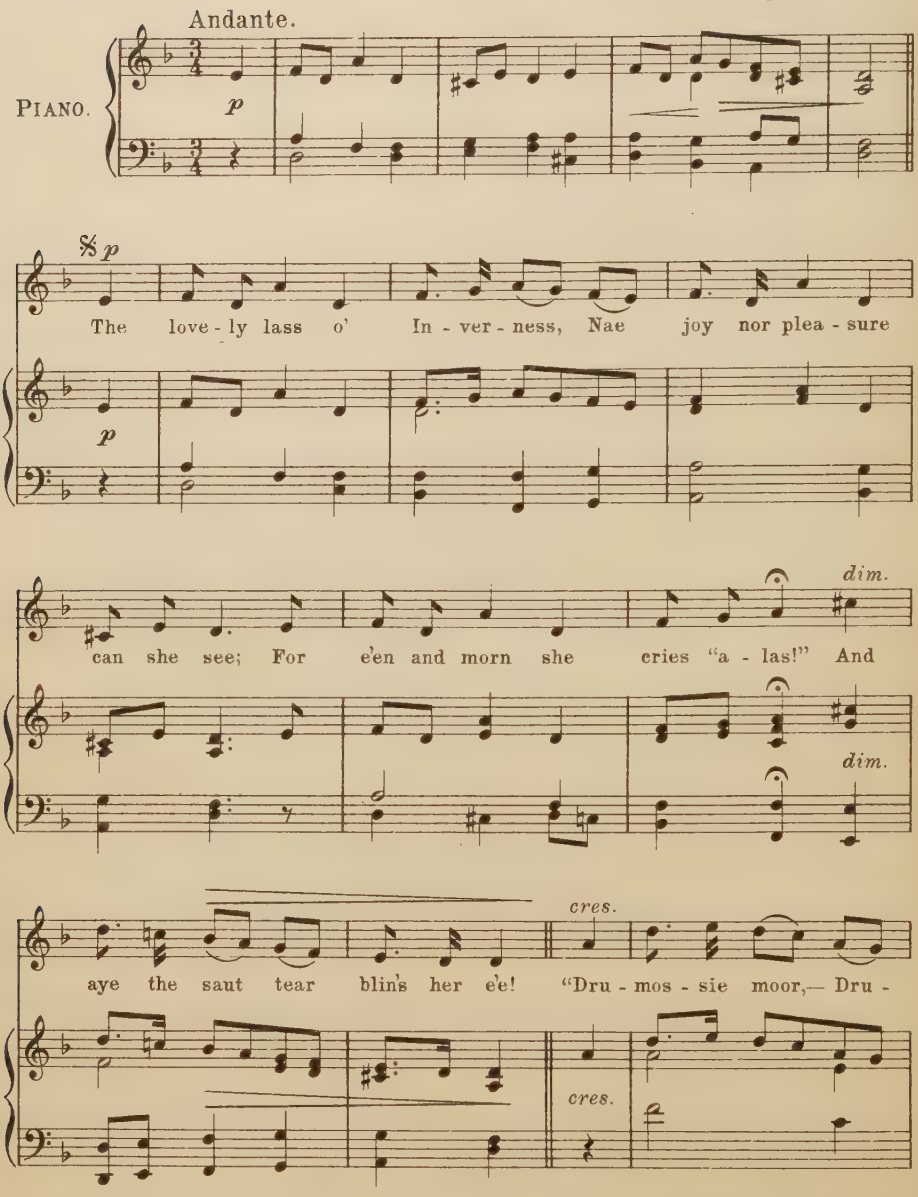
Tune: *"The Sutor's Dochter."*

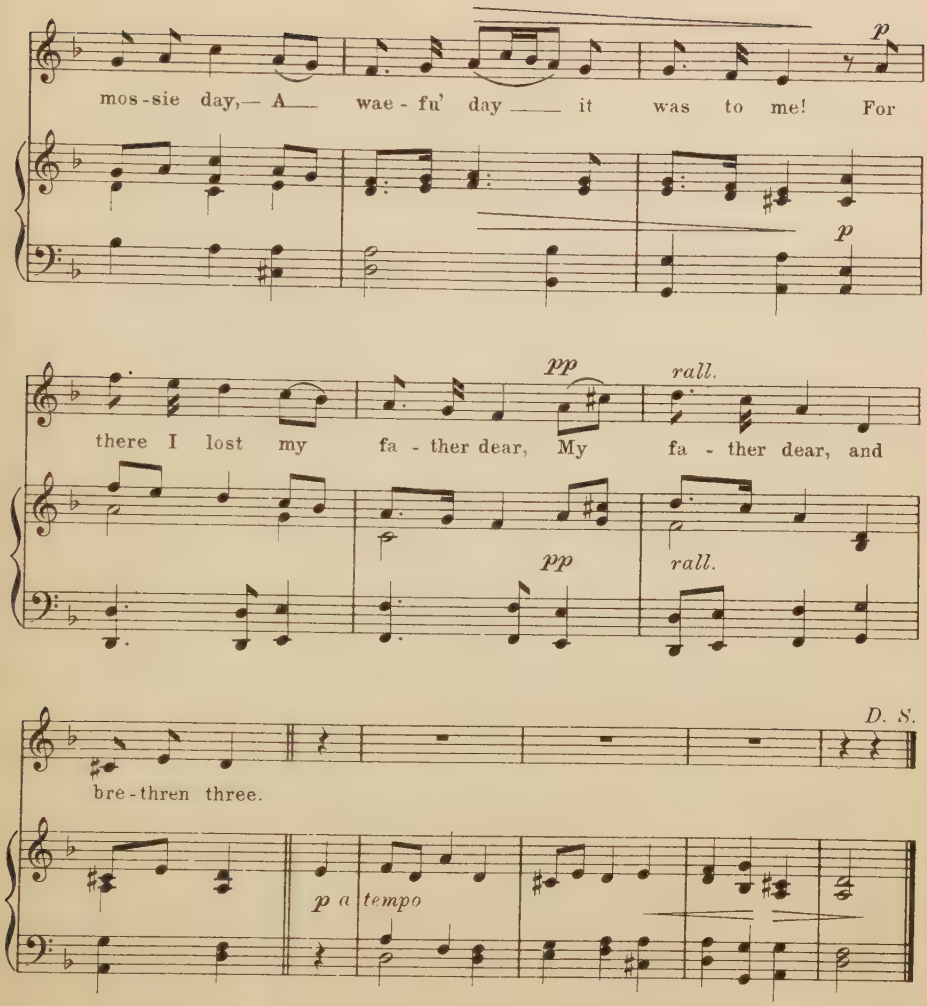

Andante.
VOICE.
PIANO.
p
1. Wilt thou be my dear - ie? When sor - row wrings thy
2. Las - sie, say thou lo'es me; Or if thou wilt na
gen - tle heart, O wilt thou let me cheer thee?
be my ain, O say na thou'lt re - fuse me:


mf
By the trea-sure of my soul, That's the love I bear thee! I
If it win-na, can-na be, Thou, for thine may choose me, O
swear and vow that on-ly thou Shall e-ver be my
let me, las-sie, quick-ly die, Still trust-ing that thou
mf
mf
dear-ie. On-ly thou I swear and vow, Shall
lo'es me. Las-sie, let me quick-ly die, Still
mf
D. S.
e-ver be my dear-ie.
trust-ing that thou lo'es me.
rall.

The lovely Lass of Inverness.

Tune: *"Fingal's Lament."*


Andante.
PIANO.
p
The love - ly lass o' In - ver - ness, Nae joy nor plea - sure
can she see; For e'en and morn she cries "a - las!" And
dim.
aye the saut tear blin's her e'e! "Dru - mos - sie moor,— Dru -
cres.

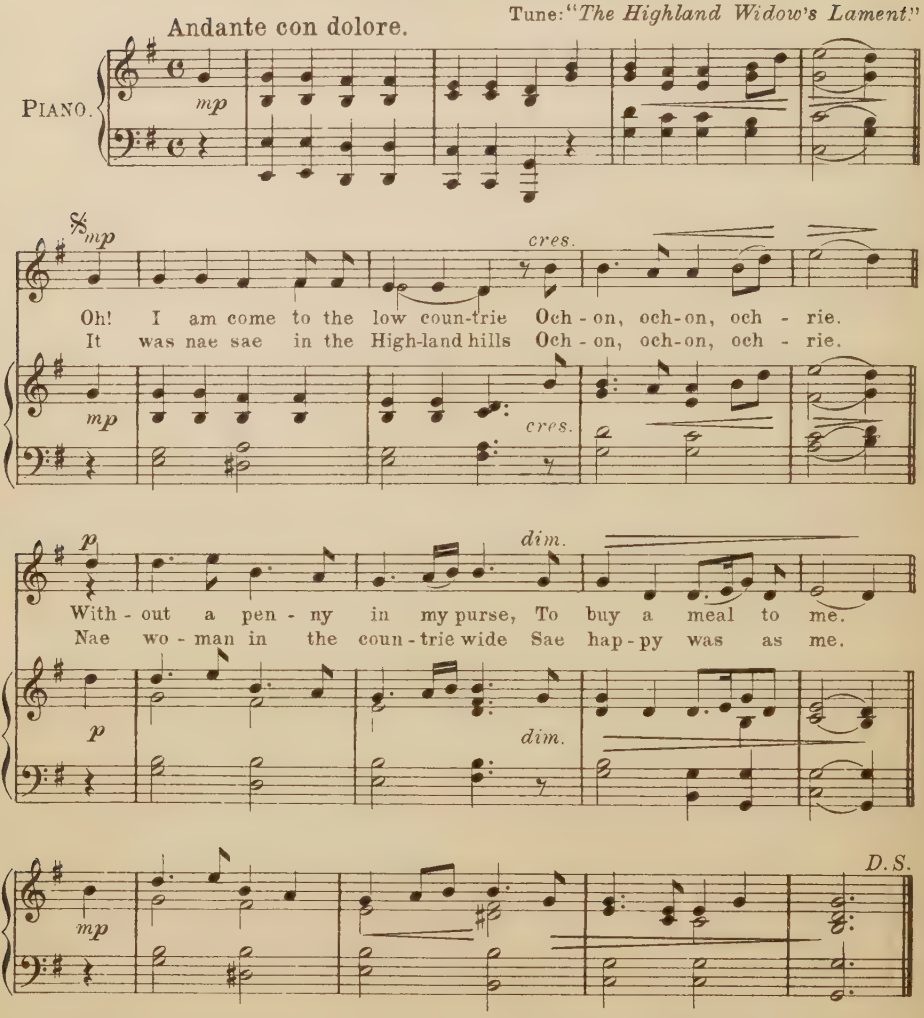


"Their winding sheet the bluidy clay,
  Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
  That ever blest a woman's ee!

"Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
  A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
  That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee."

The Highland Widow's Lament.

Tune: "*The Highland Widow's Lament.*"


Andante con dolore.
PIANO.
mp
cres.
Oh! I am come to the low coun-trie Och - on, och-on, och - rie.
It was nae sae in the High-land hills Och - on, och-on, och - rie.
dim.
With - out a pen - ny in my purse, To buy a meal to me.
Nae wo - man in the coun - trie wide Sae hap - py was as me.
D.S.

For then I had a score o' kye,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Feeding on yon hills so high,
And giving milk to me.

And there I had three score o' yowes
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Skipping on yon bonnie knowes,
And casting woo' to me.

I was the happiest of a' the clan,
Sair, sair may I repine;
For Donald was the brawest lad,
And Donald he was mine.

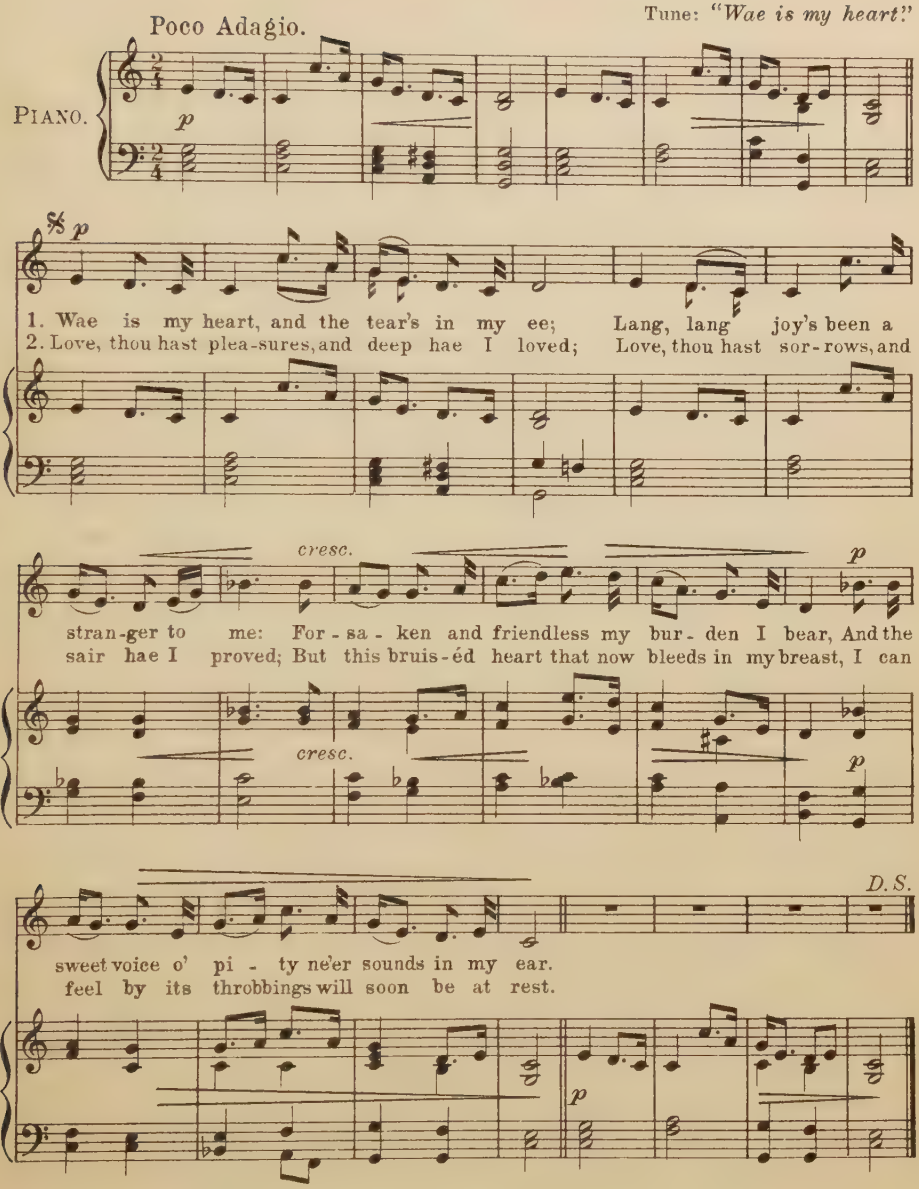
Till Charlie Stuart cam at last,
Sae far to set us free;
My Donald's arm was wanted then,
For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell,
Right to the wrang did yield:
My Donald and his country fell
Upon Culloden's field.

Och-on! O Donald, oh!
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Nae woman in the world wide
Sae wretched now as me.

Wae is my heart.

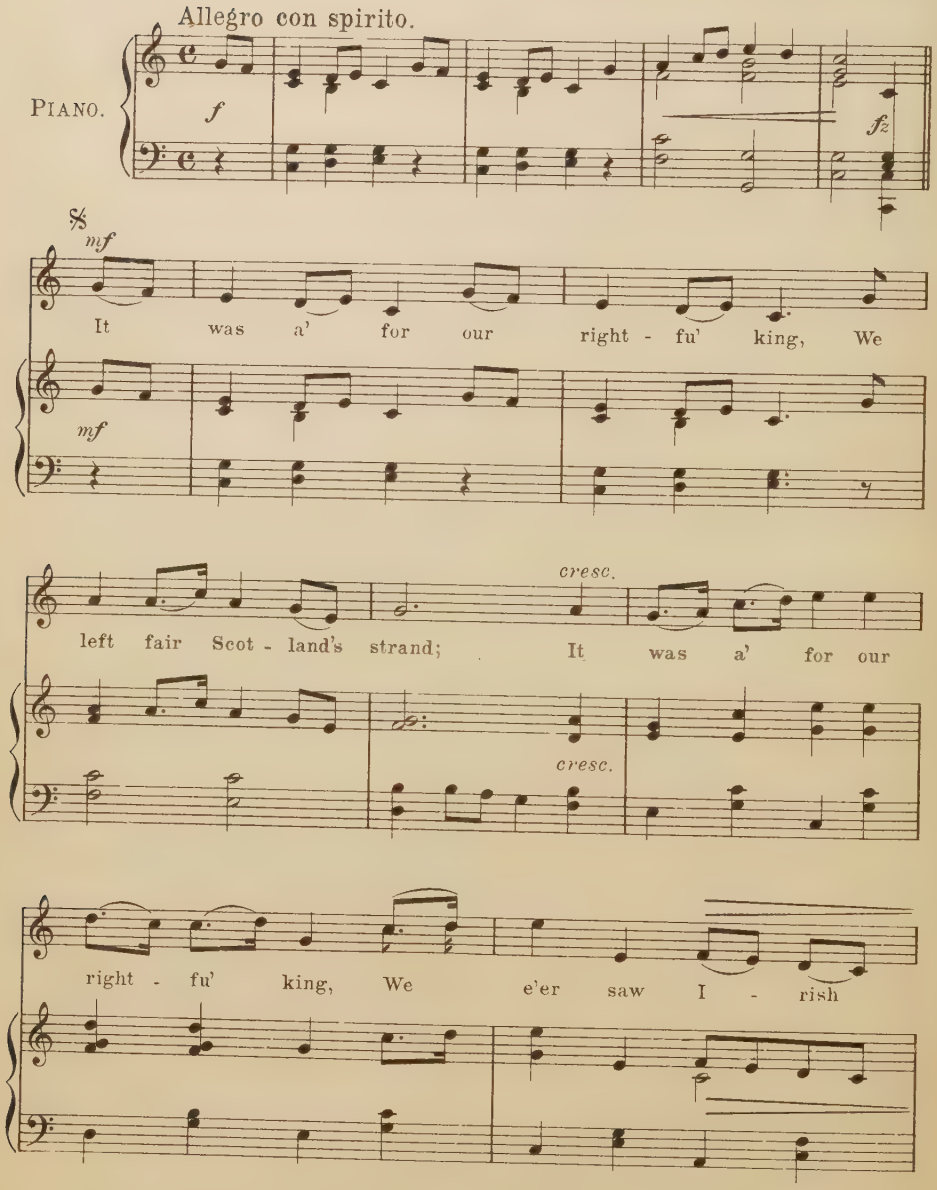
Tune: *"Wae is my heart!"*

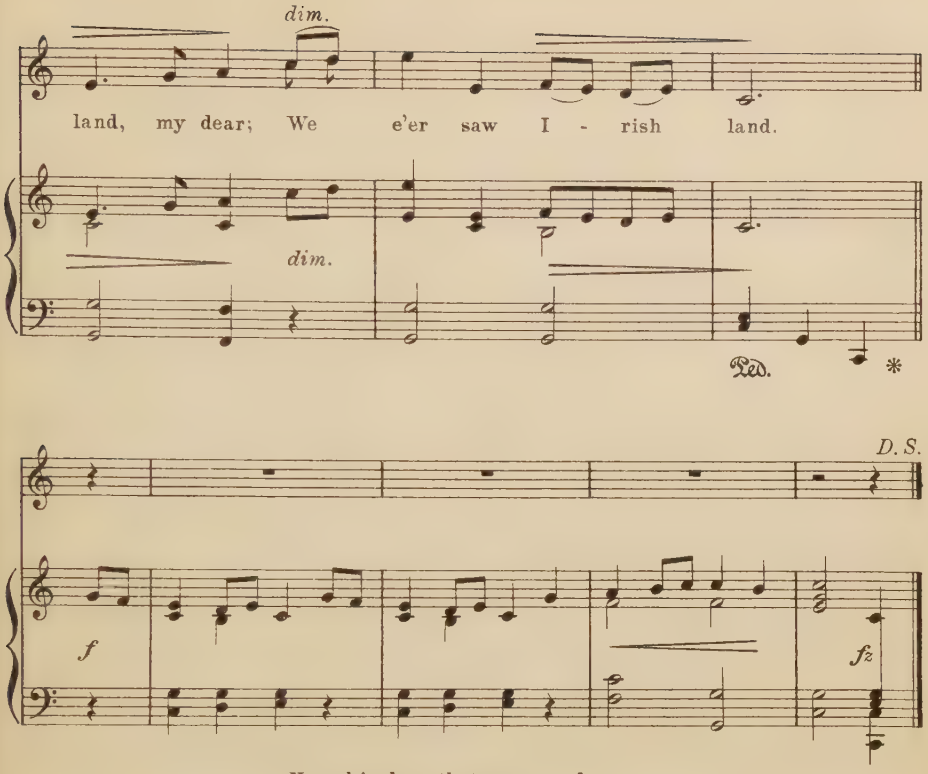

Poco Adagio.
PIANO.
p
1. Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my ee; Lang, lang joy's been a
2. Love, thou hast plea-sures, and deep hae I loved; Love, thou hast sor-rows, and
cresc.
p
stran-ger to me: For-sa-ken and friendless my bur-den I bear, And the
sair hae I proved; But this bruis-éd heart that now bleeds in my breast, I can
cresc.
p
D.S.
sweet voice o' pi-ty ne'er sounds in my ear.
feel by its throbbings will soon be at rest.
p

O, if I were, where happy I hae been,
Down by yon stream and yon bonnie castle-green:
For there he is wand'ring, and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's ee.

It was a' for our rightfu' King.

Tune: *"It was a' for our rightfu' King."*





Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain;
My love and native land, fareweel!
For I maun cross the main, my dear;
For I maun cross the main.

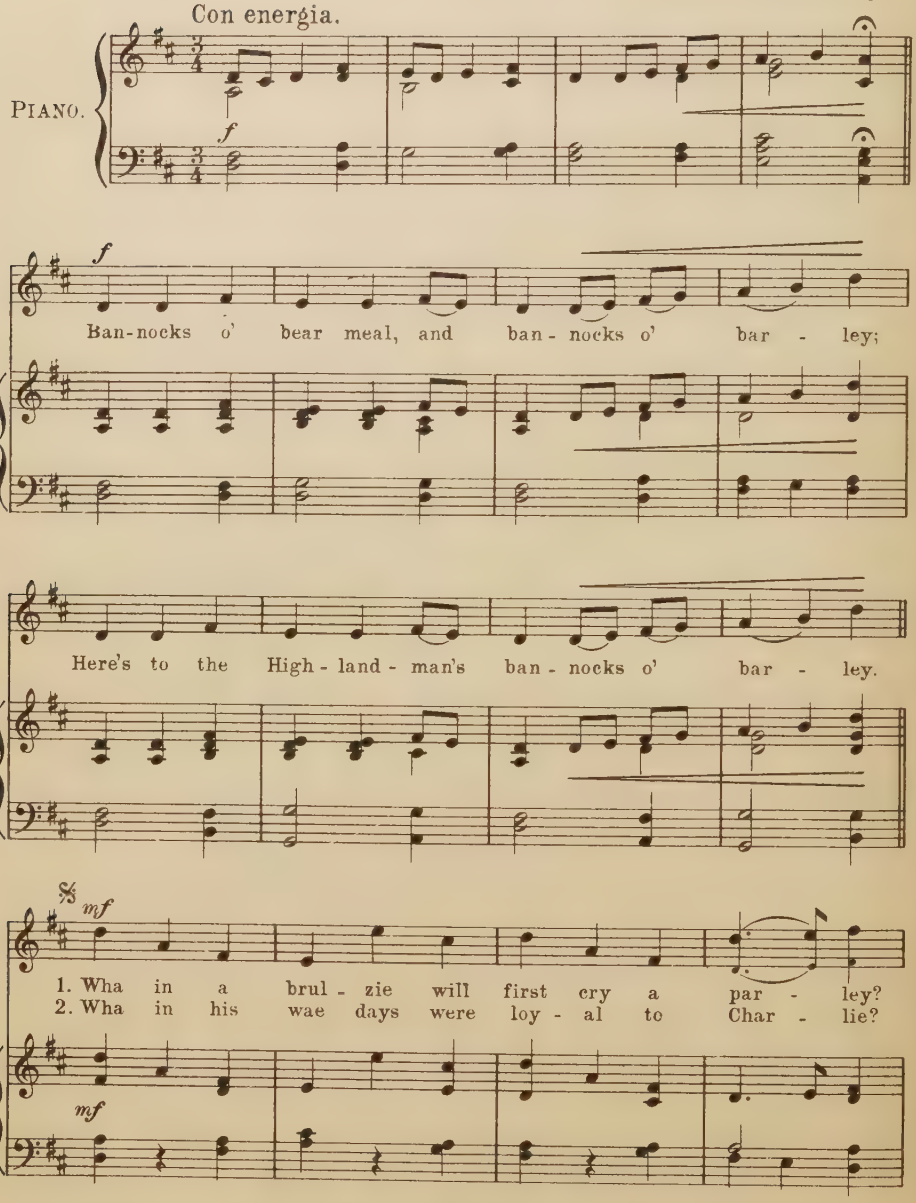
He turned him right, and round about,
Upon the Irish shore,
And gae his bridle-reins a shake,
With Adieu for evermore, my dear;
With Adieu for evermore!

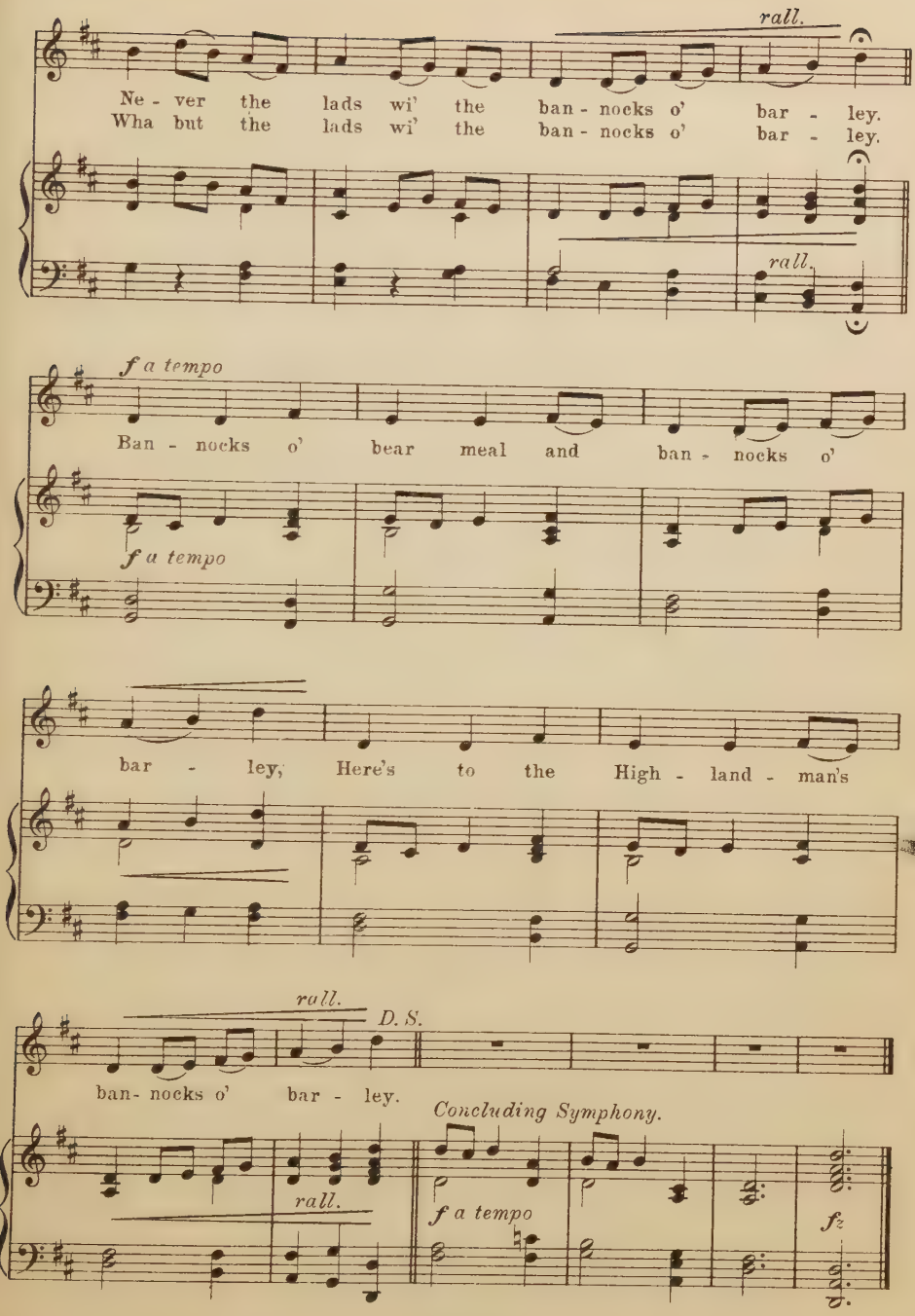
The sodger from the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main;
But I hae parted frae my love,
Never to meet again, my dear,
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep;
I think on him that's far awa',
The lee-lang night, and weep, my dear,
The lee-lang night, and weep.

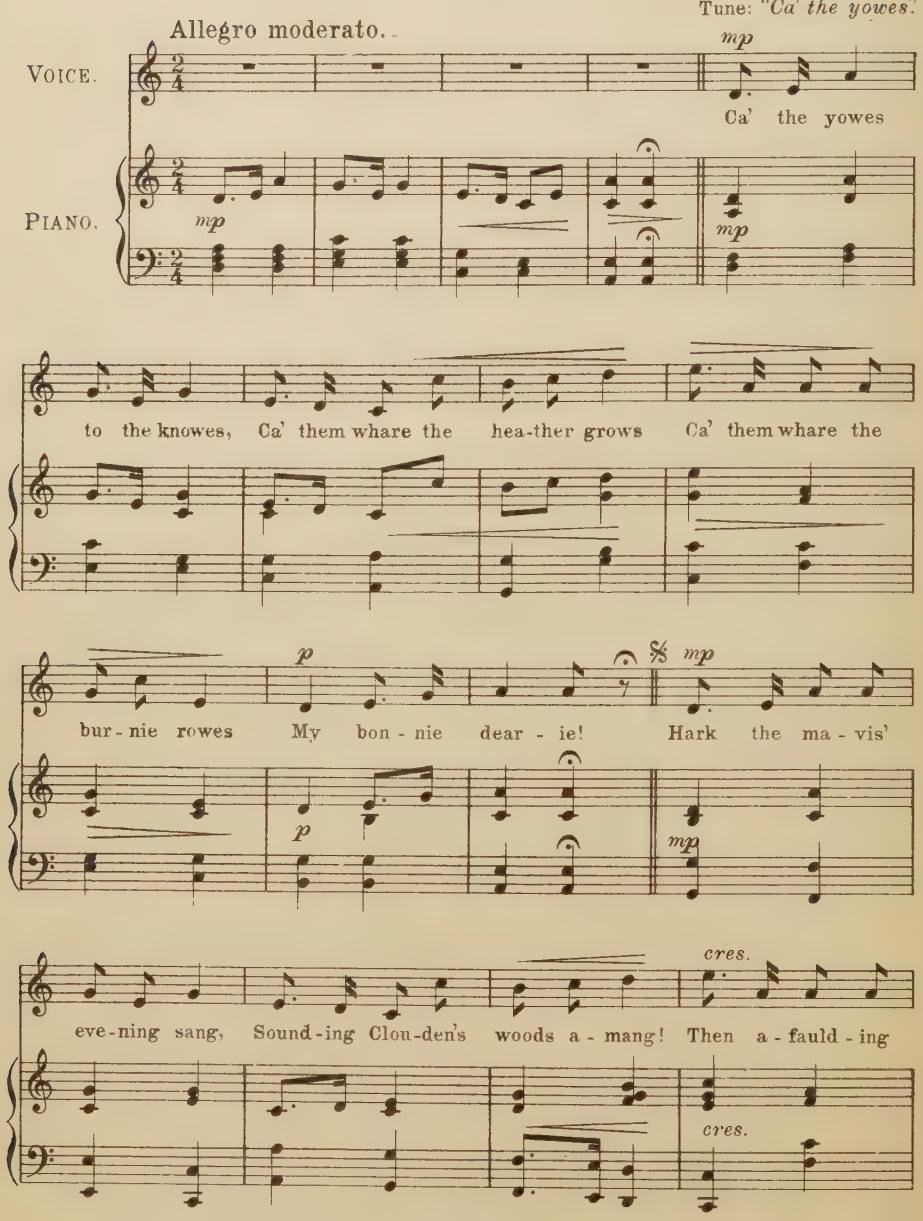
Bannocks o' Barley.

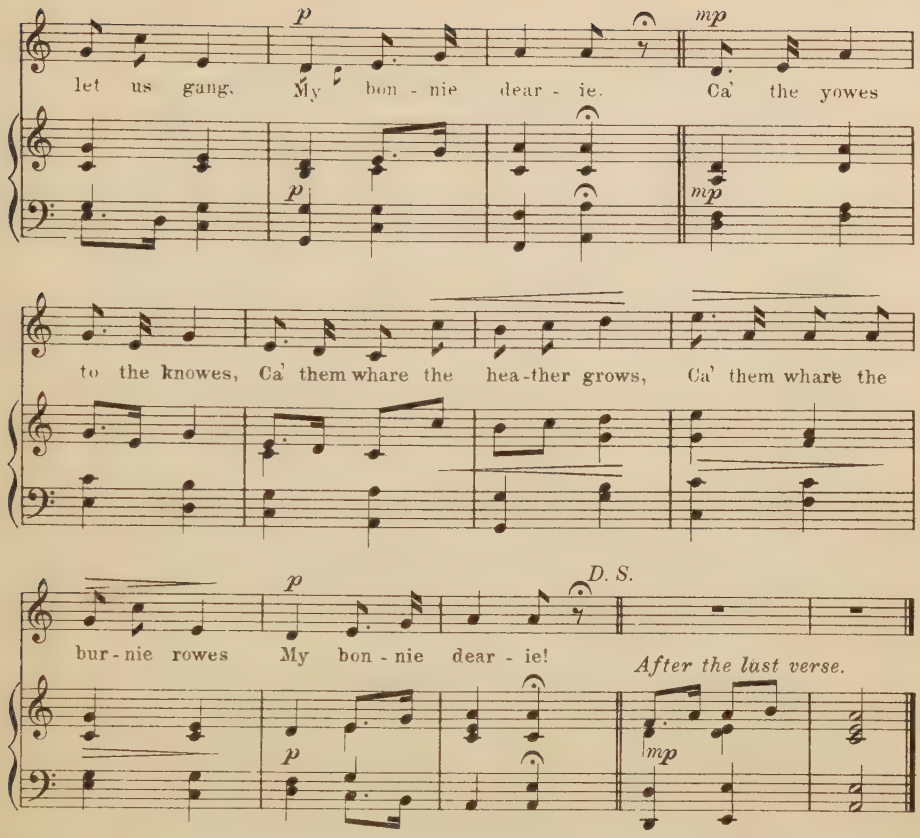
Tune: *"The Killogie".*


Con energia.
PIANO.
f
Ban-nocks o' bear meal, and ban - nocks o' bar - ley;
Here's to the High - land - man's ban - nocks o' bar - ley.
mf
1. Wha in a brul - zie will first cry a par - ley?
2. Wha in his wae days were loy - al to Char - lie?
mf


rall.
Ne - ver the lads wi' the ban - nocks o' bar - ley.
Wha but the lads wi' the ban - nocks o' bar - ley.
rall.
f a tempo
Ban - nocks o' bear meal and ban - nocks o'
f a tempo
bar - ley, Here's to the High - land - man's
rall.
D. S.
ban- nocks o' bar - ley.
Concluding Symphony.
rall.
f a tempo
fz

Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes.




let us gang, My bon - nie dear - ie. Ca' the yowes
to the knowes, Ca' them whare the hea-ther grows, Ca' them whare the
bur - nie rowes My bon - nie dear - ie!
D. S.
After the last verse.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

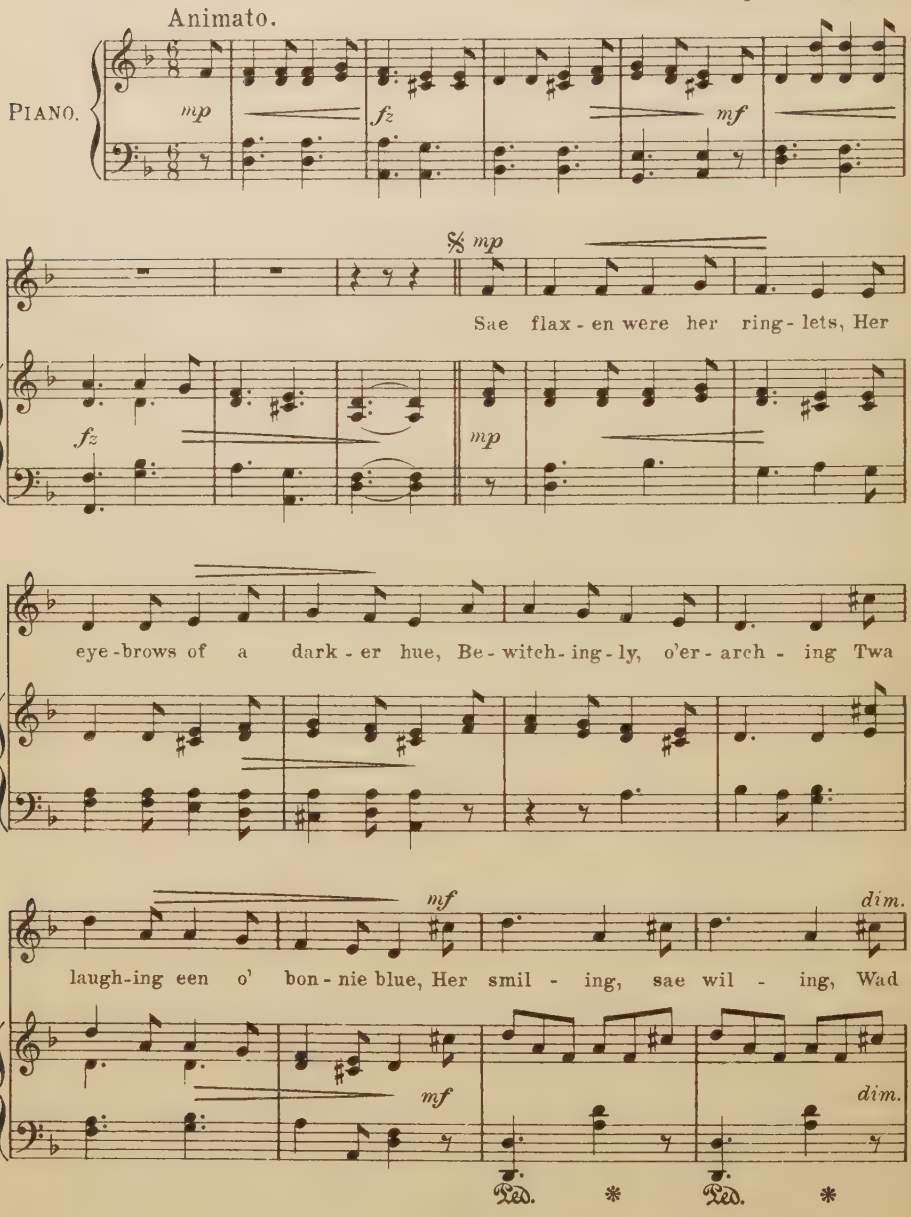
Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

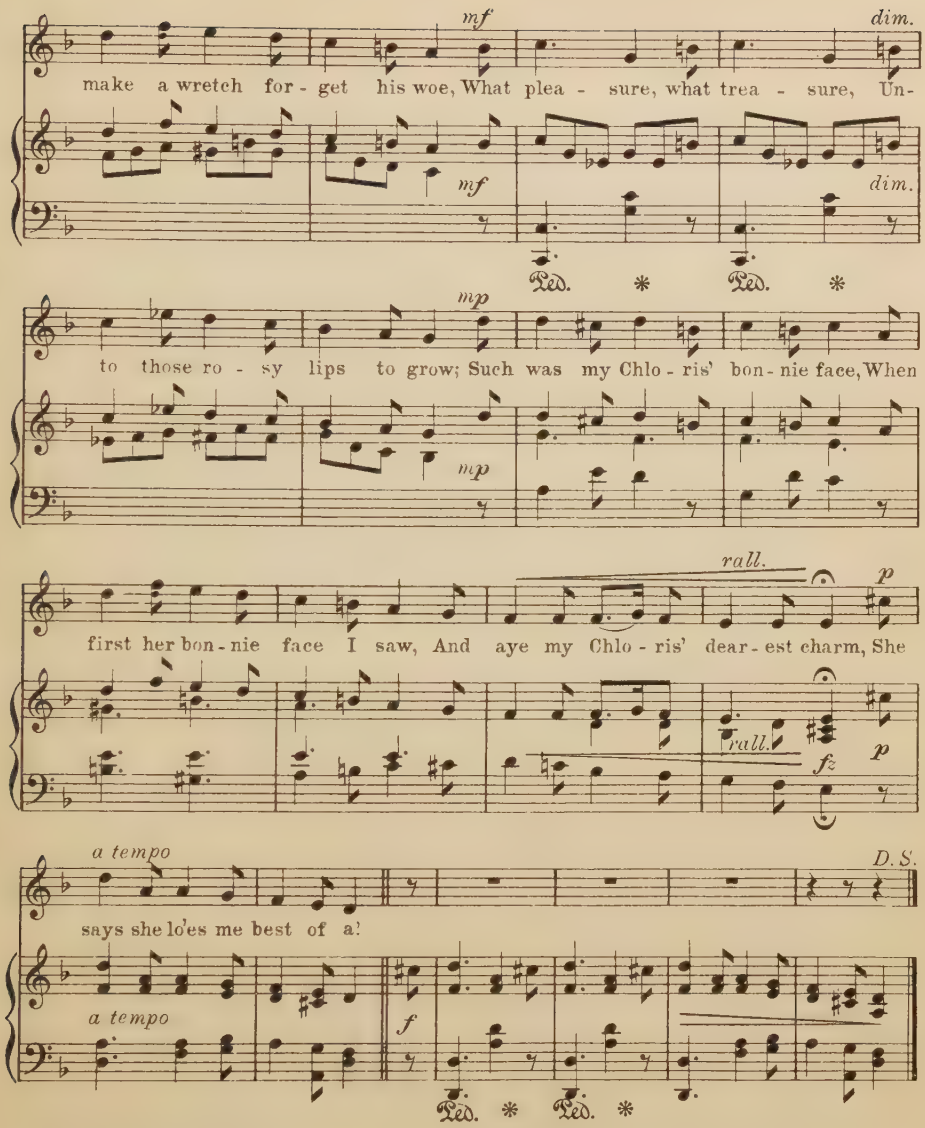
Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die—but canna part—
My bonnie dearie!
Ca' the yowes, &c.

She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Tune: *"Oonagh's Waterfall."*


Animato.
PIANO.
mp
fz
mf
Sae flax - en were her ring - lets, Her
eye - brows of a dark - er hue, Be - witch - ing - ly, o'er - arch - ing Twa
laugh - ing een o' bon - nie blue, Her smil - ing, sae wil - ing, Wad
dim.
Ped.
*


mf
dim.
make a wretch for - get his woe, What plea - sure, what trea - sure, Un-
mf
dim.
Ped. * Ped. *
mp
to those ro - sy lips to grow; Such was my Chlo - ris' bon - nie face, When
mp
rall.
p
first her bon - nie face I saw, And aye my Chlo - ris' dear - est charm, She
rall.
fz
p
a tempo
D. S.
says she lo'es me best of a'
a tempo
f
Ped. * Ped. *

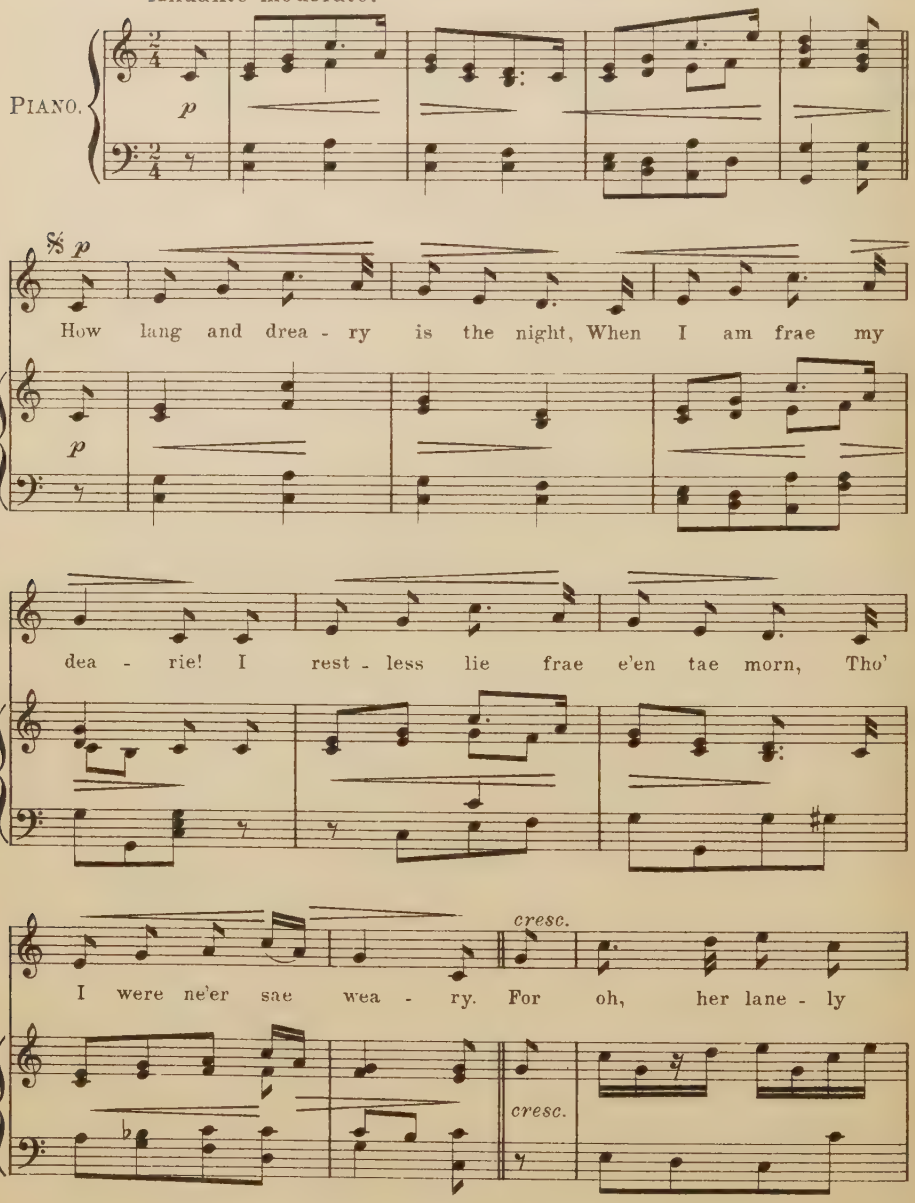
Like harmony her motion;
  Her pretty ancle is a spy,
Betraying fair proportion,
  Wad mak a saint forget the sky.
Sae warming, sae charming,
  Her fautless form and graceful air;
Ilk feature— auld Nature
  Declar'd that she could do nae mair:
Hers are the willing chains o' love,
  By conquering Beauty's sovereign law;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
  She says she lo'es me best of a'.

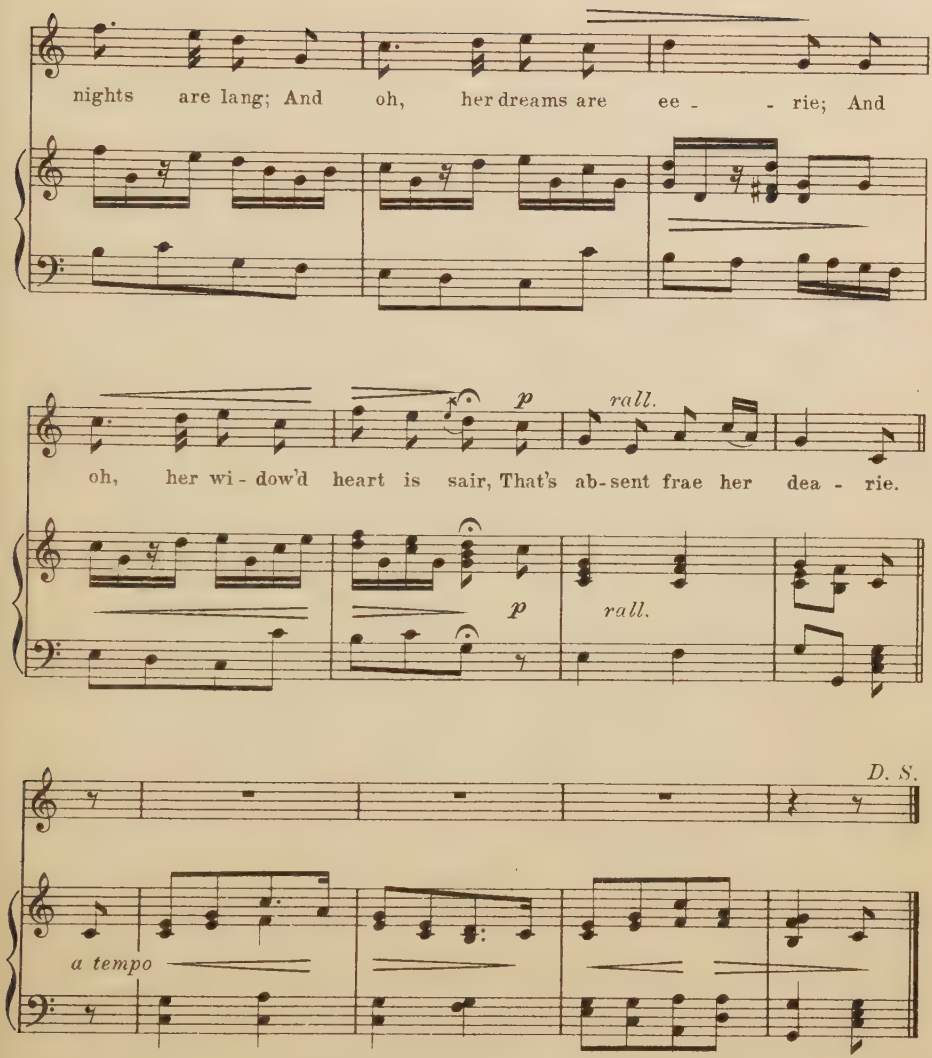
Let others love the city
  And gaudy show at sunny noon;
Gie me the lonely valley,
  The dewy eve, and rising moon;
Fair beaming, and streaming,
  Her silver light the boughs amang;
While falling, recalling,
  The amorous thrush concludes his sang:
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
  By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
  And say thou lo'es me best of a'.

How lang and dreary is the Night.

Andante moderato.

Tune: *"Cauld Kail in Aberdeen."*


PIANO.
p
How lang and drea - ry is the night, When I am frae my
dea - rie! I rest - less lie frae e'en tae morn, Tho'
cresc.
I were ne'er sae wea - ry. For oh, her lane - ly
cresc.

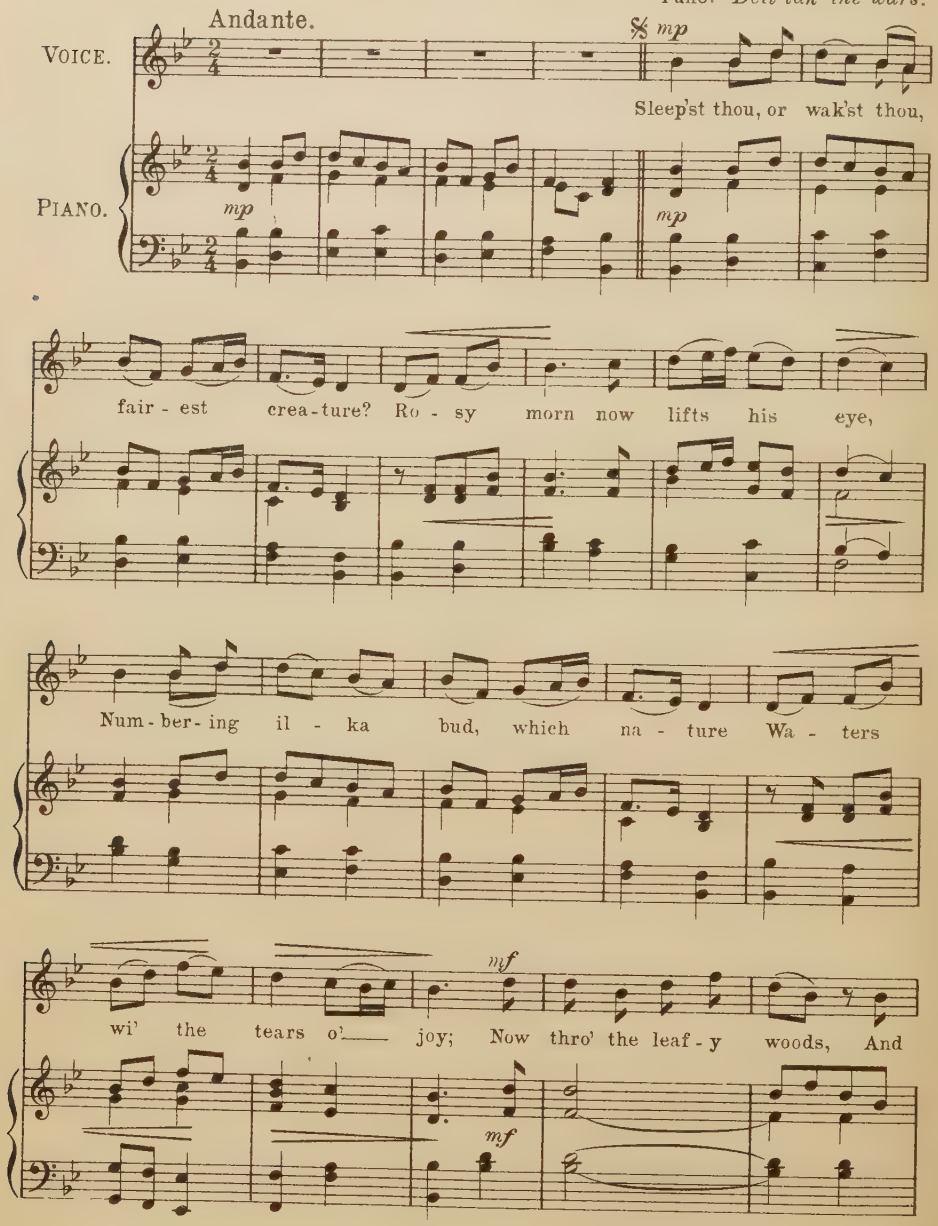

nights are lang; And oh, her dreams are ee - - rie; And
p
rall.
oh, her wi - dow'd heart is sair, That's ab-sent frae her dea - rie.
p
rall.
D. S.
a tempo

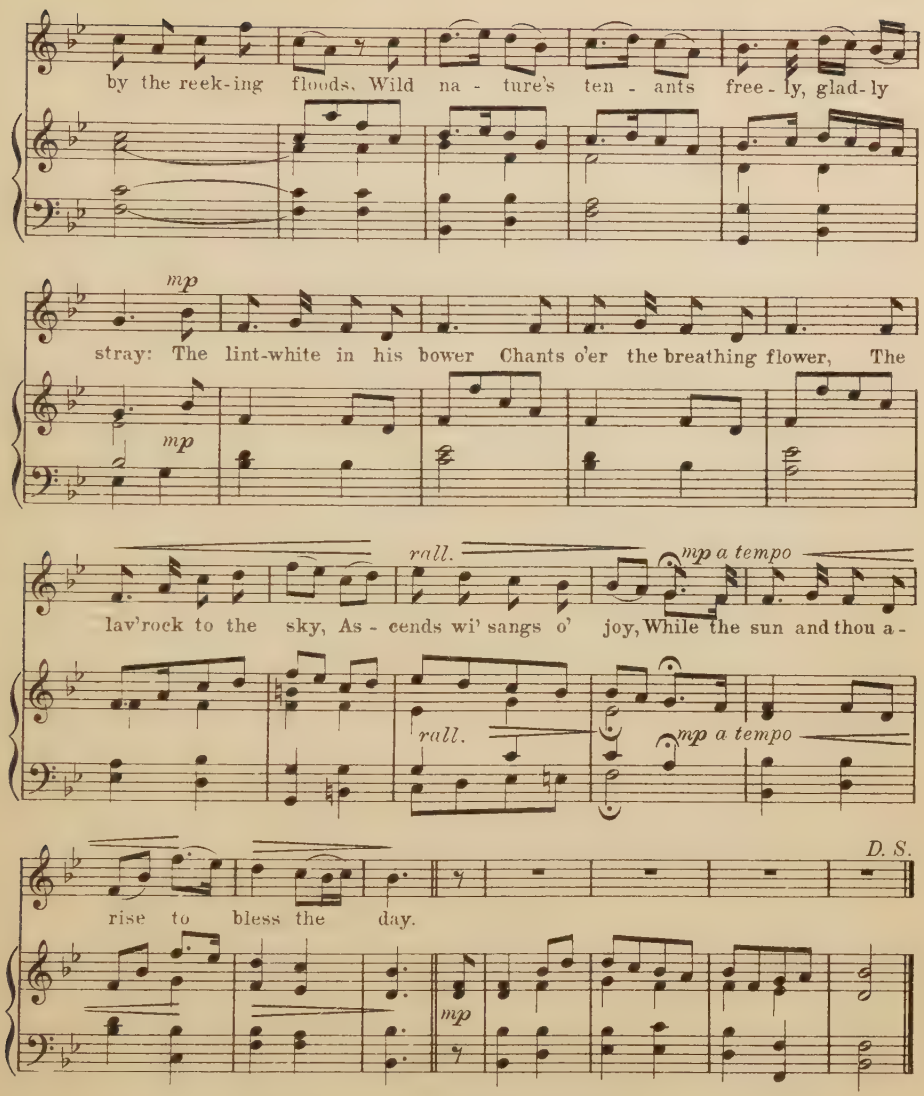
When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee, my dearie;
And now what seas between us roar,—
How can I be but eerie?
For oh, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours;
The joyless day how dreary!
It was na sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie.
For oh, &c.

The Lover's morning salute to his Mistress.

Tune: *"Deil tak the wars!"*

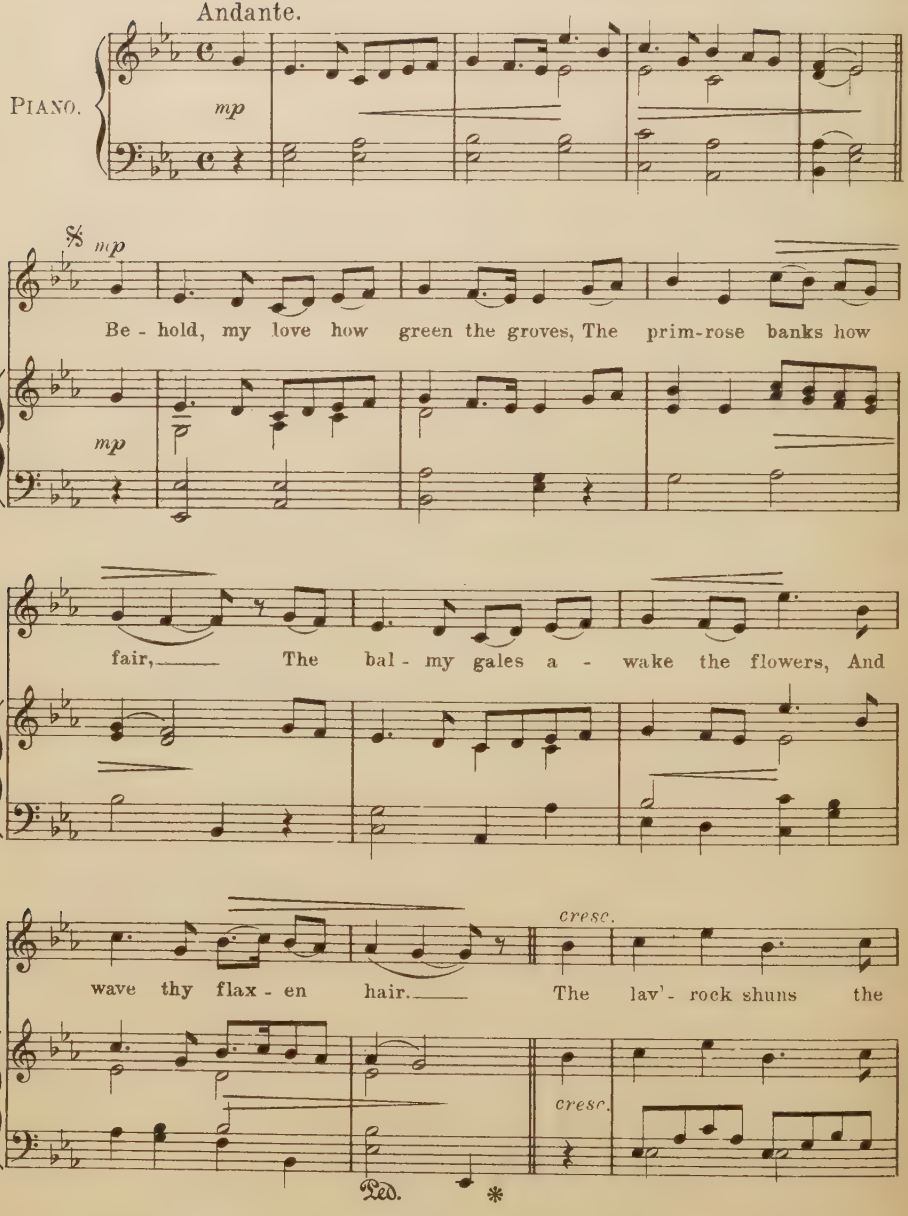

Andante.
VOICE.
PIANO.
mp
Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou,
fair - est crea-ture? Ro - sy morn now lifts his eye,
Num - ber - ing il - ka bud, which na - ture Wa - ters
mf
wi' the tears o'___ joy; Now thro' the leaf - y woods, And

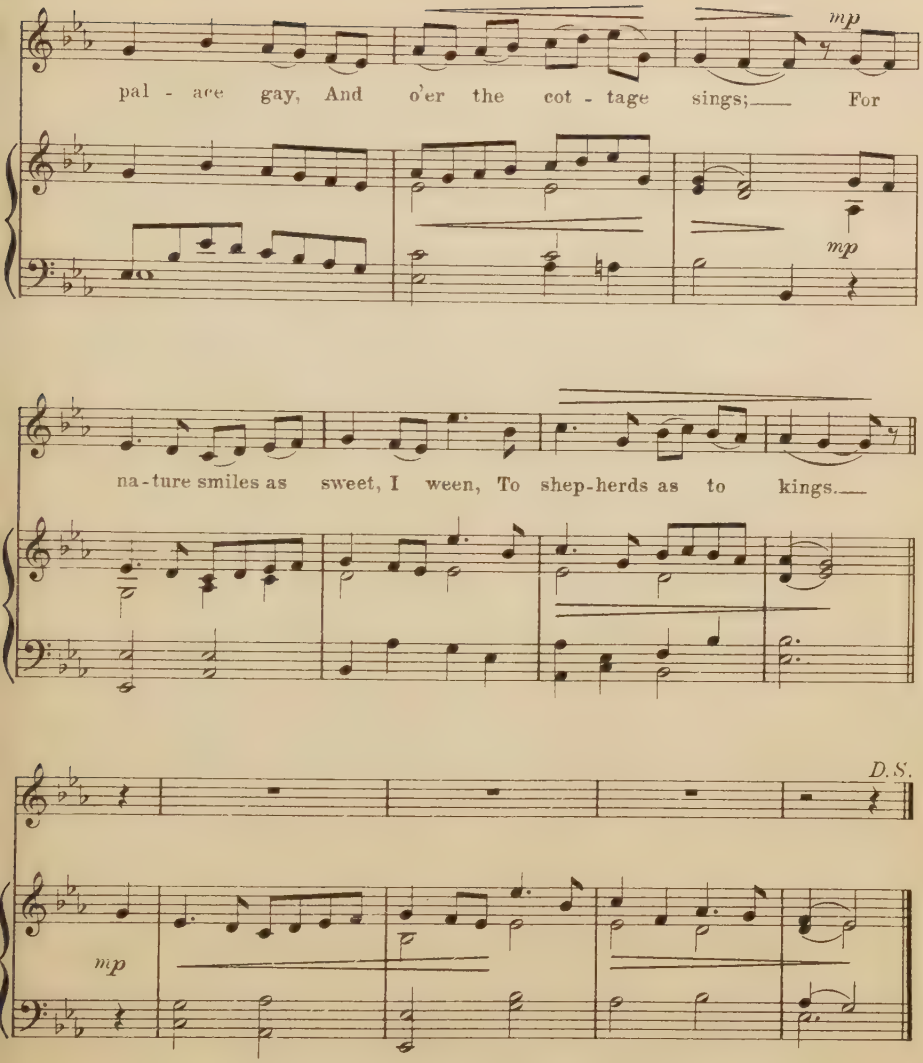

by the reek-ing floods, Wild na - ture's ten - ants free - ly, glad - ly
mp
stray: The lint-white in his bower Chants o'er the breathing flower, The
mp
rall.
mp a tempo
lav'rock to the sky, As - cends wi' sangs o' joy, While the sun and thou a -
rall.
mp a tempo
D. S.
rise to bless the day.
mp

Phœbus gilding the brow o' morning,
Banishes ilk darksome shade,
Nature gladdening and adorning;
Such to me my lovely maid.
When absent frae my fair,
The murky shades o' care
With starless gloom o'ercast my sullen sky;
But when in beauty's light,
She meets my ravish'd sight,
When through my very heart
Her beaming glories dart;
'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.

Behold, my Love.

Tune: *"Doun the burn, Davie."*


Andante.
PIANO.
mp
Be - hold, my love how green the groves, The prim-rose banks how
fair, The bal - my gales a - wake the flowers, And
wave thy flax - en hair. The lav'- rock shuns the
cresc.
Ped.



Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
In lordly lighted ha':
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blythe, in the birken shaw.

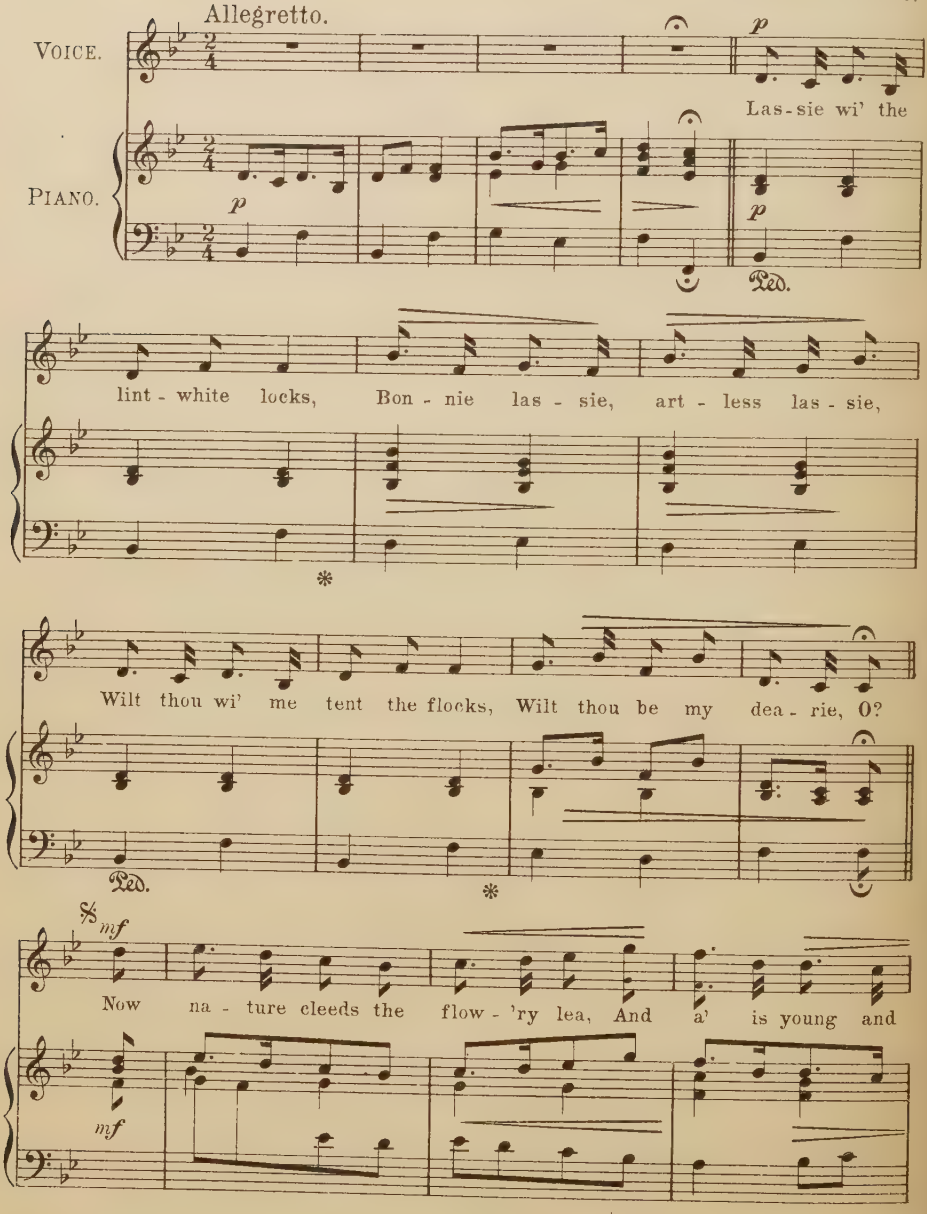
The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

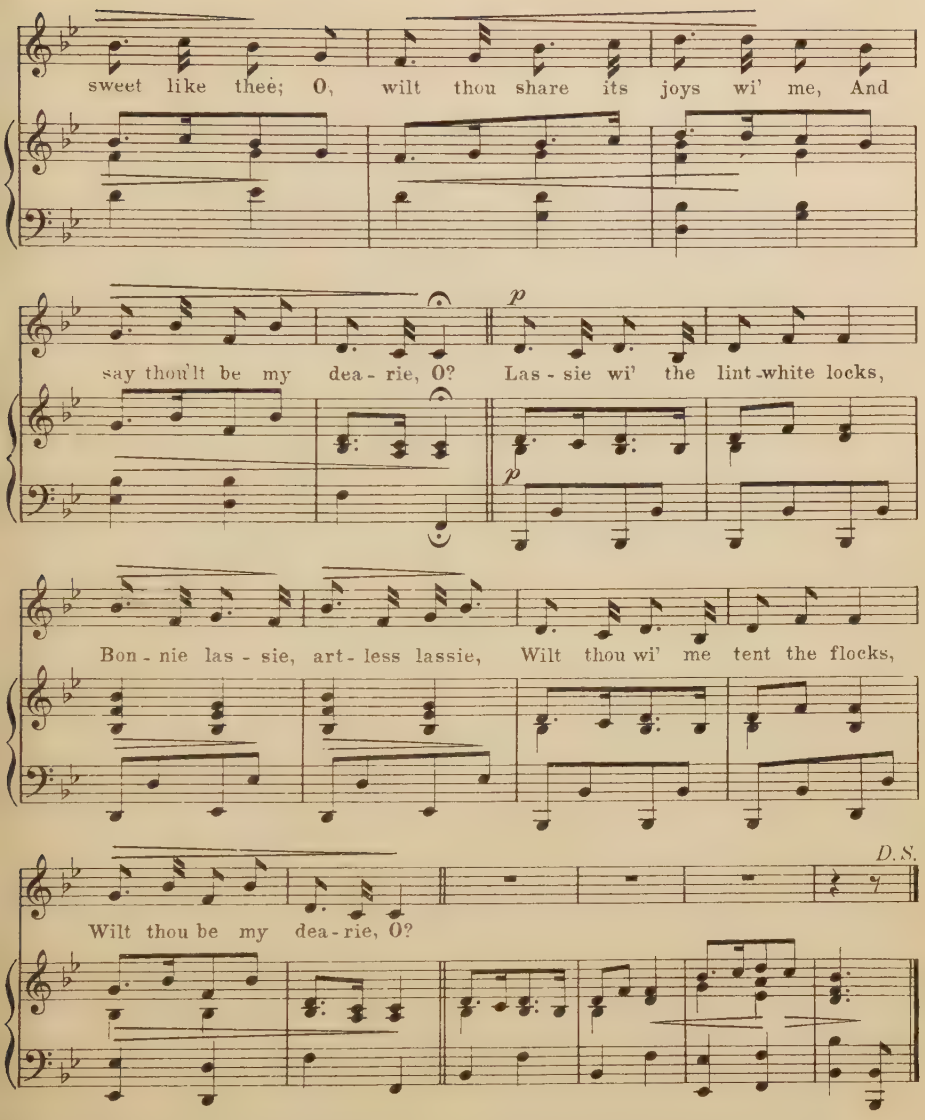
The shepherd in the flow'ry glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo:
The courtier tells a finer tale,—
But is his heart as true?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine;
The courtier's gems may witness love—
But 'tis na love like mine.

Lassie wi' the lint-white Locks.

Tune: *"Rothiemurche's Rant."*




sweet like thee; O, wilt thou share its joys wi' me, And
say thou'lt be my dea - rie, O?
Las - sie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bon - nie las - sie, art - less lassie, Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dea - rie, O?
D.S.

The primrose bank, the wimpling burn,
The cuckoo on the milk-white thorn,
The wanton lambs at early morn,
Shall welcome thee, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, &c.

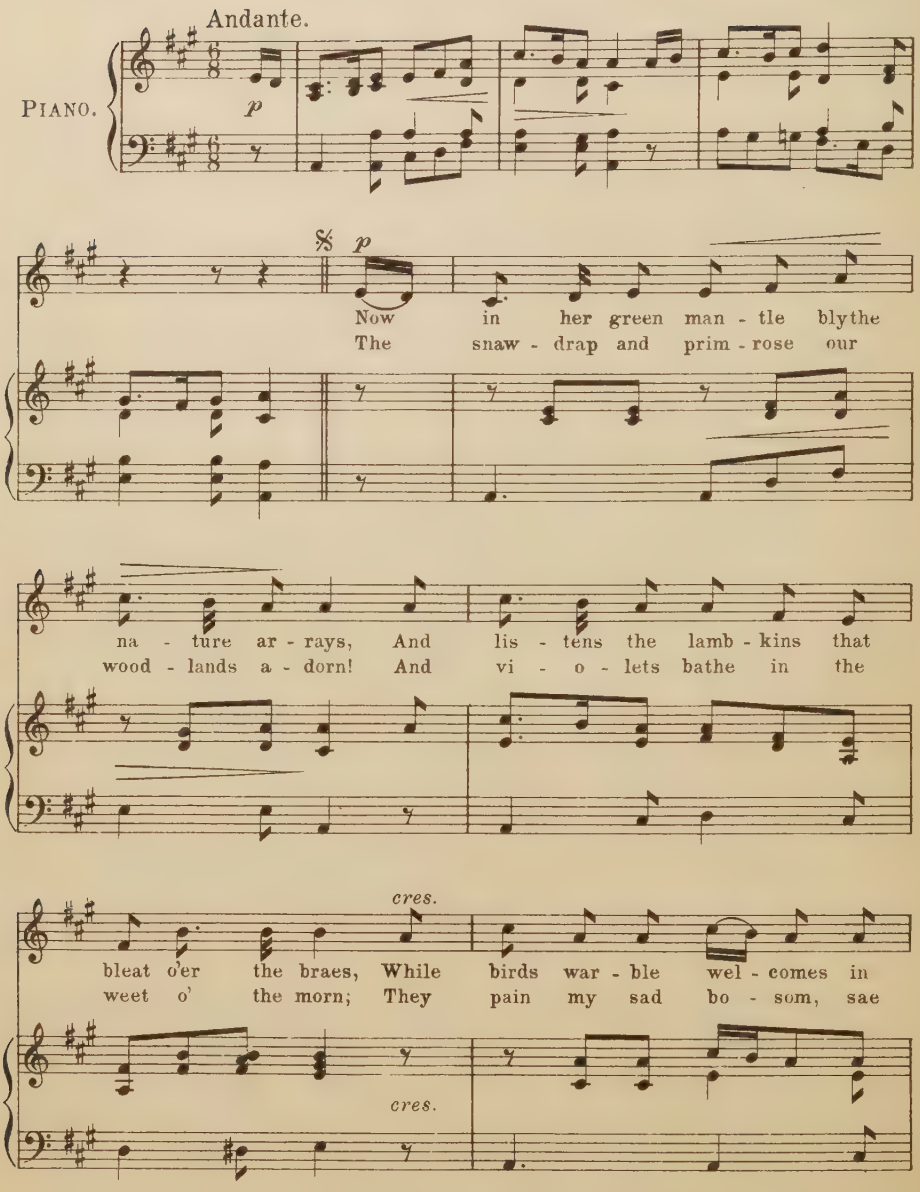
And when the welcome simmer shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, &c.

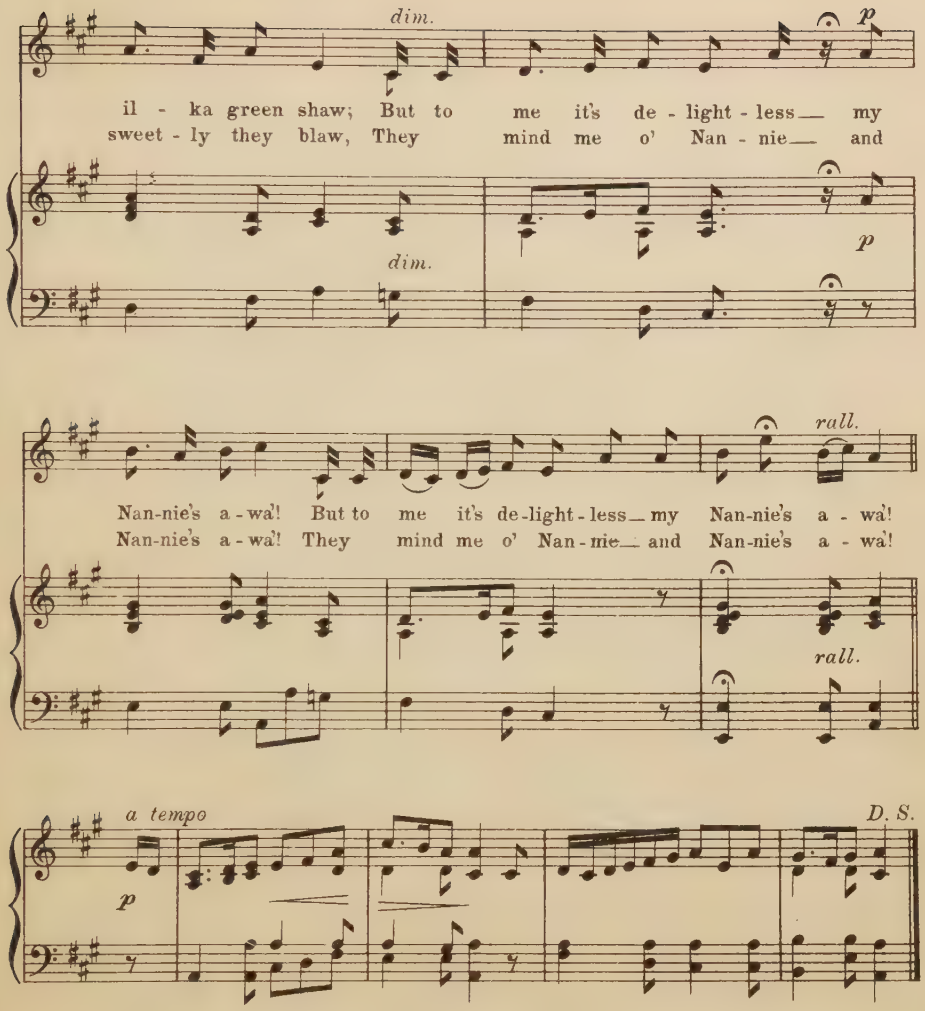
When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way,
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, &c.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
Enclaspèd to my faithful breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, &c.

My Nannie's awa'.

Tune: *Modern.*


Andante.
PIANO.
p
Now in her green man - tle blythe
The snaw - drap and prim - rose our
na - ture ar - rays, And lis - tens the lamb - kins that
wood - lands a - dorn! And vi - o - lets bathe in the
cres.
bleat o'er the braes, While birds war - ble wel - comes in
weet o' the morn; They pain my sad bo - som, sae
cres.

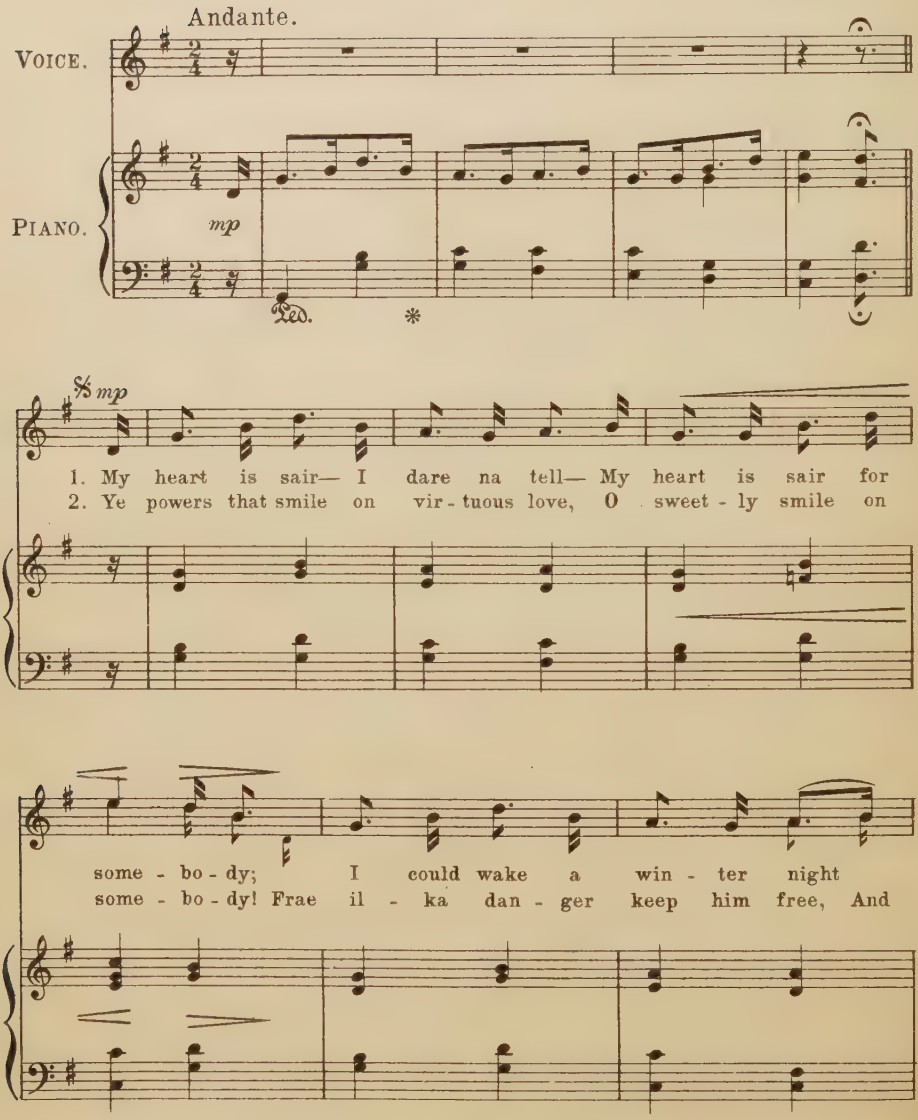

dim.
p
il - ka green shaw; But to me it's de - light - less my
sweet - ly they blaw, They mind me o' Nan - nie and
dim.
p
rall.
Nan-nie's a - wa'! But to me it's de-light - less my Nan-nie's a - wa'!
Nan-nie's a - wa'! They mind me o' Nan - nie and Nan-nie's a - wa'!
rall.
a tempo
D. S.
p

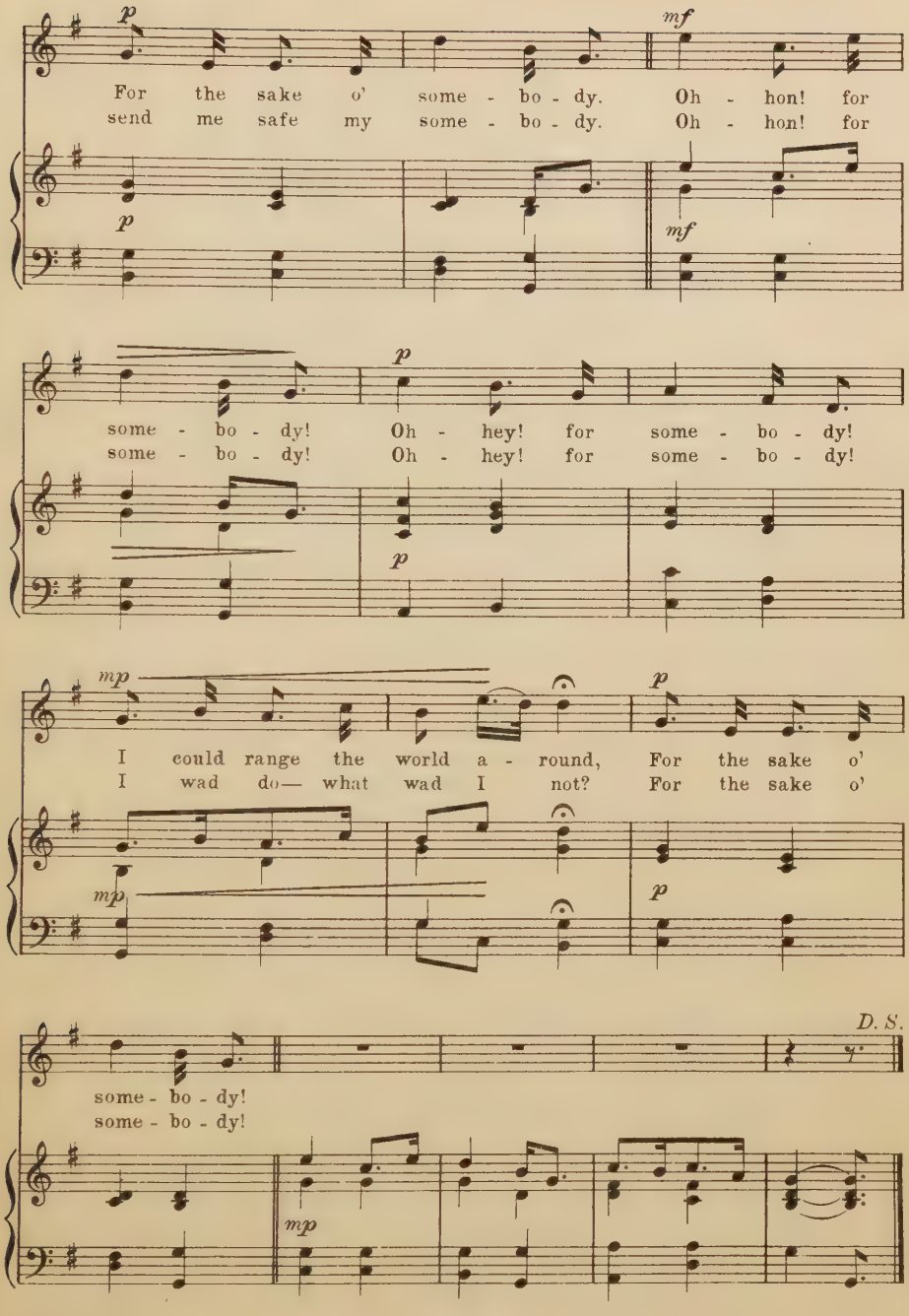
Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night-fa',
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'!

Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay:
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa'.

Somebody.

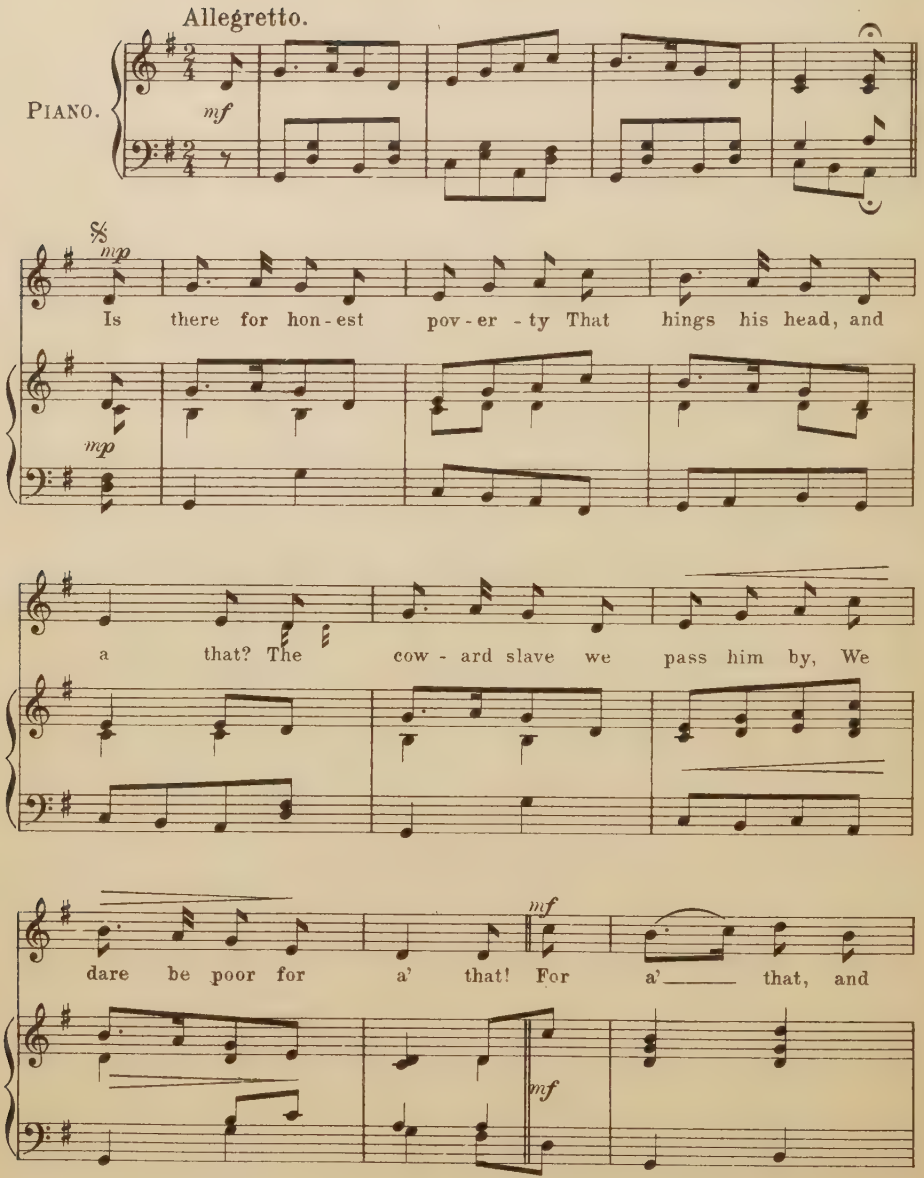
Tune: *"For the sake of somebody."*

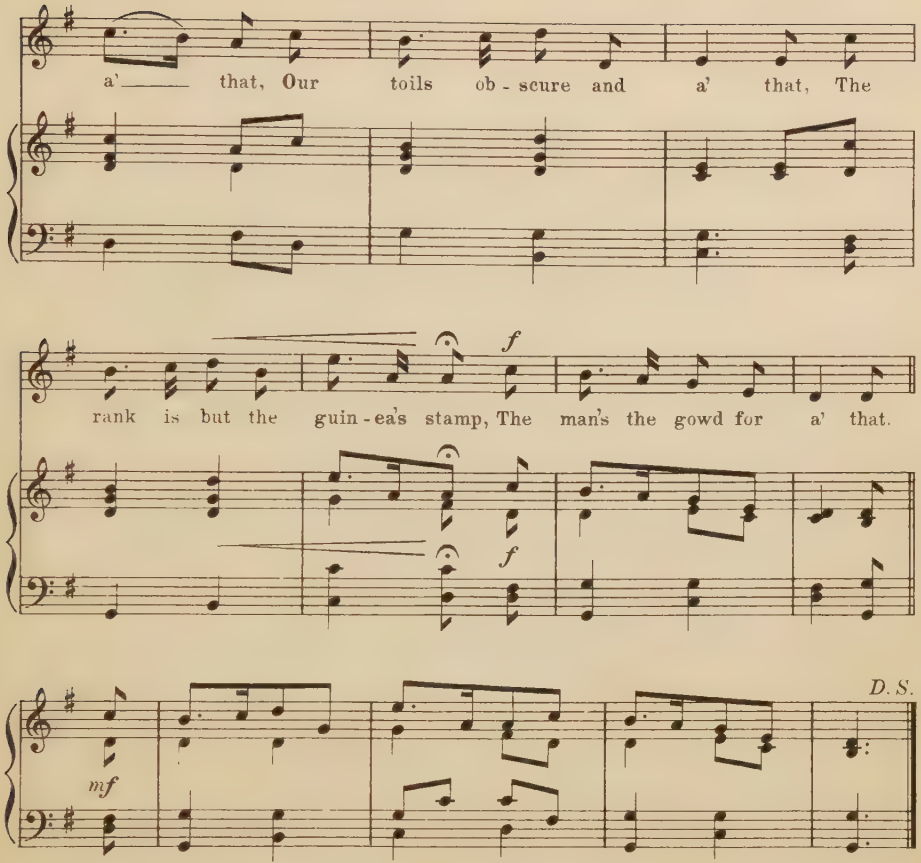

Andante.
VOICE.
PIANO.
mp
Ped.
*
mp
1. My heart is sair— I dare na tell— My heart is sair for
2. Ye powers that smile on vir - tuous love, O sweet - ly smile on
some - bo - dy; I could wake a win - ter night
some - bo - dy! Frae il - ka dan - ger keep him free, And


p
mf
For the sake o' some - bo - dy. Oh - hon! for
send me safe my some - bo - dy. Oh - hon! for
some - bo - dy! Oh - hey! for some - bo - dy!
some - bo - dy! Oh - hey! for some - bo - dy!
mp
I could range the world a - round, For the sake o'
I wad do— what wad I not? For the sake o'
D. S.
some - bo - dy!
some - bo - dy!

For a' that, and a' that.

Tune: *"For a' that."*


Allegretto.
PIANO.
mf
Is there for hon-est pov-er-ty That hings his head, and
a that? The cow-ard slave we pass him by, We
dare be poor for a' that! For a'_____ that, and



What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that,
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that!

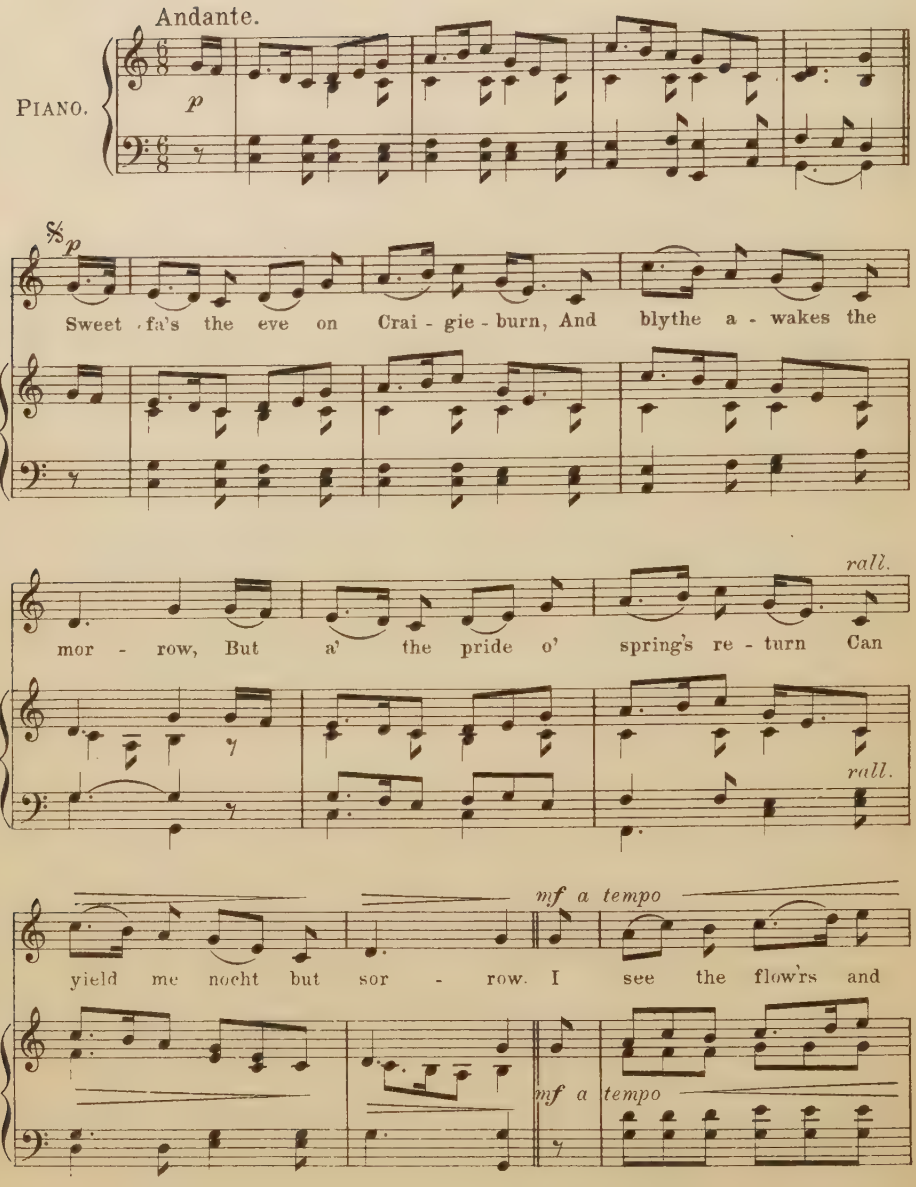
Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that!

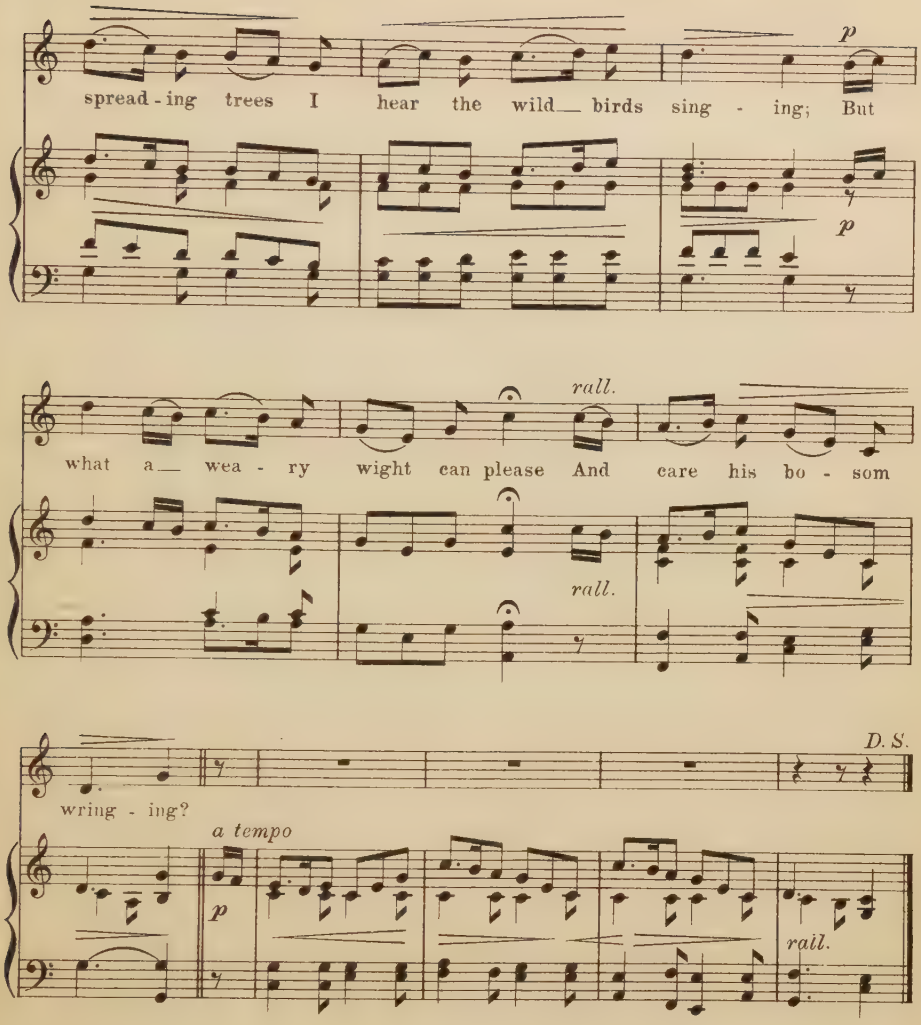
A king can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

Craigieburn Wood.

Tune: *"Craigieburn Wood."*


Andante.
PIANO.
p
Sweet fa's the eve on Crai - gie - burn, And blythe a - wakes the
mor - row, But a' the pride o' spring's re - turn Can
rall.
rall.
mf a tempo
yield me nocht but sor - row. I see the flow'rs and
mf a tempo

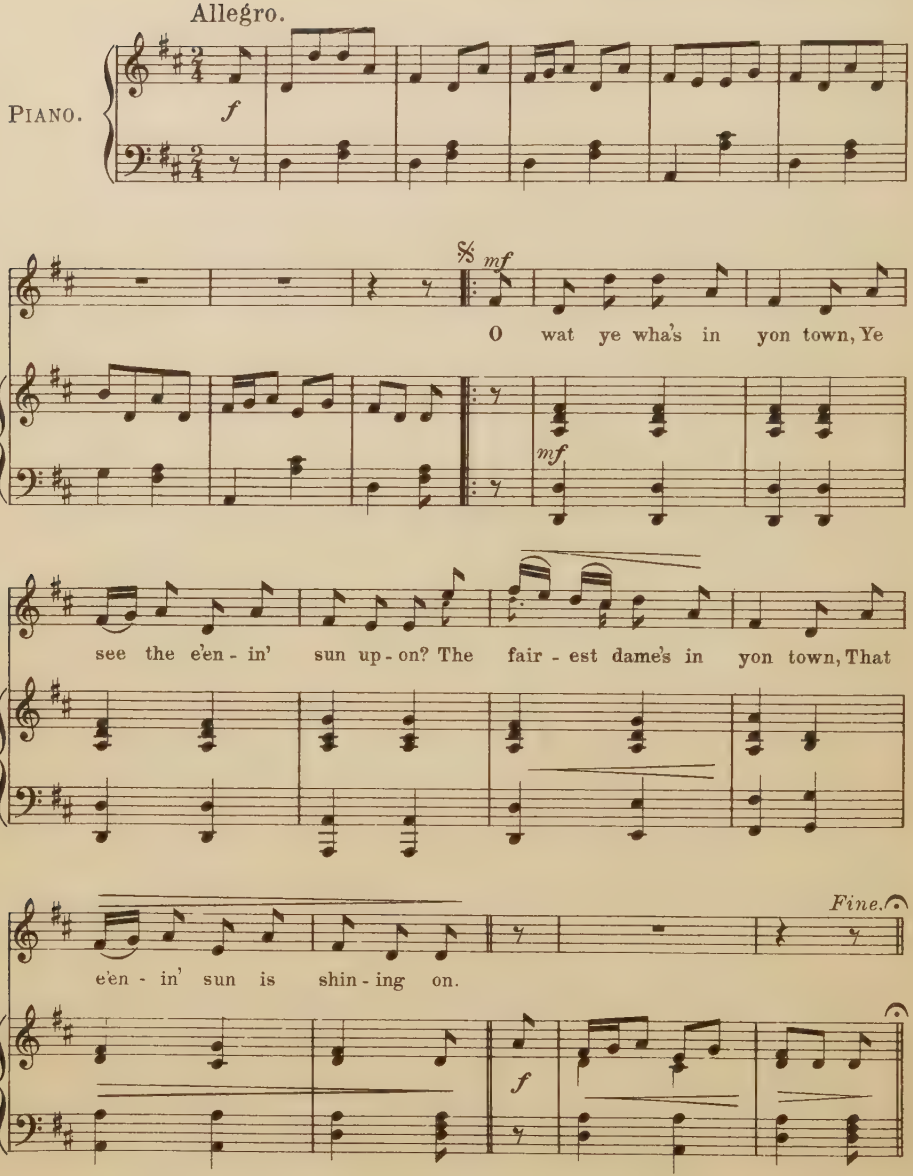


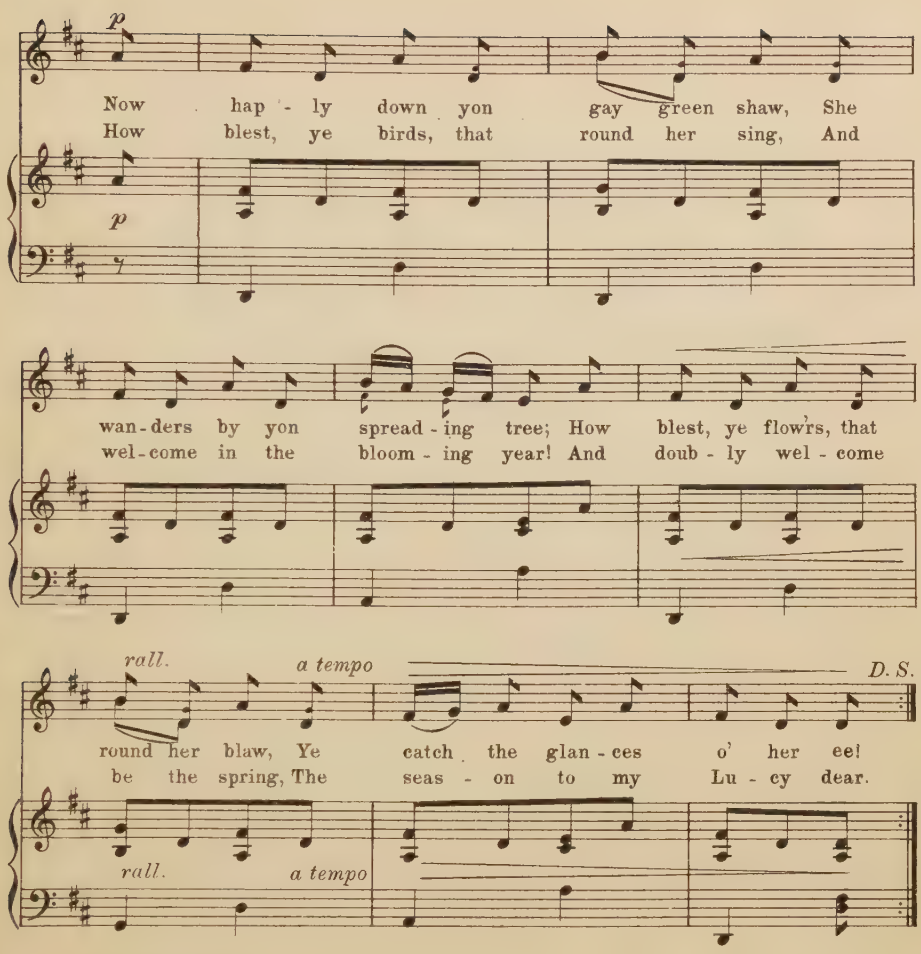
Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet darena for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love anither,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

O wat ye wha's in yon town?

Tune: *"I'll gang nae mair to yon town."*


Allegro.
Piano.
f
mf
O wat ye wha's in yon town, Ye
mf
see the e'en - in' sun up - on? The fair - est dame's in yon town, That
Fine.
e'en - in' sun is shin - ing on.
f


p
Now hap - ly down yon gay green shaw, She
How blest, ye birds, that round her sing, And
p
wan - ders by yon spread - ing tree; How blest, ye flow'rs, that
wel - come in the bloom - ing year! And doub - ly wel - come
rall.
a tempo
D. S.
round her blaw, Ye catch the glan - ces o' her ee!
be the spring, The seas - on to my Lu - cy dear.
rall.
a tempo

The sun blinks blythe on yon town,
And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.
O, wat ye wha's, &c.

Without my love, not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy;
But gie me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky!
O, wat ye wha's, &c.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.
O, wat ye wha's, &c.

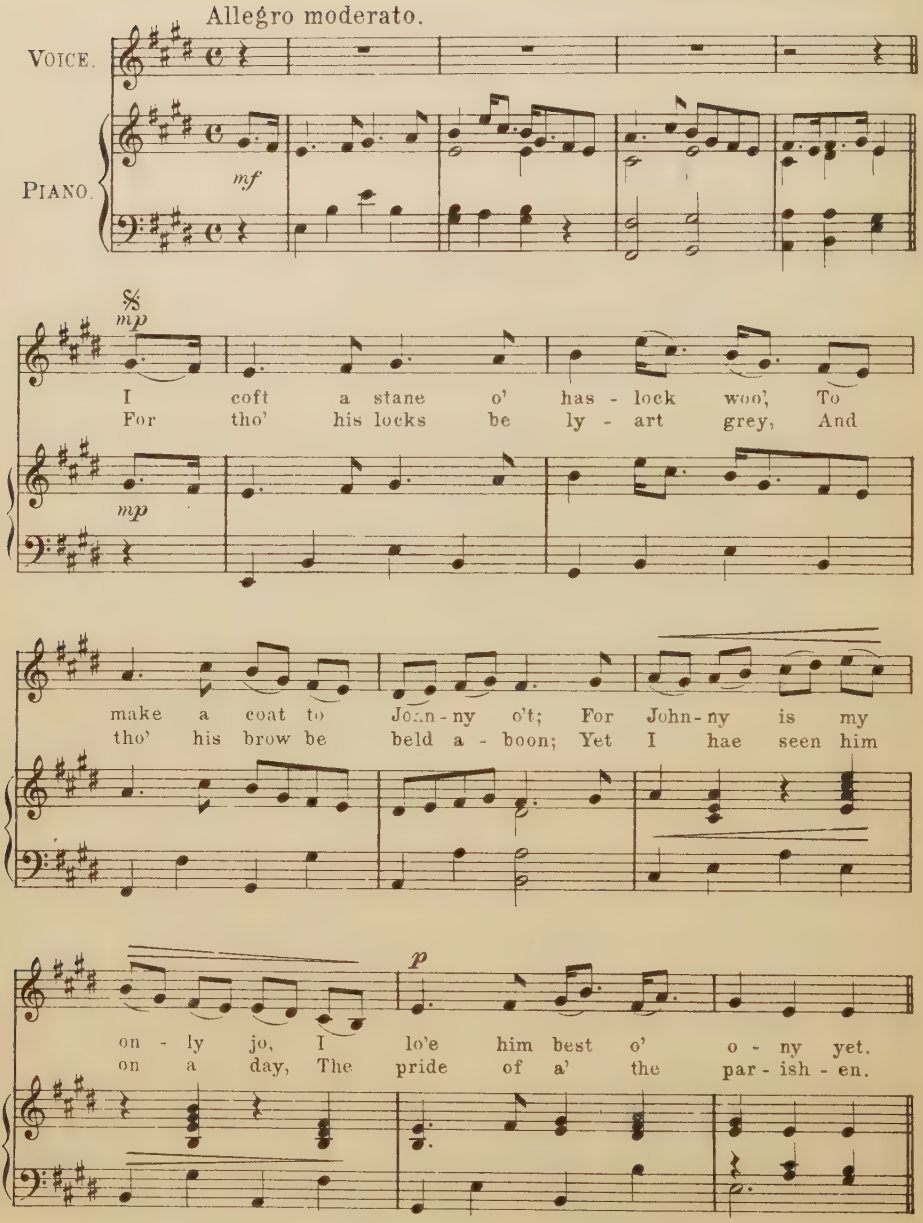
O, sweet is she in yon town,
The sinkin' sun's gane down upon!
A fairer than's in yon town,
His setting beam near shone upon.
O, wat ye wha's, &c.

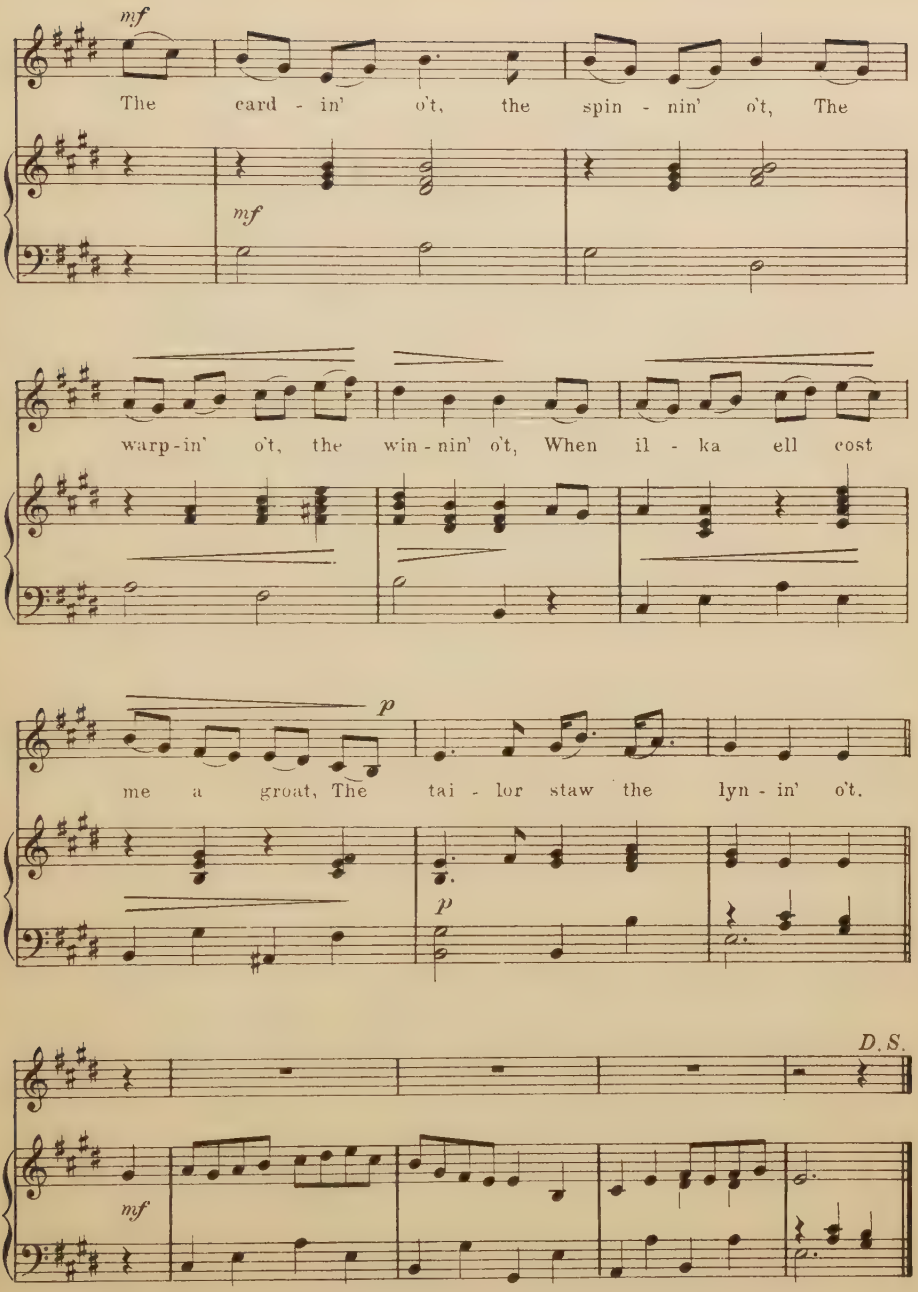
If angry fate is sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doom'd to bear;
I careless quit aught else below,
But spare me—spare me Lucy dear!
O, wat ye wha's, &c.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
And she, as fairest is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart.
O, wat ye wha's, &c.

The Cardin' o't.

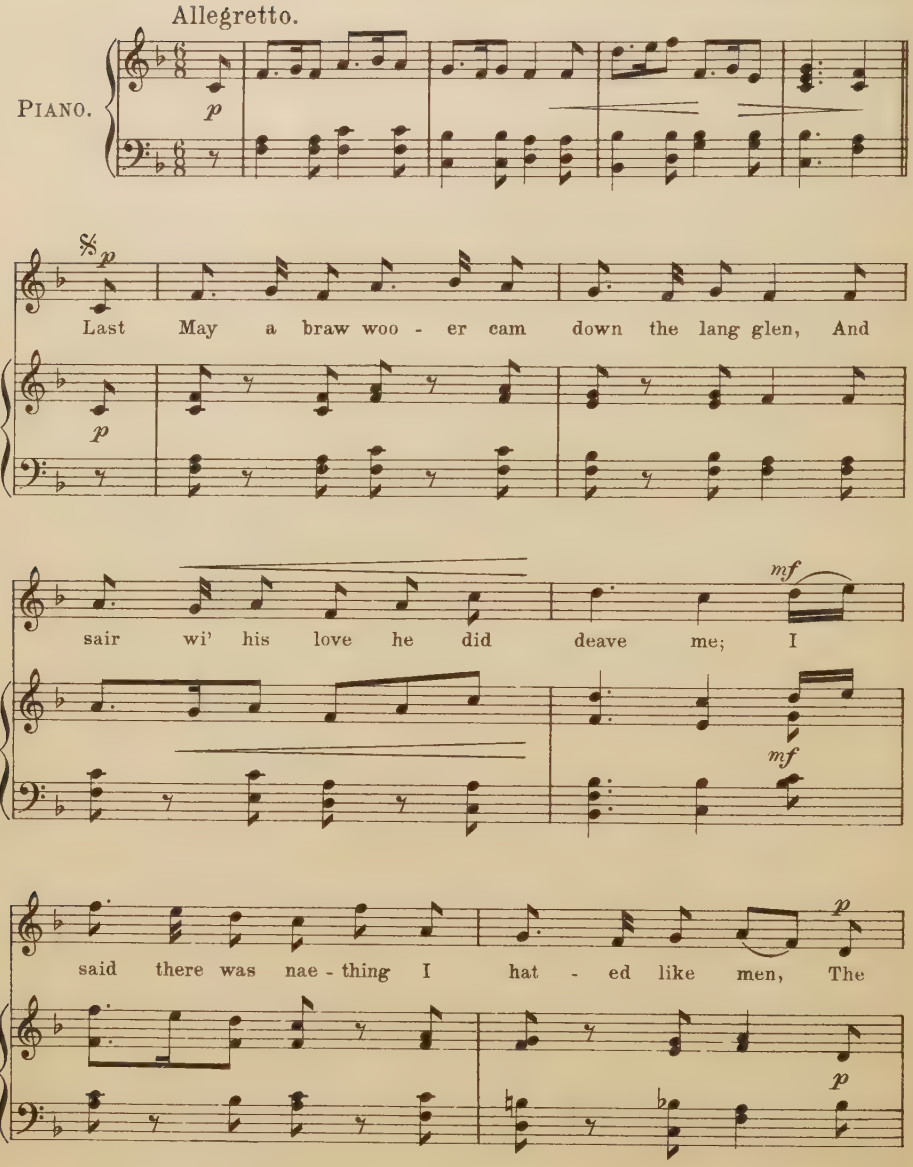
Tune: "*The Cardin' o't.*"

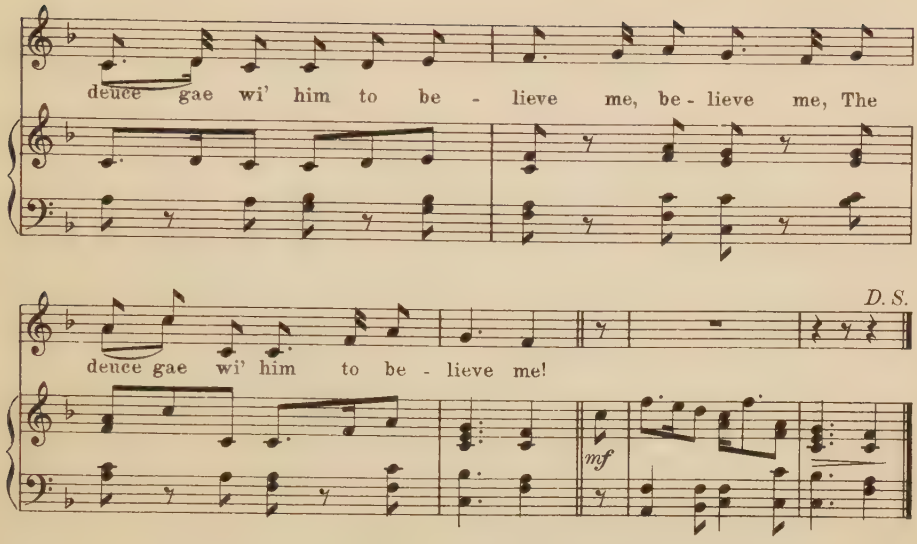

Allegro moderato.
Voice.
Piano.
mf
mp
I coft a stane o' has - lock woo', To make a coat to John - ny o't; For John - ny is my on - ly jo, I lo'e him best o' o - ny yet.
For tho' his locks be ly - art grey, And tho' his brow be beld a - boon; Yet I hae seen him on a day, The pride of a' the par - ish - en.
p


mf
The card - in' o't, the spin - nin' o't, The
mf
warp - in' o't, the win - nin' o't, When il - ka ell cost
p
me a groat, The tai - lor staw the lyn - in' o't.
p
D.S.
mf

Last May a braw Wooer.

Tune: "*The Lothian Lassie.*"


Allegretto.
PIANO.
p
Last May a braw woo - er cam down the lang glen, And
sair wi' his love he did deave me; I
mf
said there was nae - thing I hat - ed like men, The
p



He spak o' the darts in my bonnie black een,
And vow'd for my love he was deein';
I said he might dee when he likèd, for Jean,
The Lord forgie me for leein', for leein',
The Lord forgie me for leein'!

A weel-stockèd mailen,—himsel' for the laird,—
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers:
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less,—
The deil tak his taste to gae near her!
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the neist week as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there!
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

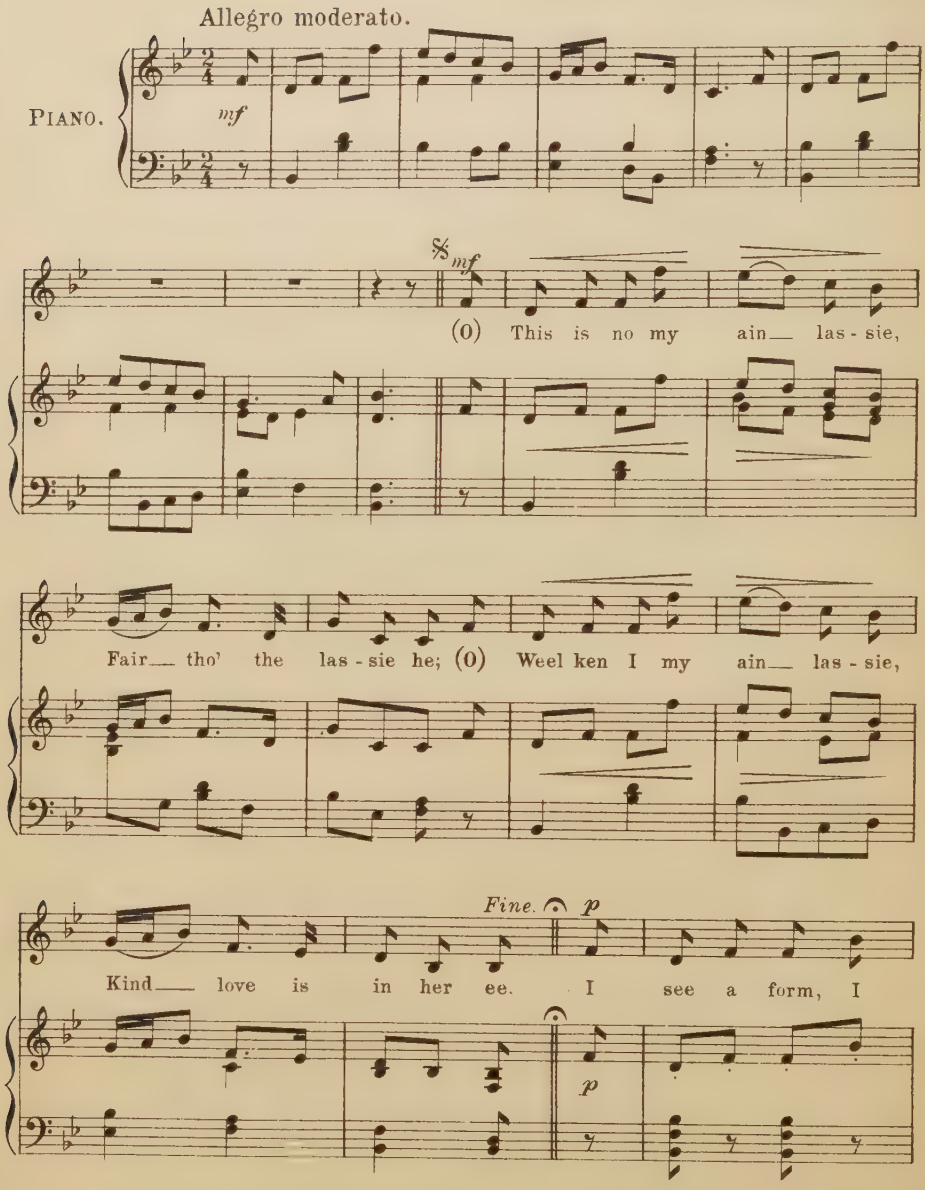
But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
Lest neebors might say I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

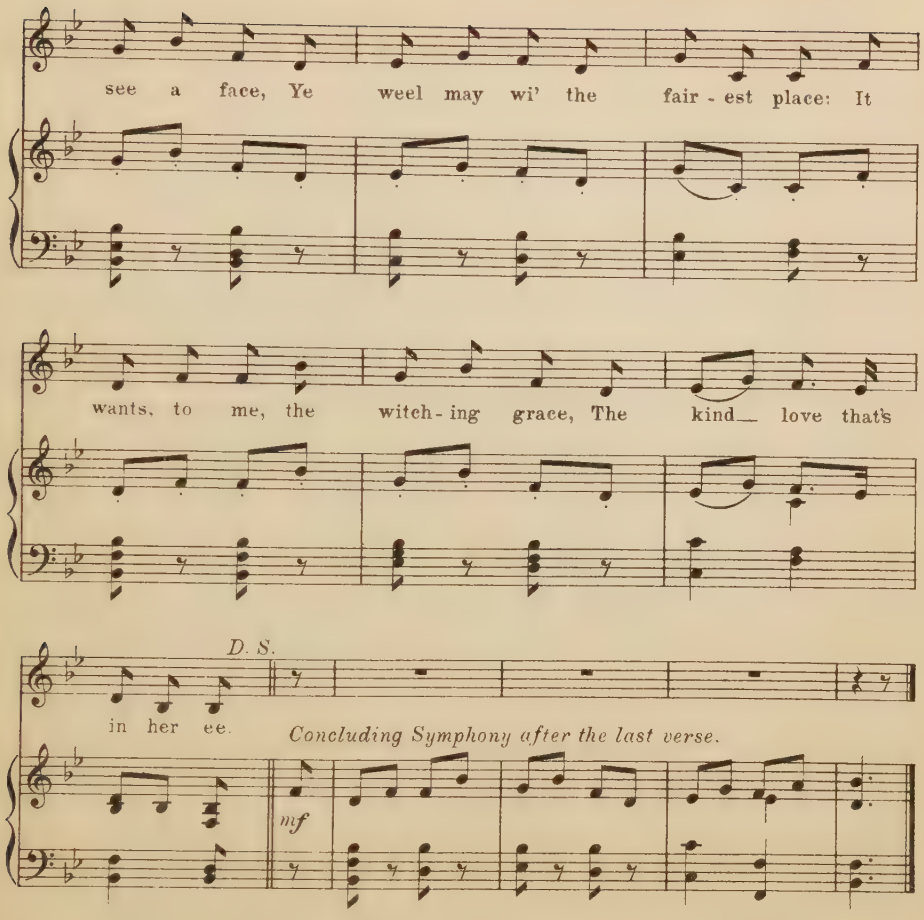
I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin',
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl'd feet,
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin', a swearin',
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin'!

He beggèd, for gudesake! I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow:
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

This is no my ain Lassie.

Tune: "*This is no my ain house.*"


Allegro moderato.
Piano.
mf
mf
(0) This is no my ain las - sie,
Fair tho' the las - sie he; (0) Weel ken I my ain las - sie,
Fine.
p
Kind love is in her ee. I see a form, I
p

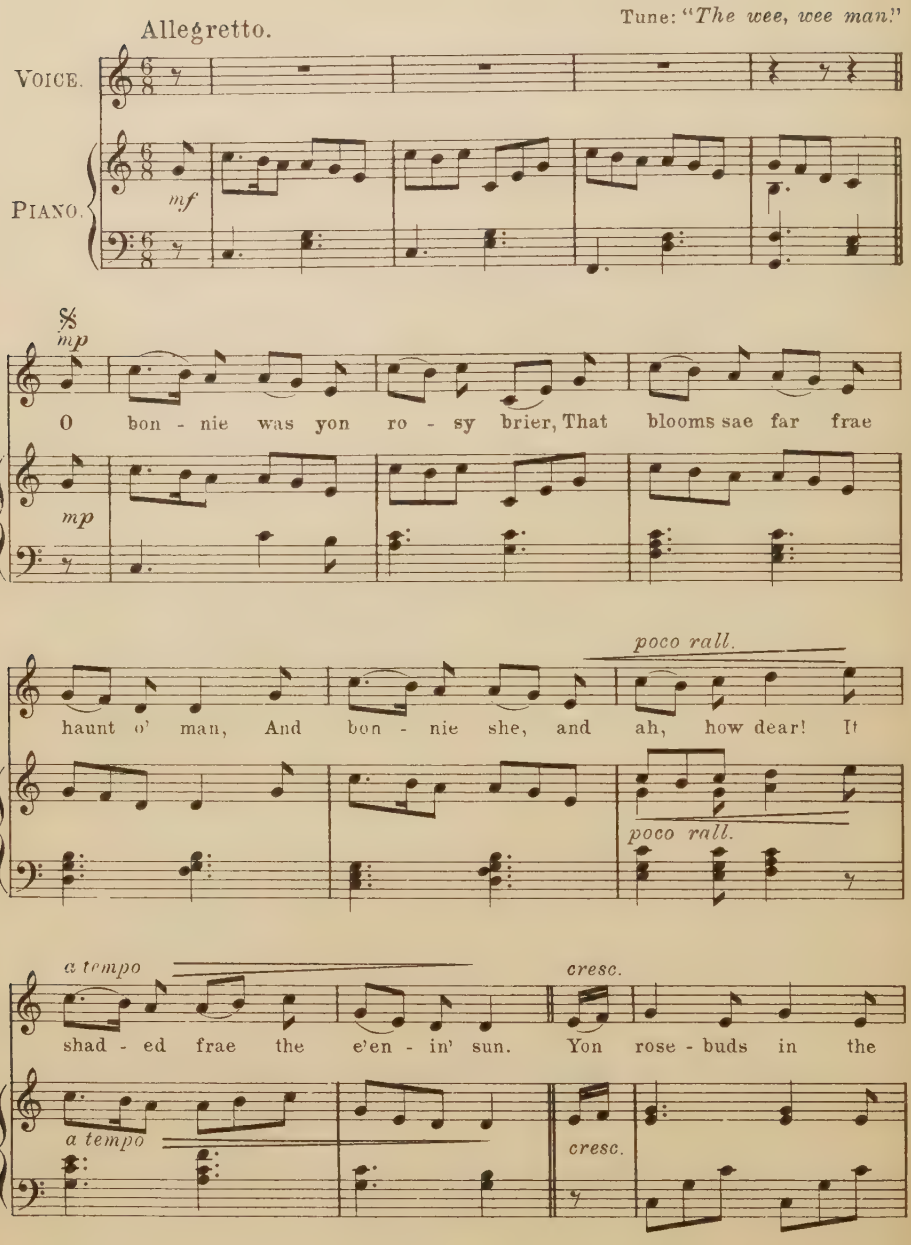

see a face, Ye weel may wi' the fair - est place: It
wants, to me, the witch - ing grace, The kind love that's
D. S.
in her ee.
Concluding Symphony after the last verse.
mf

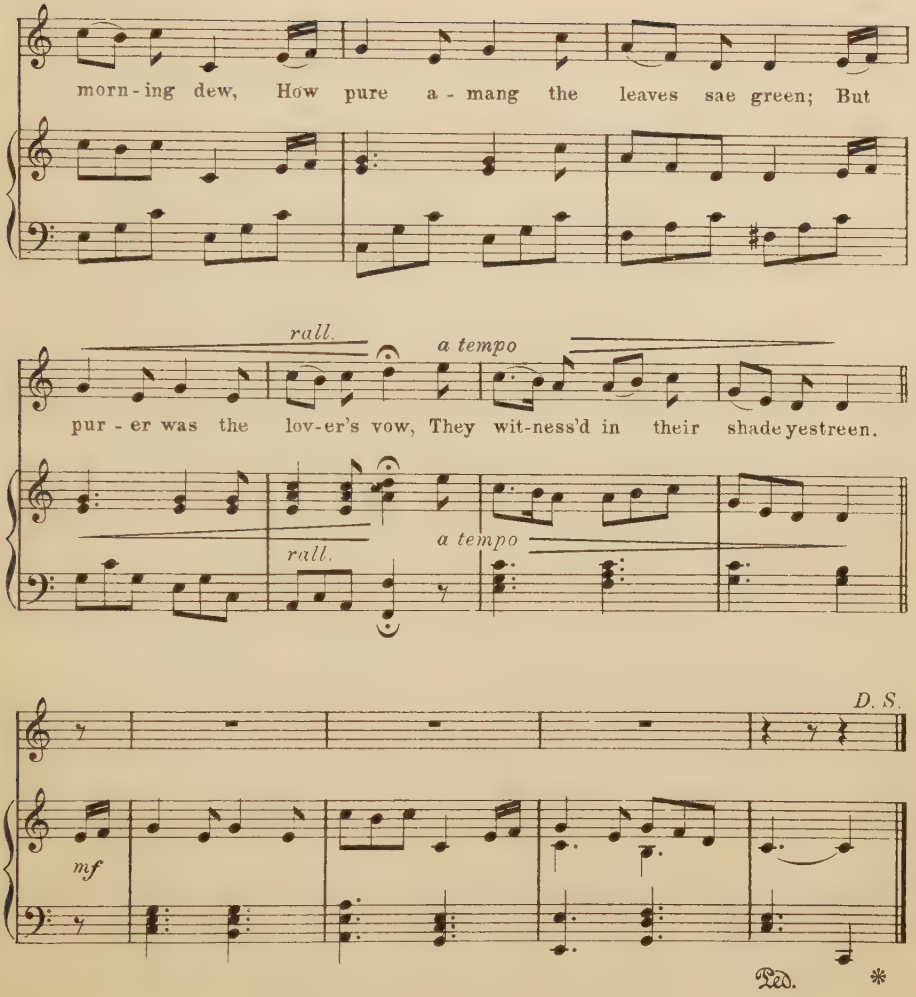
She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And aye it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her ee.
This is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lovers' een,
When kind love is in the ee.
This is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her ee.
This is no, &c.

O bonnie was yon rosy Brier.


Tune: "The wee, wee man."
Allegretto.
VOICE.
PIANO.
mf
mp
O bon - nie was yon ro - sy brier, That blooms sae far frae
mp
haunt o' man, And bon - nie she, and ah, how dear! It
poco rall.
poco rall.
a tempo
shad - ed frae the e'en - in' sun. Yon rose - buds in the
a tempo
cresc.
cresc.

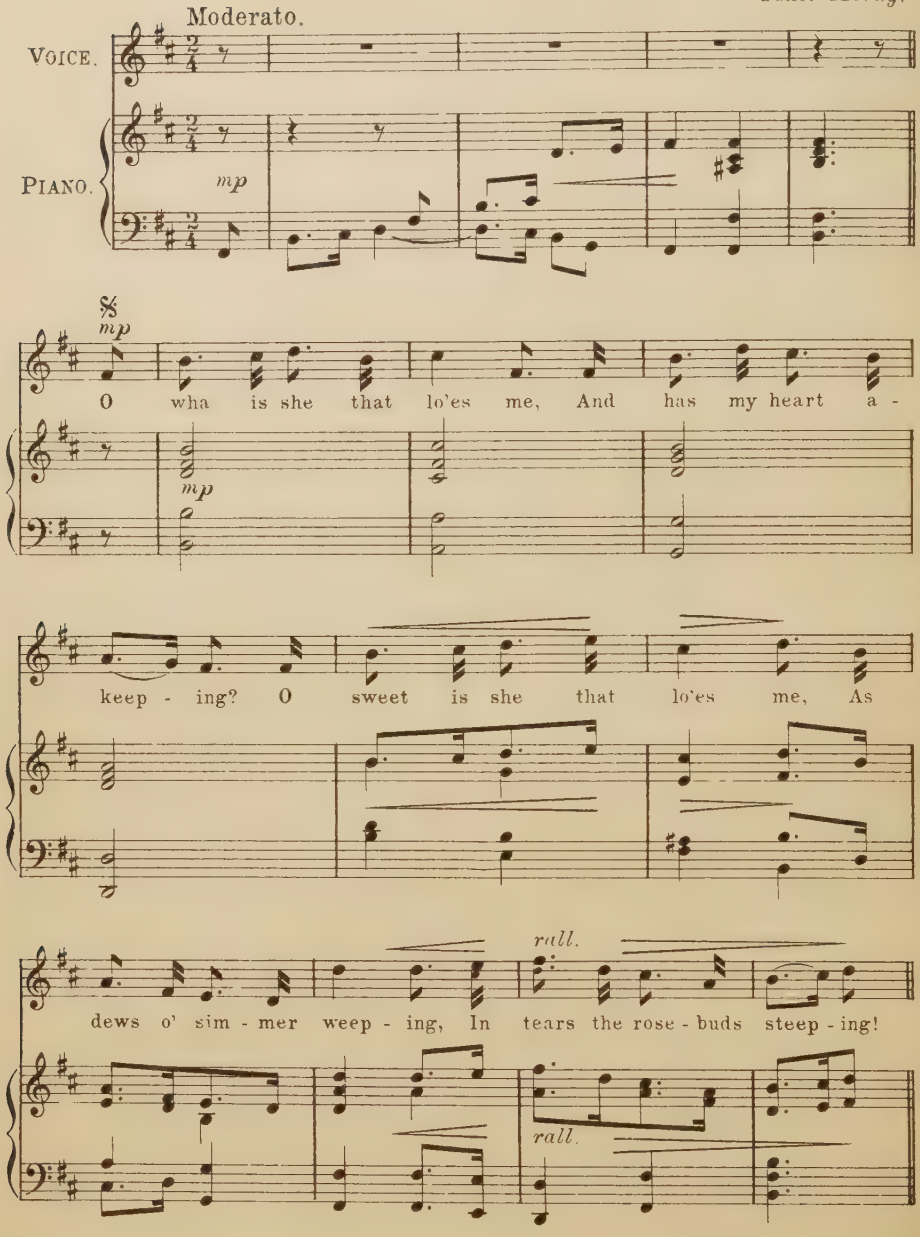


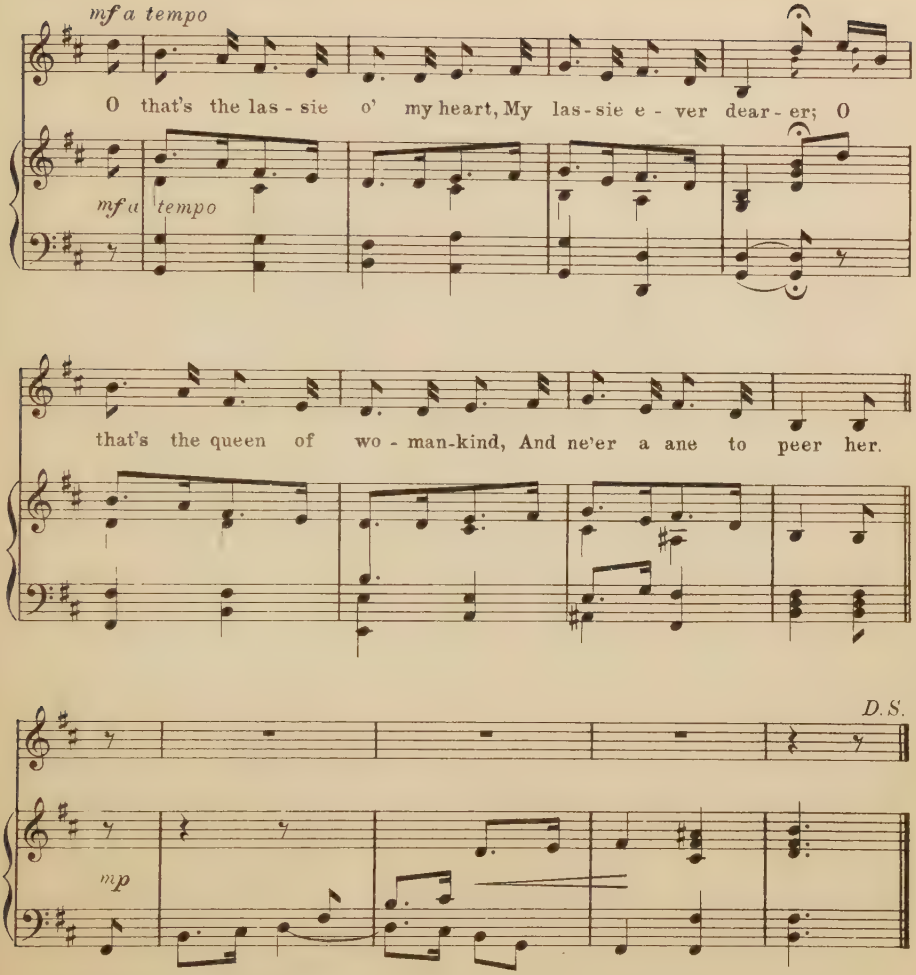
All in its rude and prickly bower,
That crimson rose, how sweet and fair!
But love is far a sweeter flower,
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
And I the world, nor wish, nor scorn,
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

O wha is she that lo'es me.

Tune: "*Morag.*"


Moderato.
Voice.
Piano.
mp
O wha is she that lo'es me, And has my heart a -
keep - ing? O sweet is she that lo'es me, As
rall.
dews o' sim - mer weep - ing, In tears the rose - buds steep - ing!
rall.


mf a tempo
O that's the las - sie o' my heart, My las-sie e - ver dear - er; O
mf a tempo
that's the queen of wo - man-kind, And ne'er a ane to peer her.
D.S.
mp

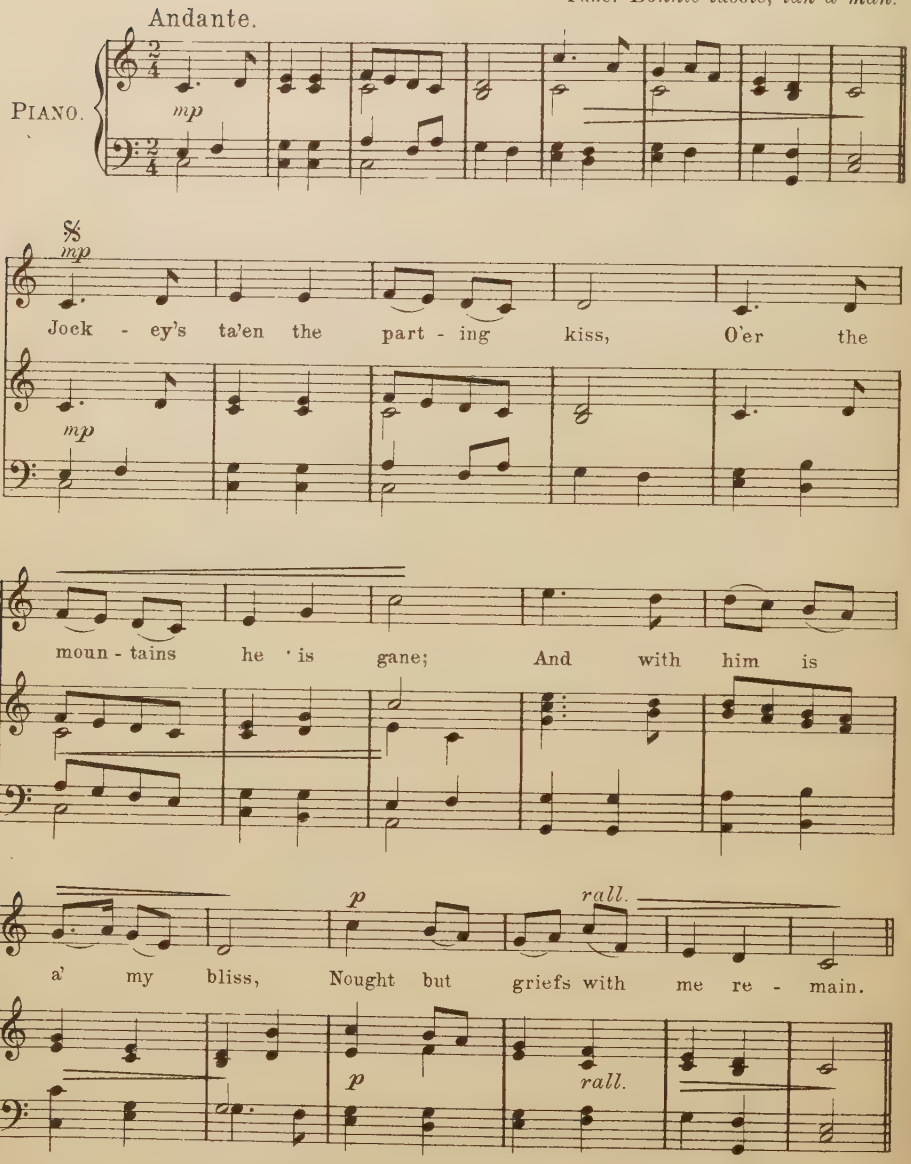
If thou shalt meet a lassie,
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
Had ne'er sic powers alarming:
O that's the lassie, &c.

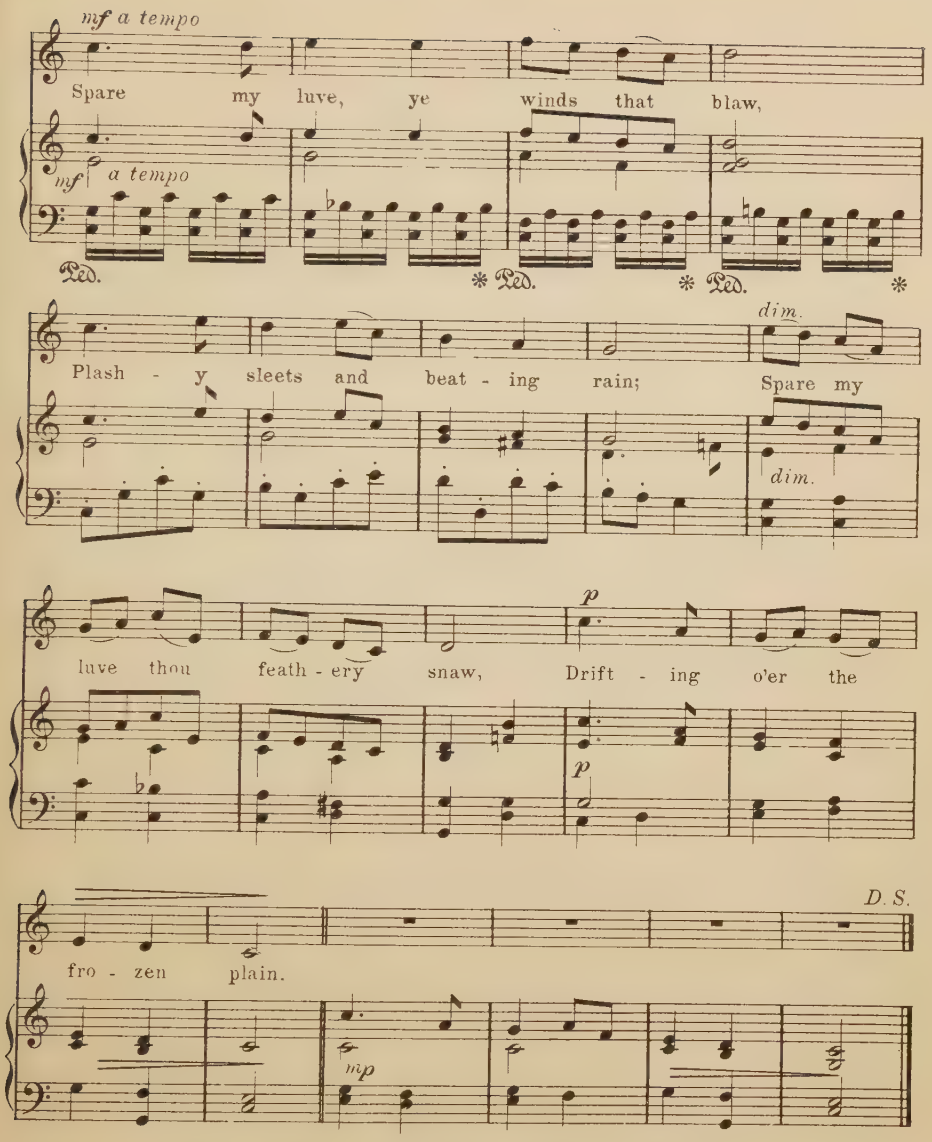
If thou hadst heard her talking,
And thy attention's plighted,
That ilka body talking,
But her by thee is slighted;
And thou art all delighted:
O that's the lassie, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one,
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other fair one,
But her thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken-hearted:
O that's the lassie, &c.

Jockey's ta'en the parting Kiss.

Tune: "*Bonnie lassie, tak a man.*"

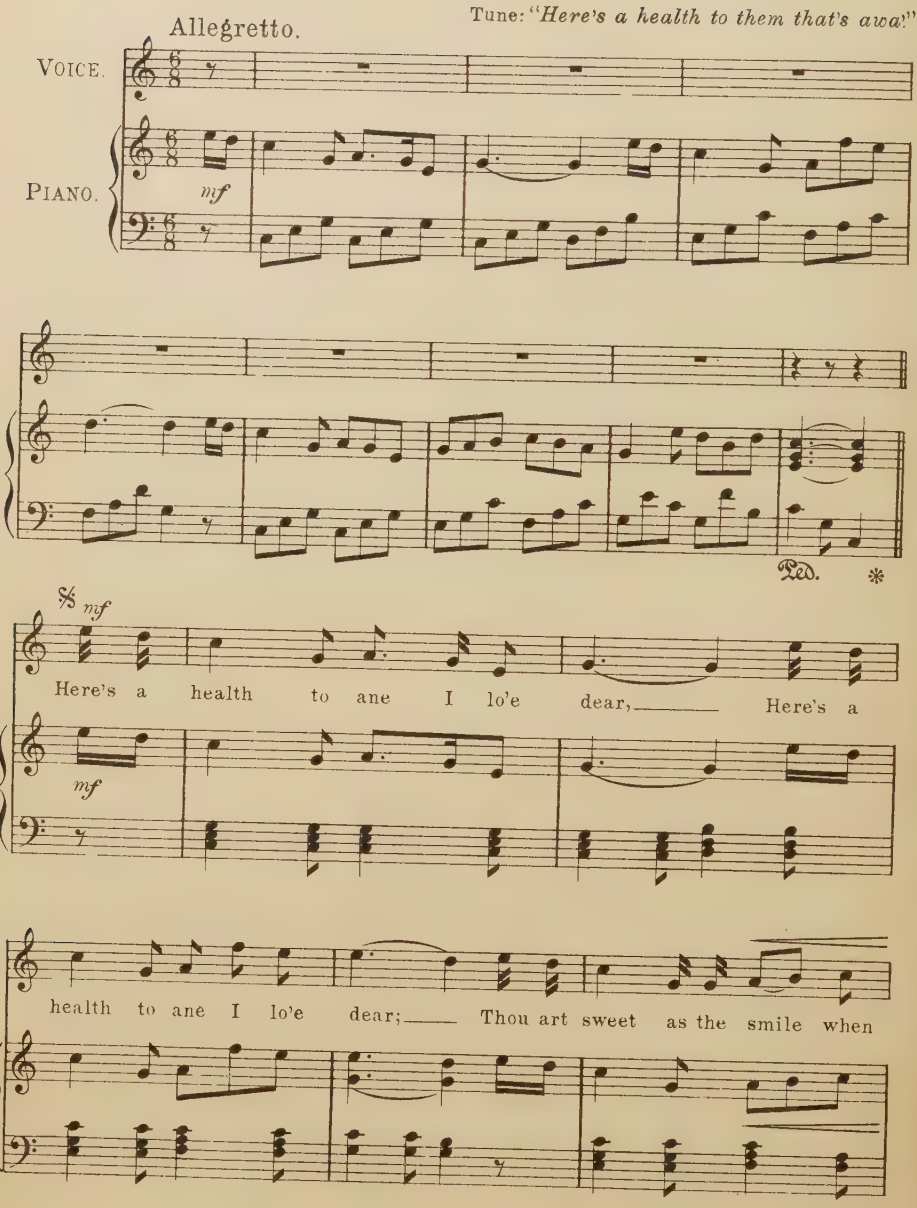

Andante.
PIANO.
mp
Jock - ey's ta'en the part - ing kiss, O'er the
moun - tains he is gane; And with him is
a' my bliss, Nought but griefs with me re - main.
p
rall.

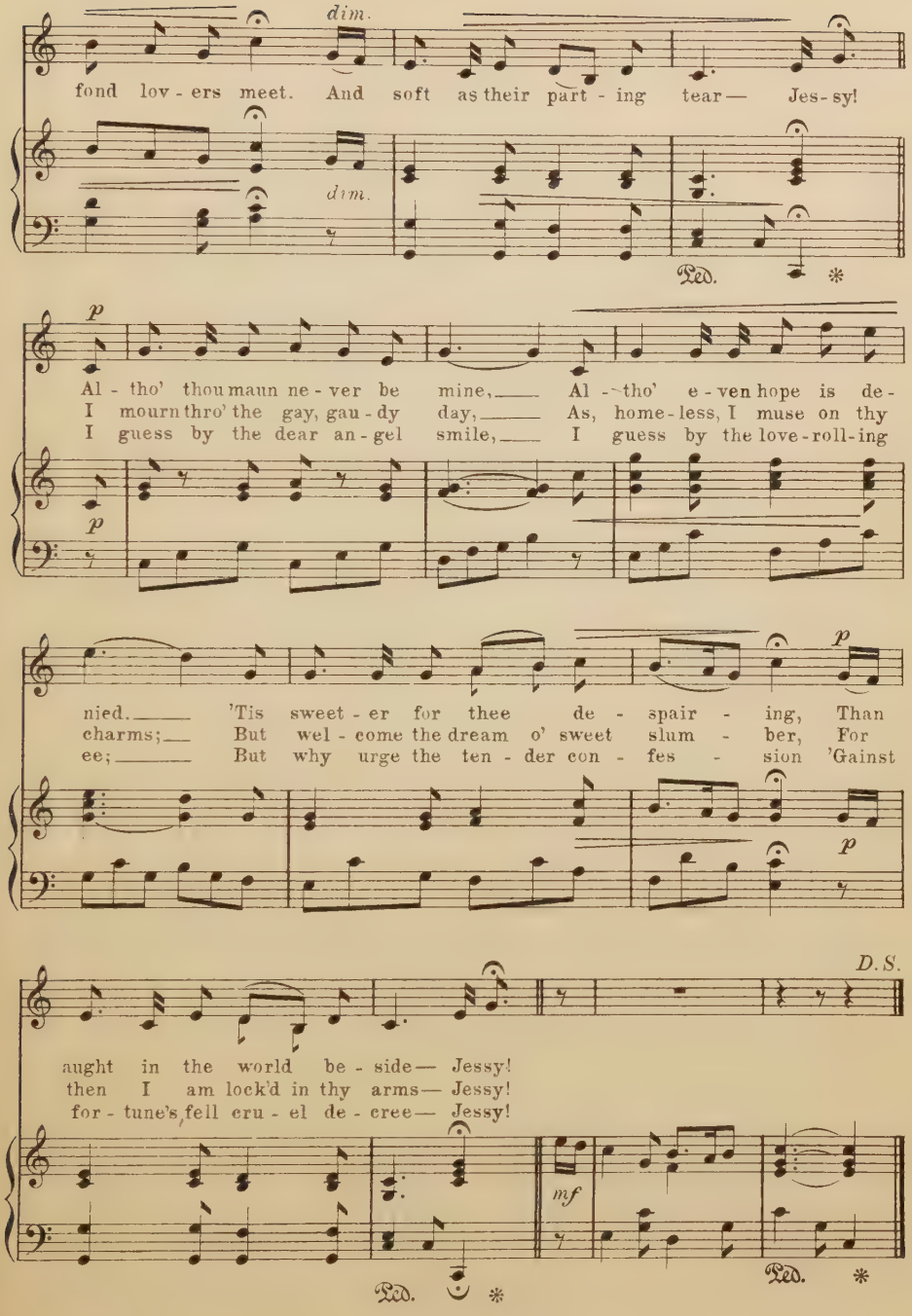

mf a tempo
Spare my luve, ye winds that blaw,
mf a tempo
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
dim.
Plash - y sleets and beat - ing rain; Spare my
dim.
p
luve thou feath - ery snaw, Drift - ing o'er the
p
D. S.
fro - zen plain.
mp

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladsome ee,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blythe his waukening be!
He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at hame.

Jessy.

Tune: "*Here's a health to them that's awa!*"

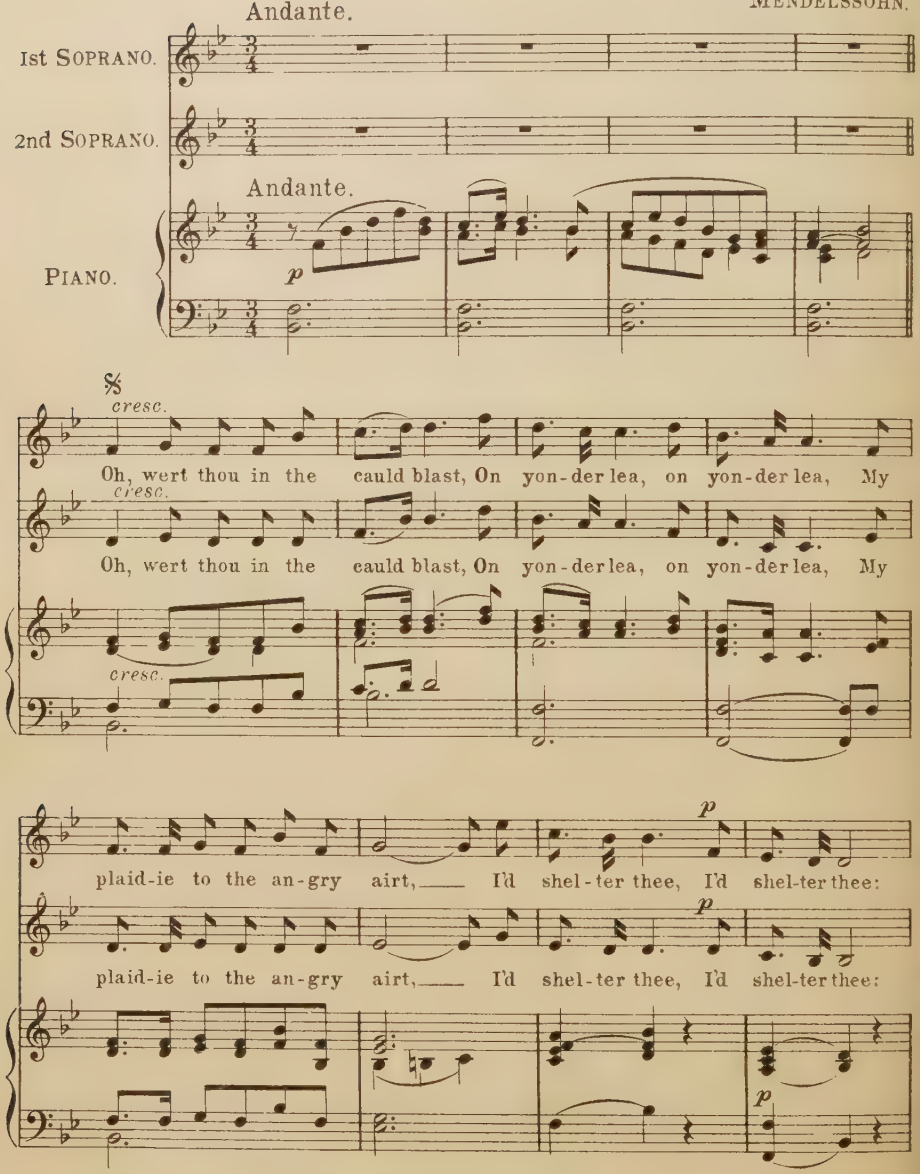


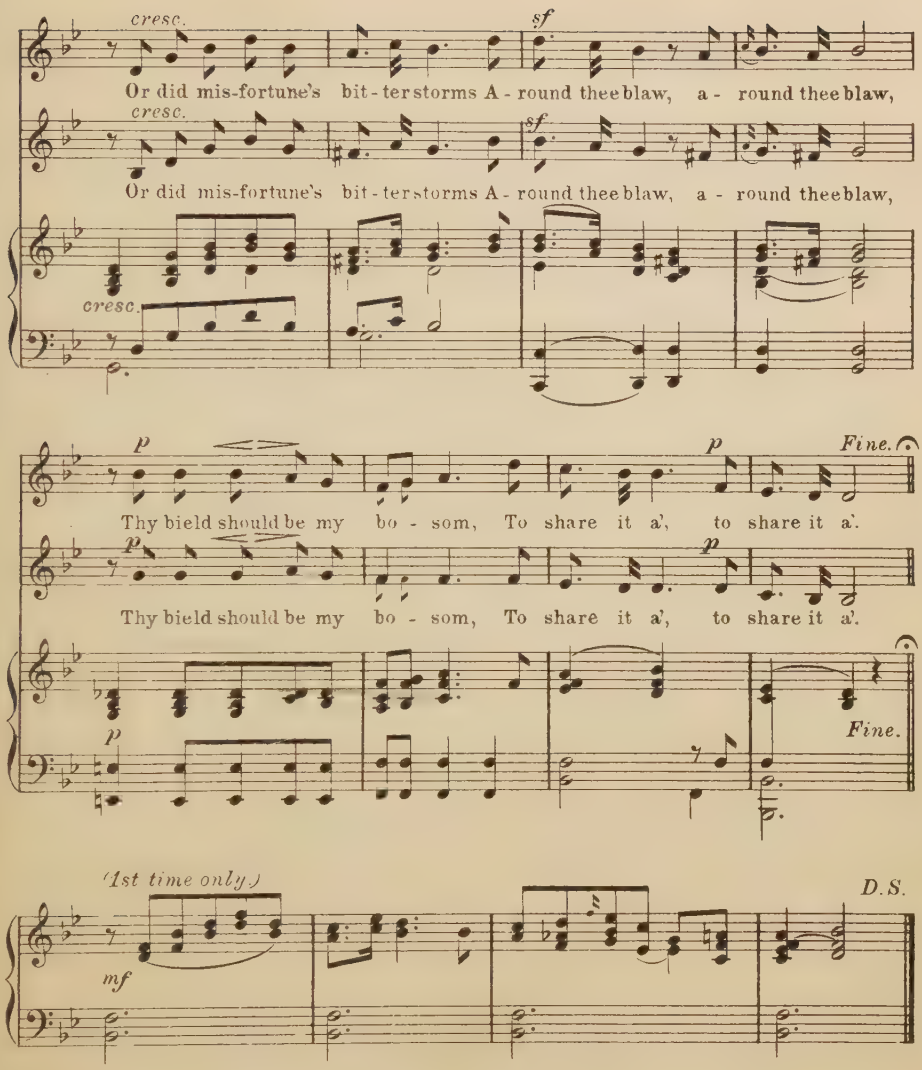

dim.
fond lov - ers meet. And soft as their part - ing tear— Jes - sy!
dim.
Ped. *
p
Al - tho' thou maun ne - ver be mine, Al - tho' e - ven hope is de -
I mourn thro' the gay, gau - dy day, As, home - less, I muse on thy
I guess by the dear an - gel smile, I guess by the love - roll - ing
p
p
nied. 'Tis sweet - er for thee de - spair - ing, Than
charms; But wel - come the dream o' sweet slum - ber, For
ee; But why urge the ten - der con - fes - sion 'Gainst
p
D.S.
aught in the world be - side— Jessy!
then I am lock'd in thy arms— Jessy!
for - tune's fell cru - el de - cree— Jessy!
mf
Ped. *
Ped. *

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast.

(DUET.)

MENDELSSOHN.

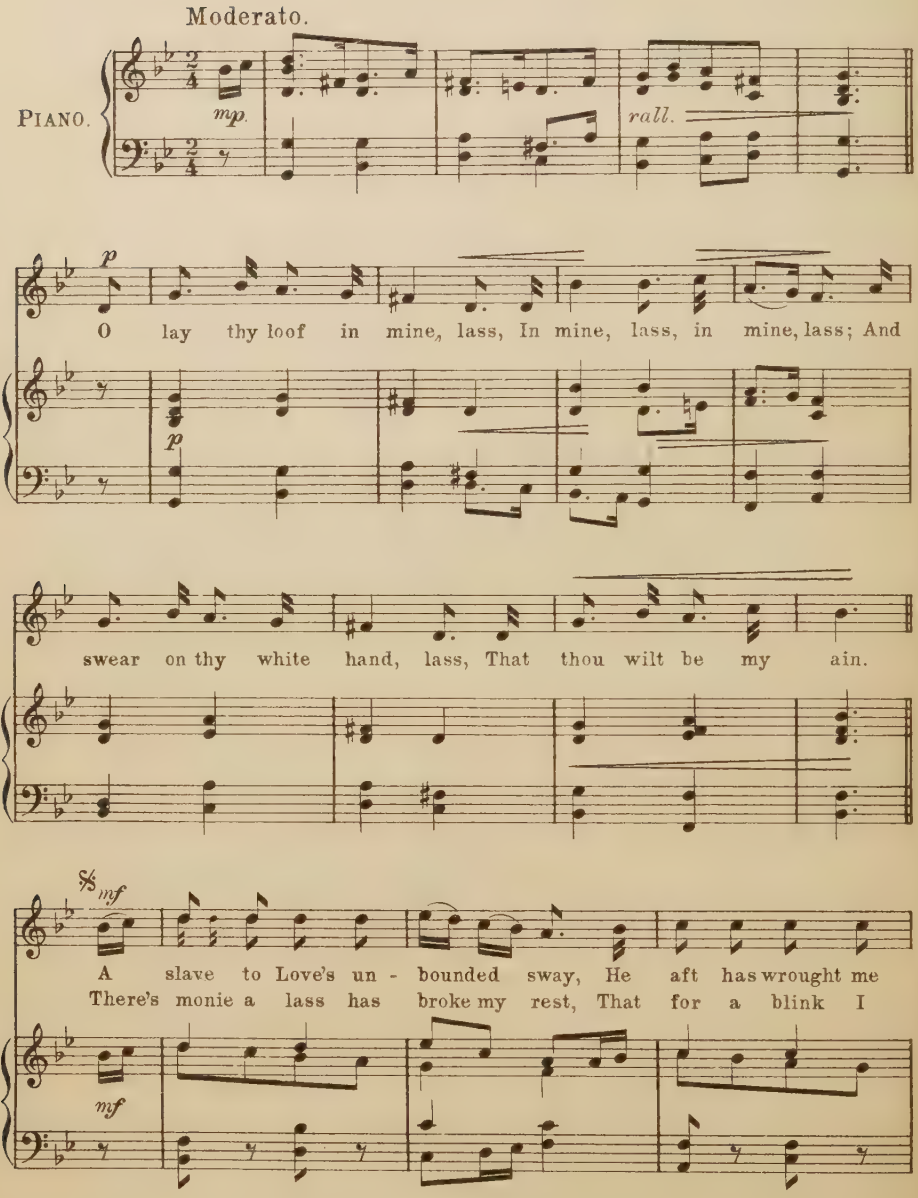

Andante.
1st SOPRANO.
2nd SOPRANO.
Andante.
PIANO.
p
cresc.
Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast, On yon-der lea, on yon-der lea, My
cresc.
Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast, On yon-der lea, on yon-der lea, My
cresc.
p
plaid-ie to the an-gry airt, I'd shel-ter thee, I'd shel-ter thee:
p
plaid-ie to the an-gry airt, I'd shel-ter thee, I'd shel-ter thee:
p

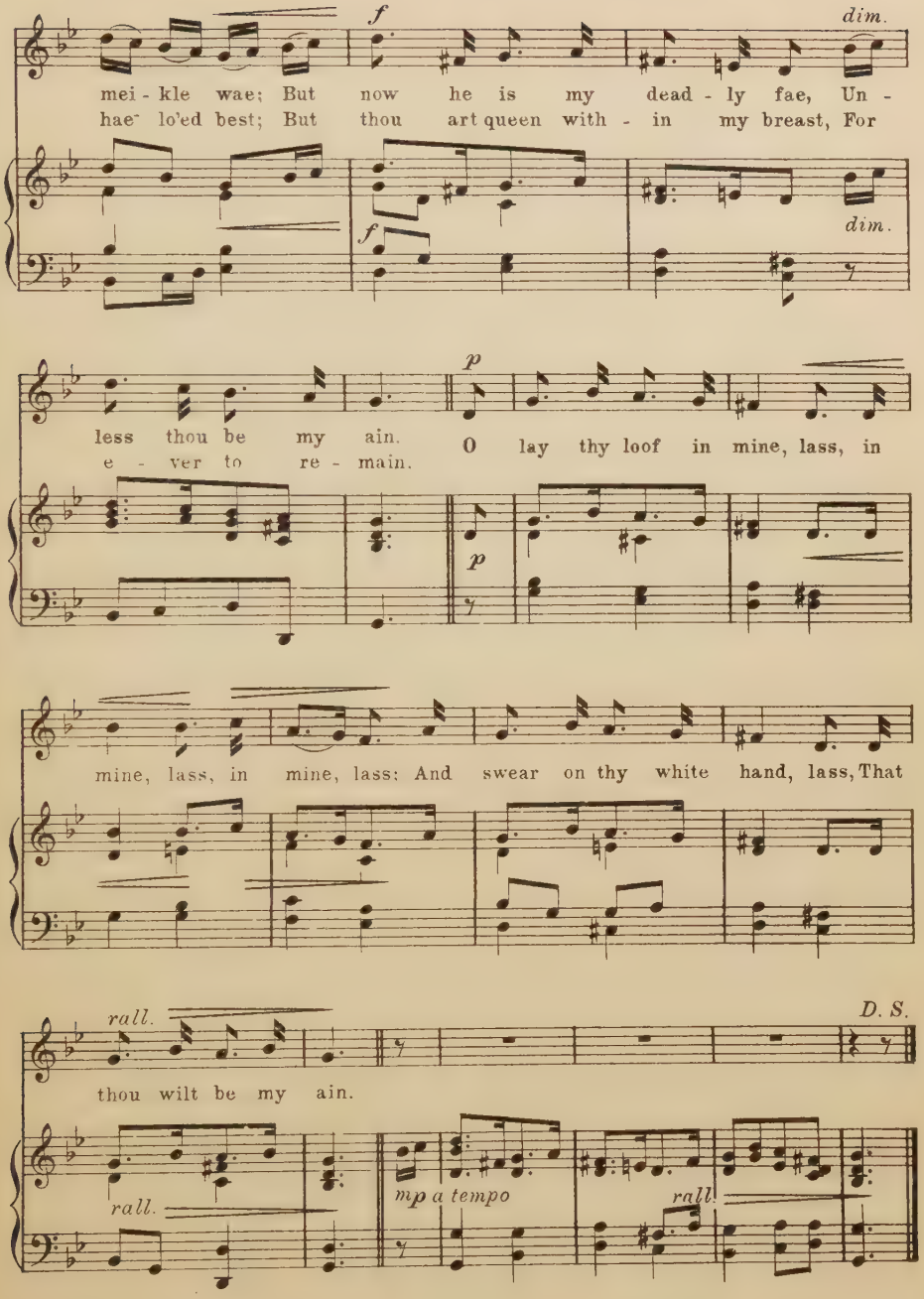


Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there:
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

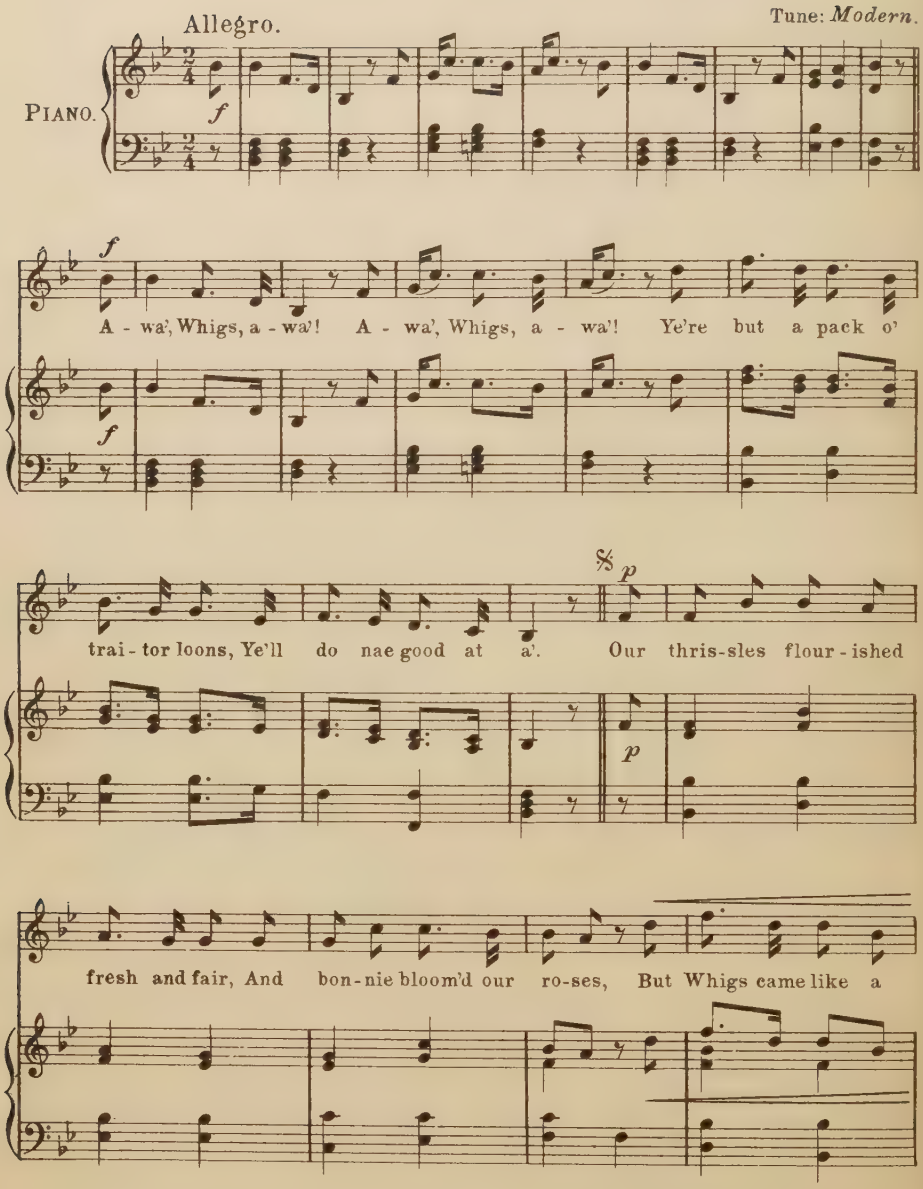
O lay thy loof in mine, Lass.

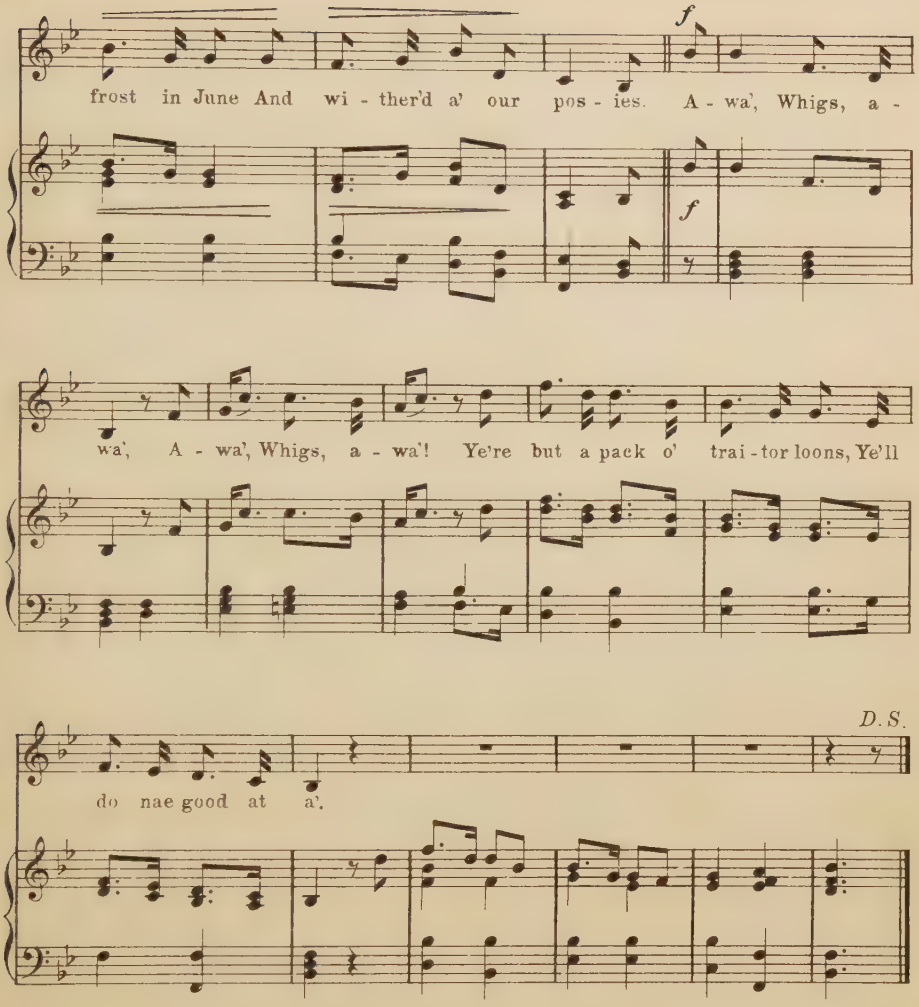
Tune: "*Cordwainer's March.*"


Moderato.
PIANO.
mp
rall.
p
O lay thy loof in mine, lass, In mine, lass, in mine, lass; And
p
swear on thy white hand, lass, That thou wilt be my ain.
mf
A slave to Love's un - bounded sway, He aft has wrought me
There's monie a lass has broke my rest, That for a blink I
mf


f
dim.
mei - kle wae; But now he is my dead - ly fae, Un -
hae- lo'ed best; But thou art queen with - in my breast, For
f
dim.
p
less thou be my ain.
e - ver to re - main.
O lay thy loof in mine, lass, in
p
mine, lass, in mine, lass: And swear on thy white hand, lass, That
rall.
D. S.
thou wilt be my ain.
rall.
mp a tempo
rall.

Awa', Whigs, awa'!


Allegro.
Tune: *Modern.*
Piano.
A - wa', Whigs, a - wa'! A - wa', Whigs, a - wa'! Ye're but a pack o'
trai - tor loons, Ye'll do nae good at a'. Our thris-sles flour - ished
fresh and fair, And bon - nie bloom'd our ro-ses, But Whigs came like a



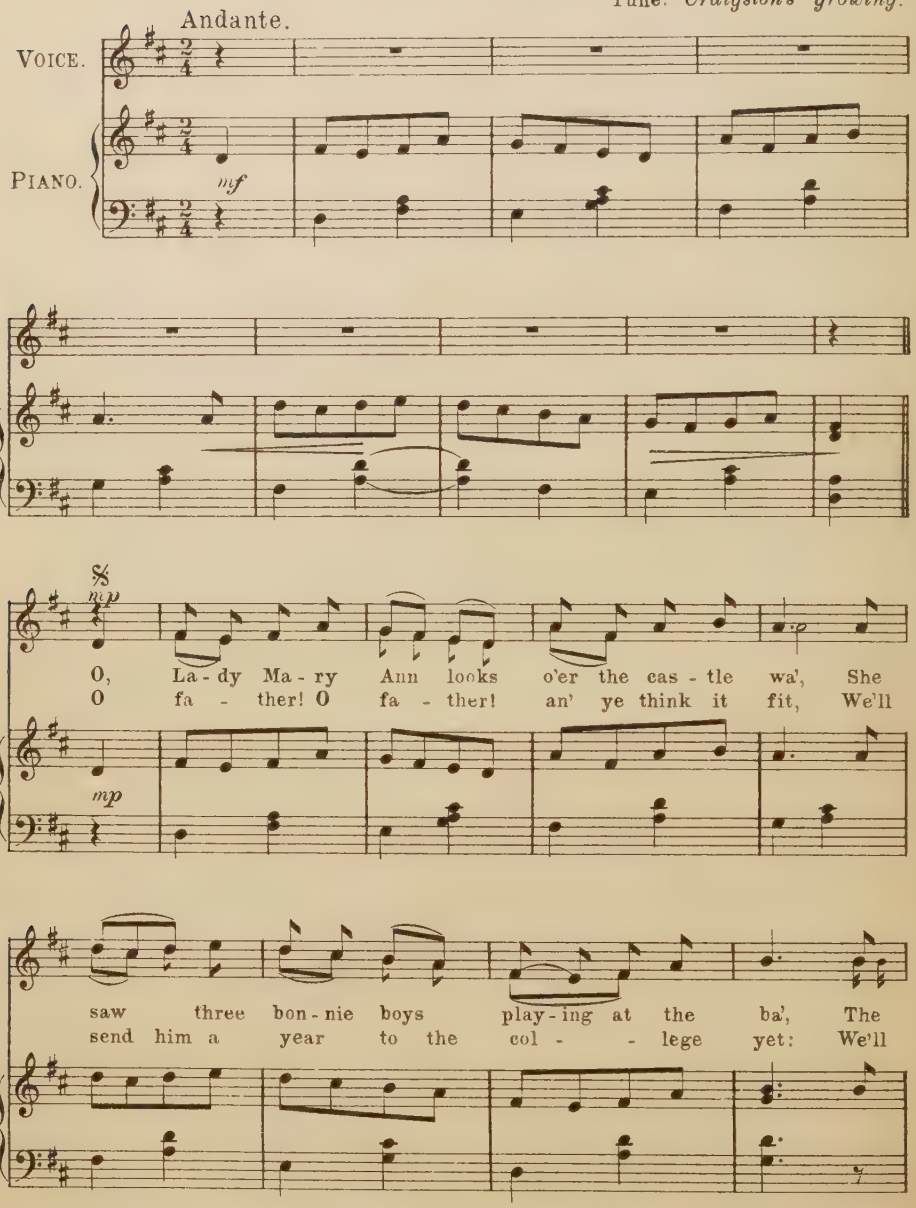
Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust—
Deil blin' them wi' the stour o't;
And write their name in his black beuk
Wha gae the Whigs the power o't.
Awa', Whigs, &c.

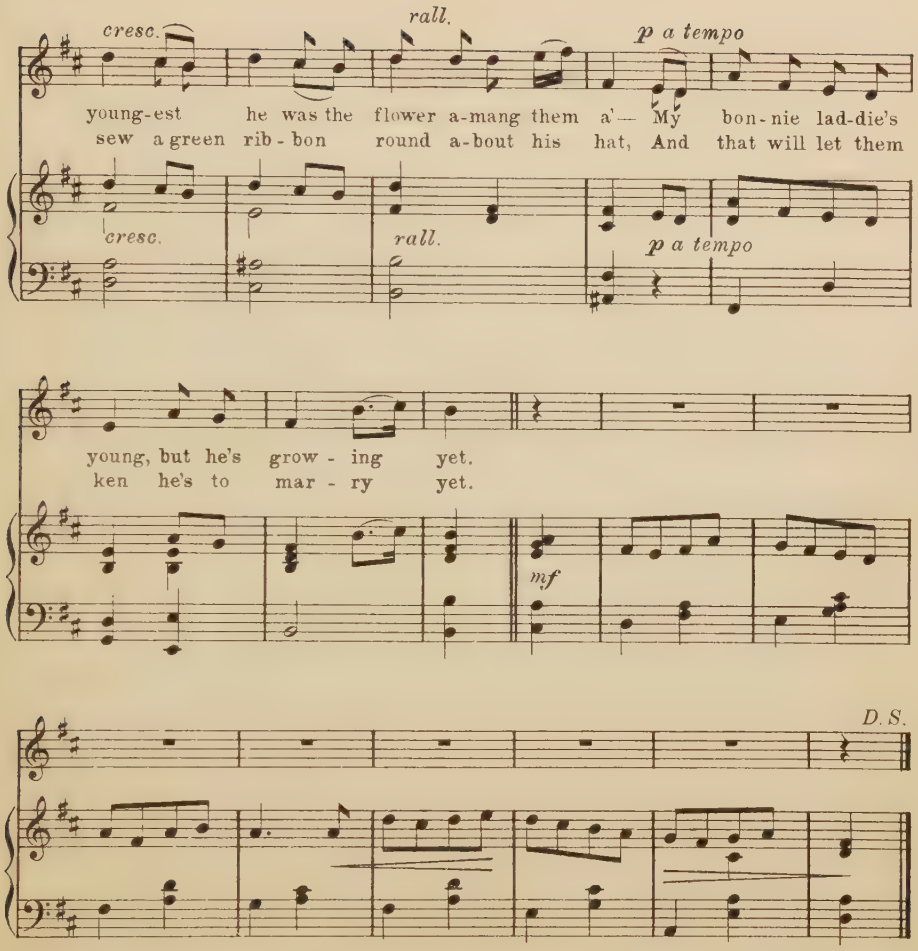
Our sad decay in Church and State
Surpasses my describing;
The Whigs came o'er us for a curse,
And we hae done wi' thriving.
Awa', Whigs, &c.

Grim Vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
But we may see him wauken;
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin.
Awa', Whigs, &c.

Lady Mary Ann.

Tune: "*Craigston's growing!*"


Andante.
VOICE.
PIANO.
mf
mp
O, La - dy Ma - ry Ann looks o'er the cas - tle wa', She
O fa - ther! O fa - ther! an' ye think it fit, We'll
mp
saw three bon - nie boys play - ing at the ba', The
send him a year to the col - - lege yet: We'll



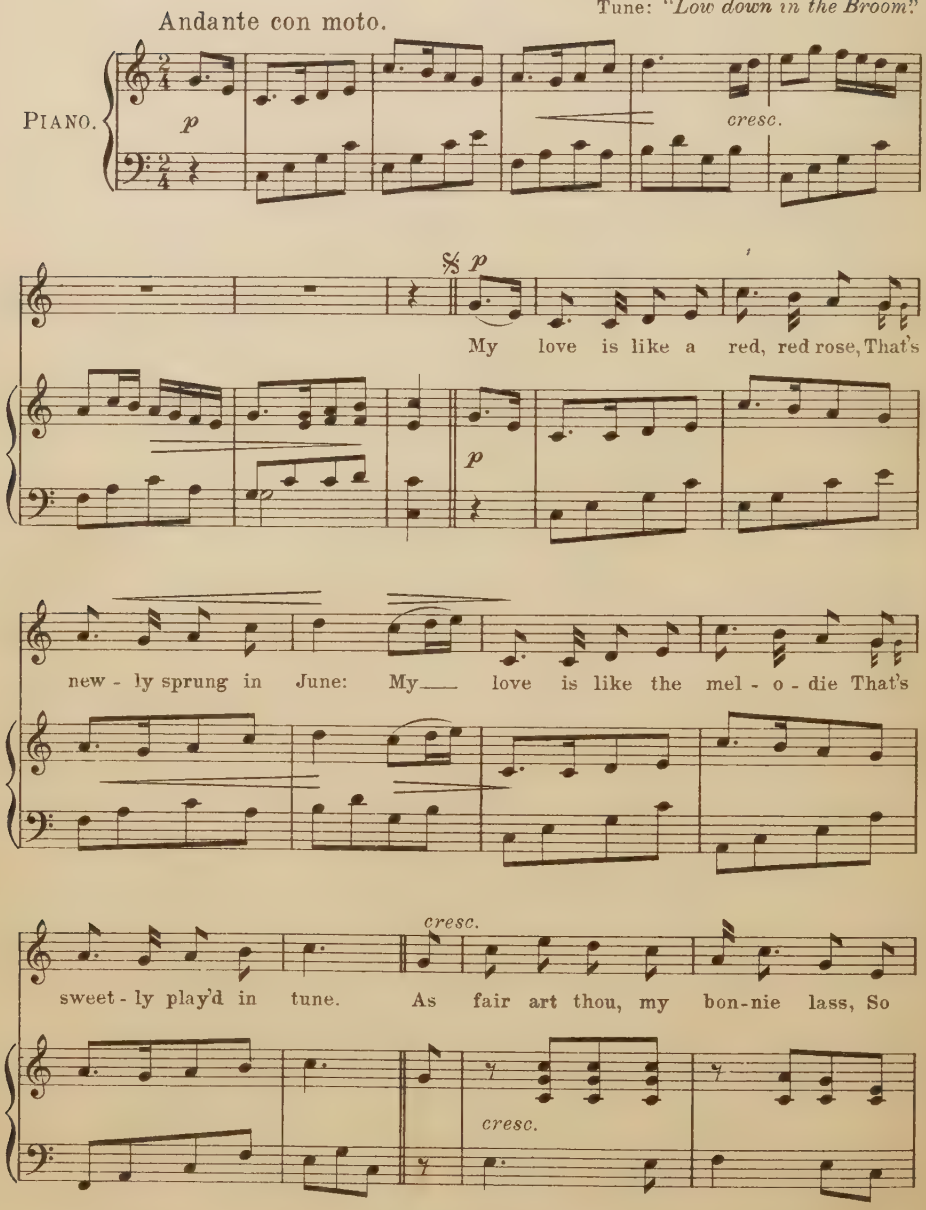
Lady Mary Ann was a flower i' the dew,
Sweet was its smell, and bonnie was its hue;
And the langer it blossom'd the sweeter it grew;
For the lily in the bud will be bonnier yet.

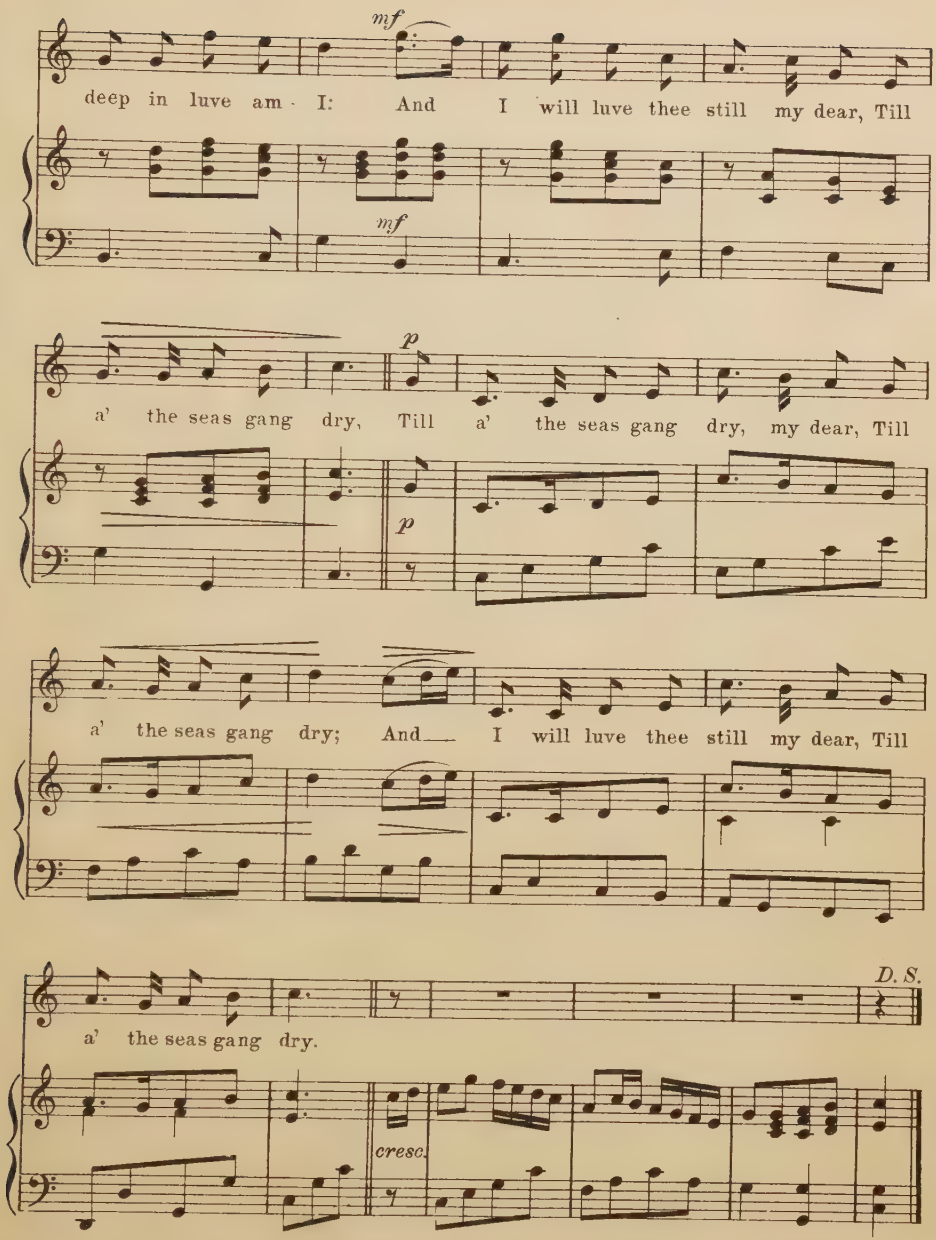
Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik;
Bonnie and bloomin' and straught was its make:
The sun took delight to shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa' that we hae seen;
But far better days I trust will come again,
For my bonnie laddie's young, but he's growin' yet.

My love is like a red, red Rose.

Tune: *"Low down in the Broom."*


Andante con moto.
Piano.
p
cresc.
p
My love is like a red, red rose, That's
new - ly sprung in June: My love is like the mel - o - die That's
cresc.
sweet - ly play'd in tune. As fair art thou, my bon-nie lass, So
cresc.

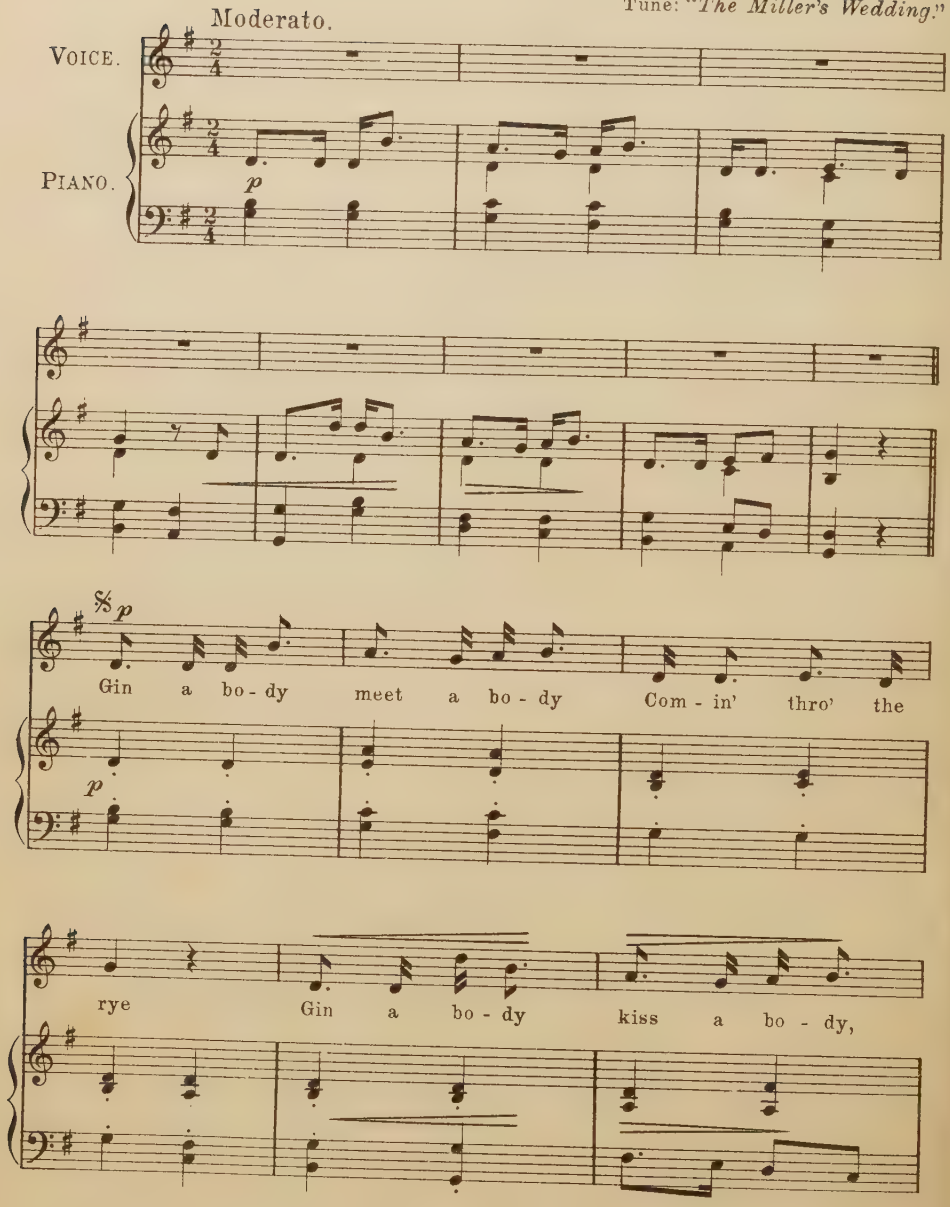

mf
deep in luve am - I: And I will luve thee still my dear, Till
mf
p
a' the seas gang dry, Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, Till
p
a' the seas gang dry; And I will luve thee still my dear, Till
D. S.
a' the seas gang dry.
cresc.

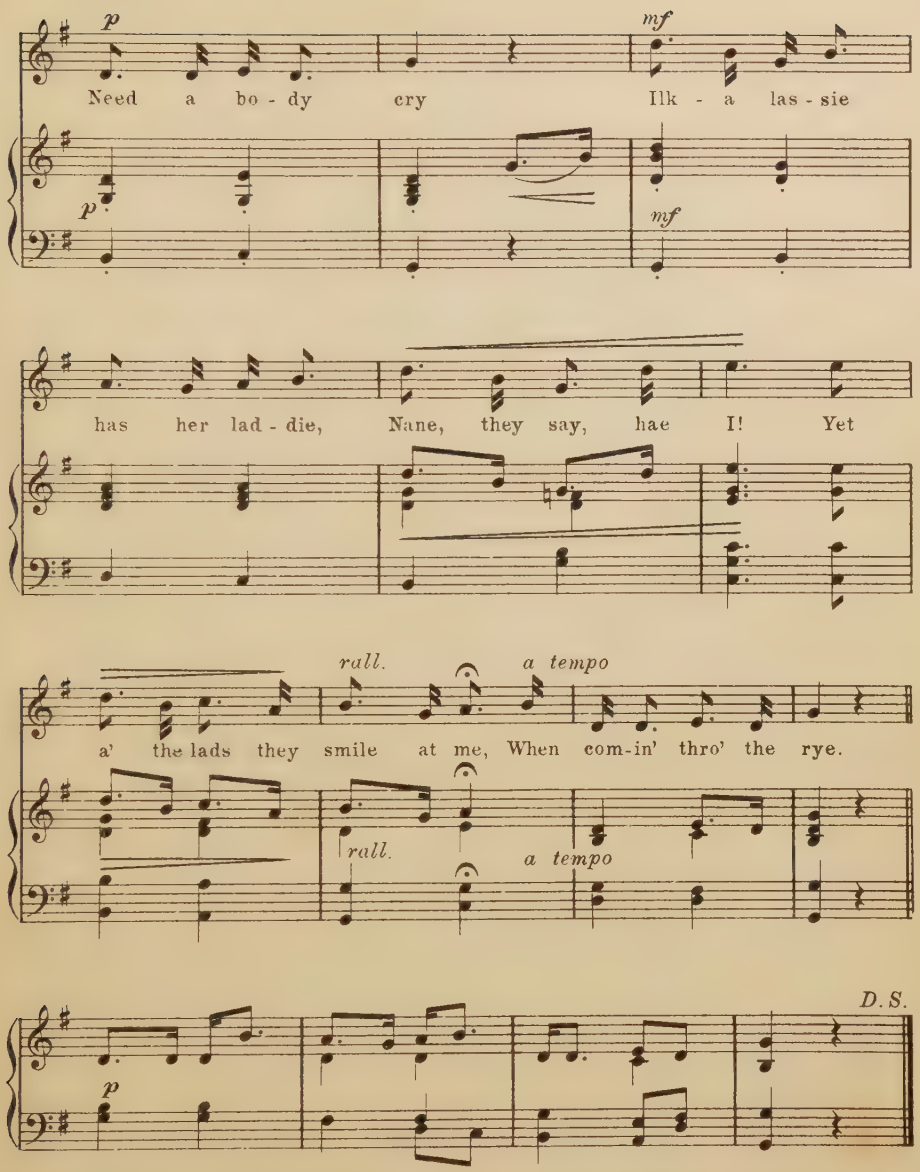
Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
O I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile!
[Tho' it were, etc.]

Comin' through the Rye.

Tune: "*The Miller's Wedding.*"



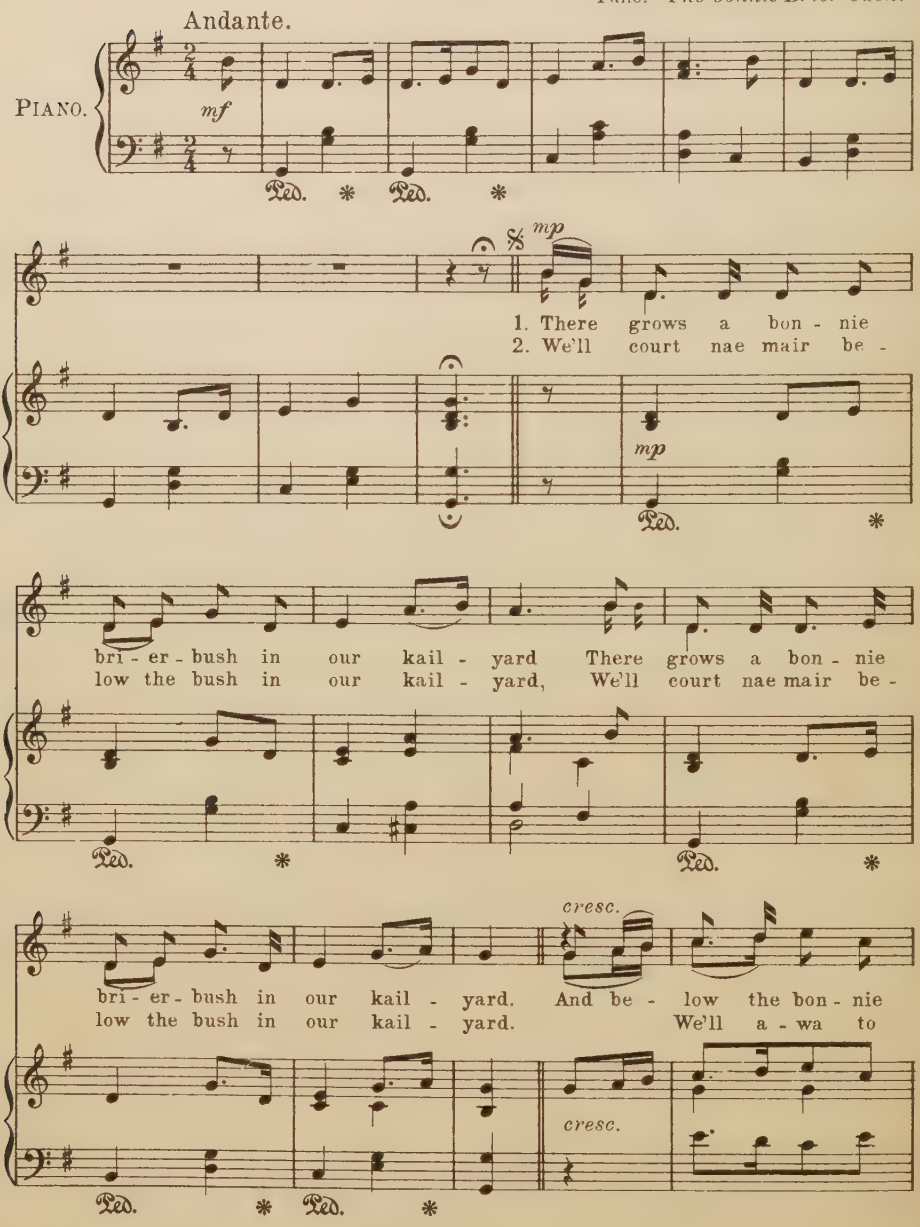


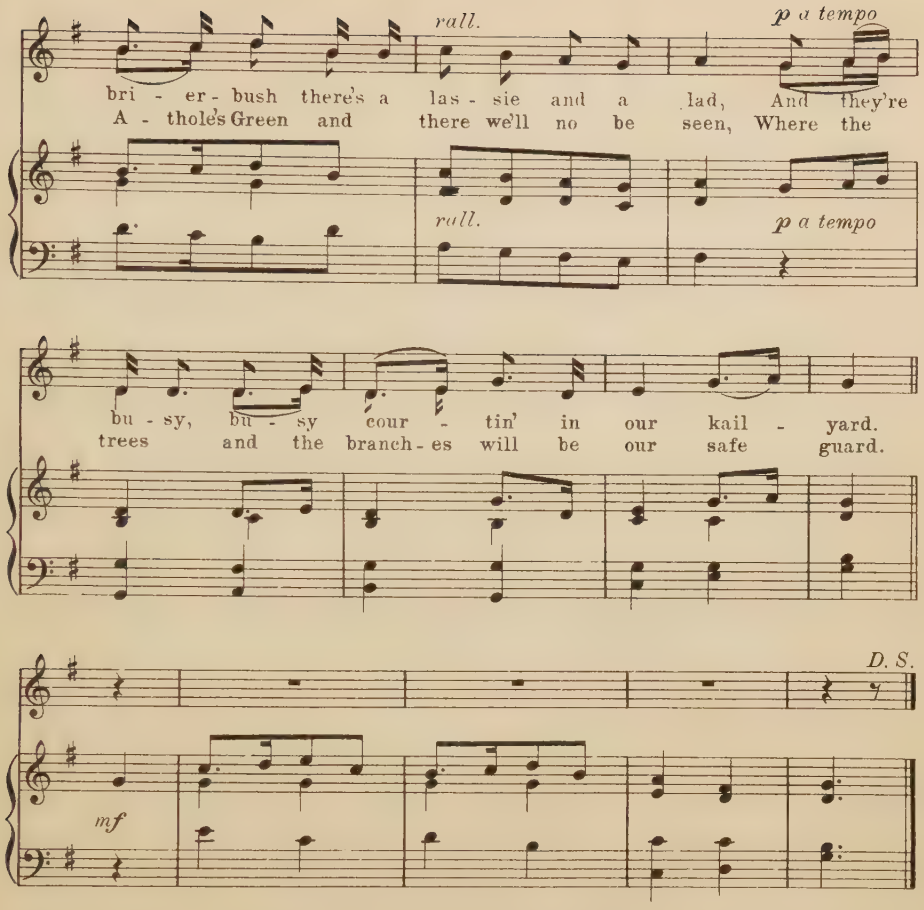
Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the well,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body tell?
Ilka lassie, etc.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the town
Gin a body greet a body
Need a body gloom?
Ilka lassie, etc.

There grows a bonnie Brier-bush.

Tune: *"The bonnie Brier-bush."*


Andante.
PIANO.
mf
Ped. * Ped. *
mp
1. There grows a bon - nie
2. We'll court nae mair be -
mp
Ped. *
bri - er - bush in our kail - yard There grows a bon - nie
low the bush in our kail - yard, We'll court nae mair be -
Ped. * Ped. *
cresc.
bri - er - bush in our kail - yard. And be - low the bon - nie
low the bush in our kail - yard. We'll a - wa to
cresc.
Ped. * Ped. *


rall.
p a tempo
bri - er - bush there's a las - sie and a lad, And they're
A - thole's Green and there we'll no be seen, Where the
rall.
p a tempo
bu - sy, bu - sy cour - tin' in our kail - yard.
trees and the branch - es will be our safe guard.
D. S.
mf

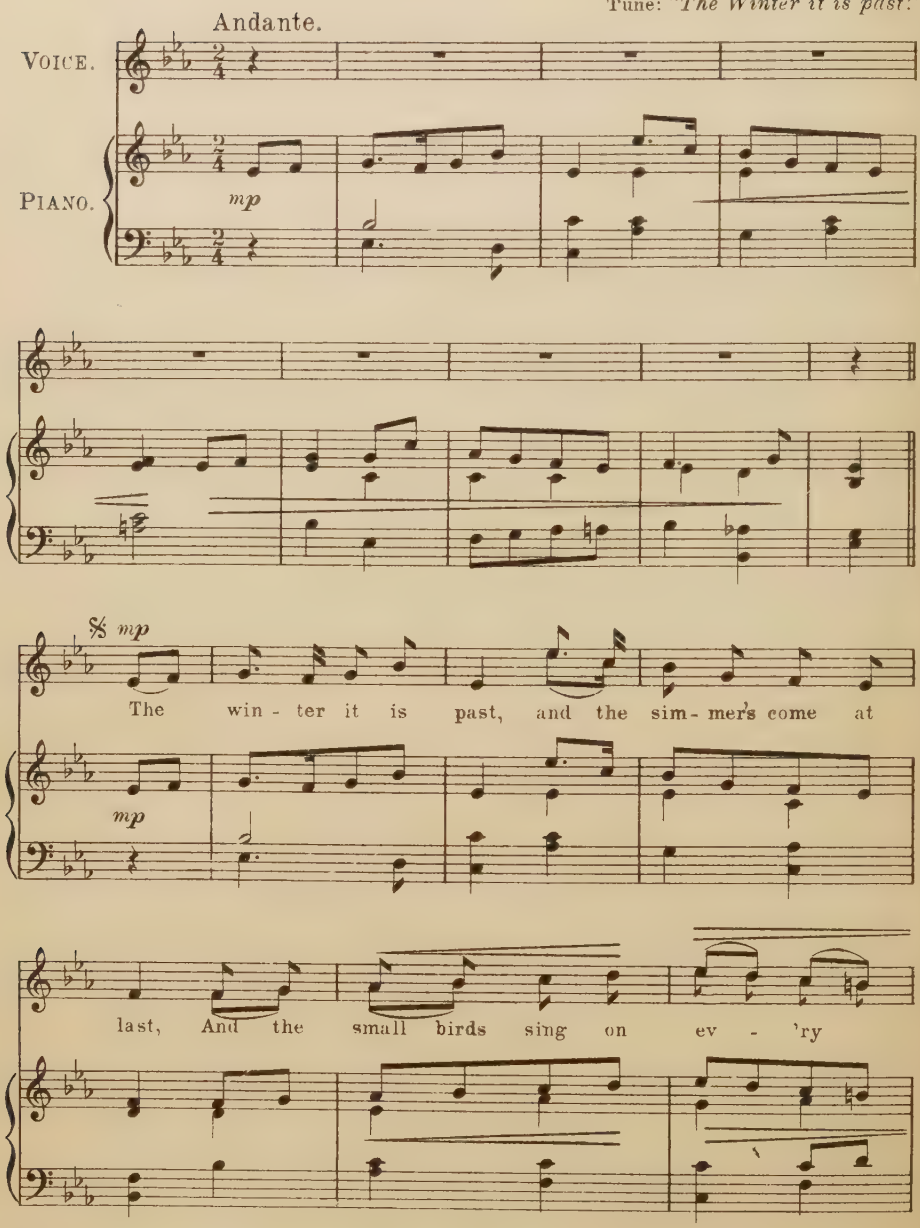
Will ye go to the dancin' in Carlyle ha',
Will ye go to the dancin' in Carlyle ha',
Whare Sandy and Nancy I'm sure will ding them a'?
I winna gang to the dance in Carlyle ha'.

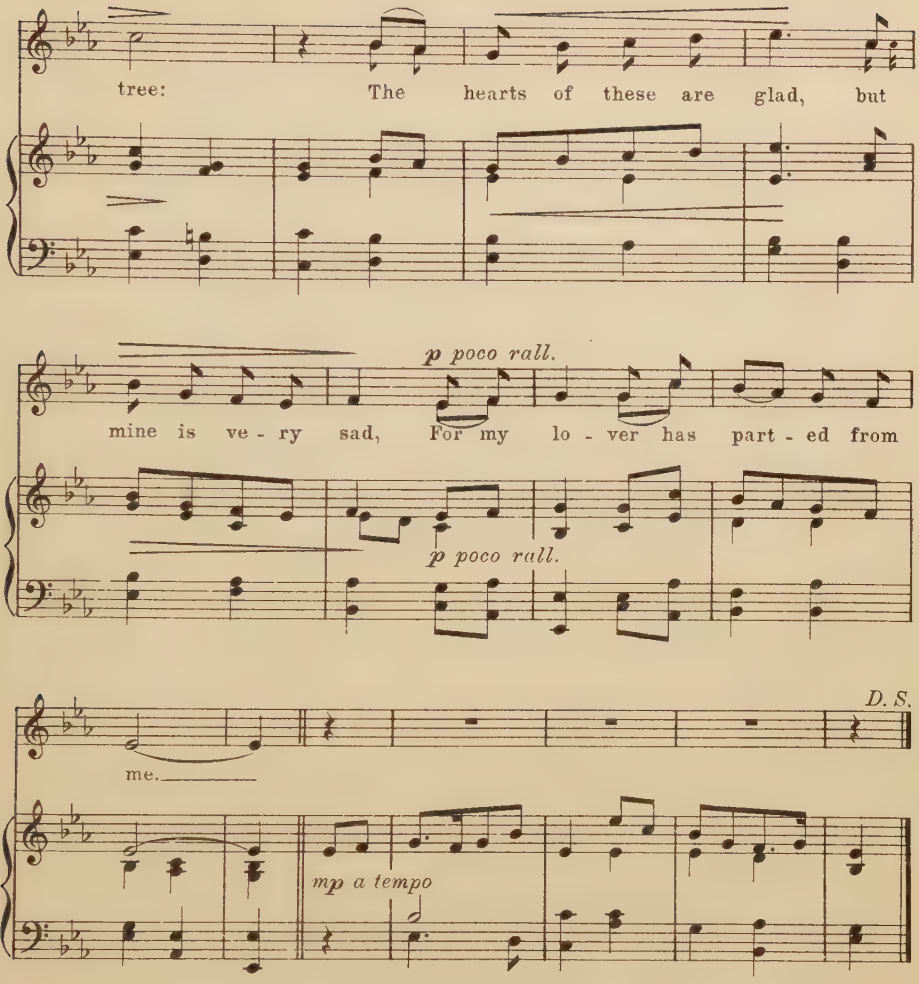
What will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs awa?
What will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs awa?
I will awa to Edinburgh and win a pennie fee,
And see an ony bonnie lad will fancy me.

He's comin' frae the North that's to fancy me,
He's comin' frae the North that's to fancy me;
A feather in his bonnet, and a ribbon at his knee,
He's a bonnie, bonnie laddie, and yon be he.

The Winter it is past.

Tune: *"The Winter it is past."*





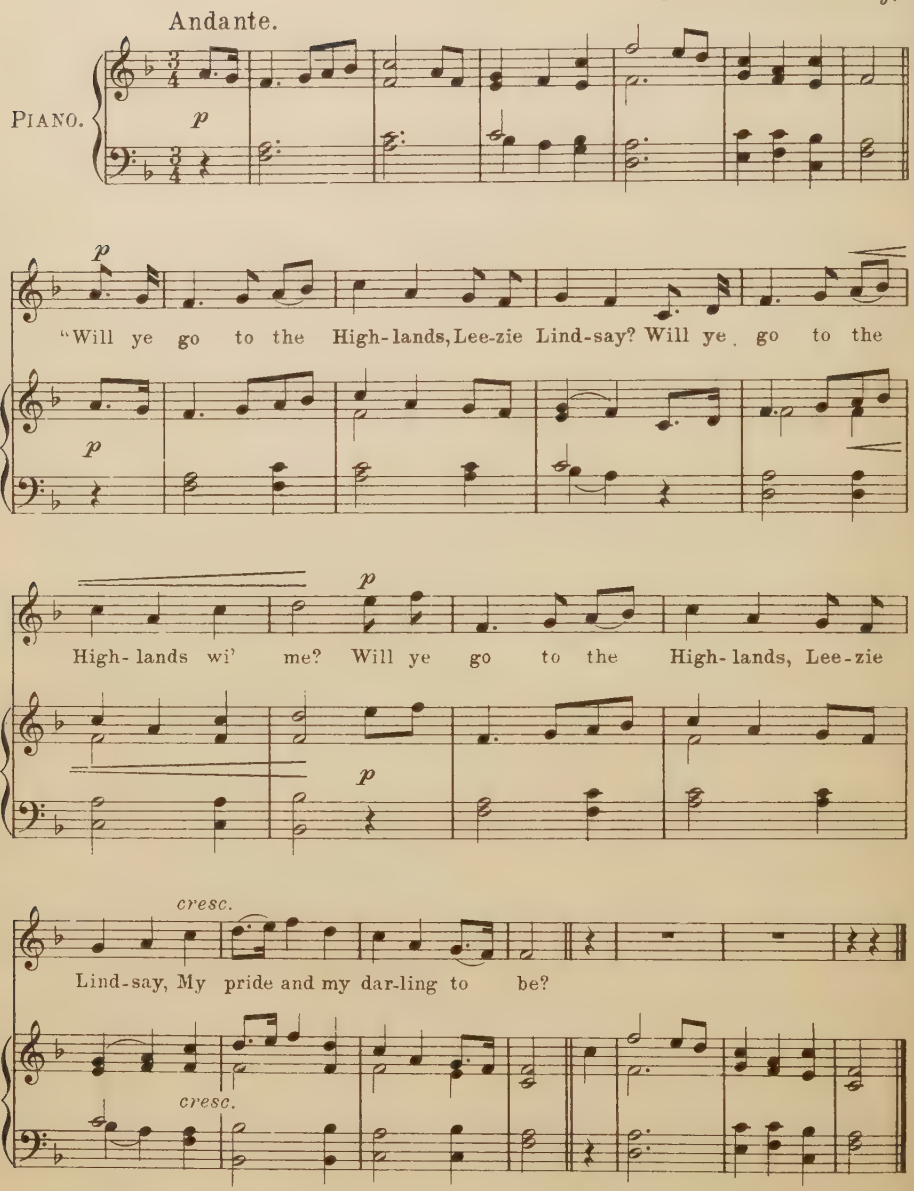
The rose upon the brier by the waters running clear
May have charms for the linnet or the bee:
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,
But my lover is parted from me.

My love is like the sun in the firmament does run—
Forever is constant and true;
But his is like the moon, that wanders up and down,
And every month it is new.

All you that are in love, and cannot it remove,
I pity the pains you endure;
For experience makes me know that your hearts are full of woe—
A woe that no mortal can cure.

Leezie Lindsay.

Tune: *"Leezie Lindsay.*


Andante.
PIANO.
p
"Will ye go to the High-lands, Lee-zie Lind-say? Will ye go to the
High-lands wi' me? Will ye go to the High-lands, Lee-zie
cresc.
Lind-say, My pride and my dar-ling to be?
cresc.

To gang to the Highlands wi' you, sir,
I dinna ken how that may be;
For I ken nae the land that ye live in,
Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'.

O Lizzy, lass, ye maun ken little,
If sae be ye dinna ken me;
For my name is Lord Ronald MacDonald,
A chieftain o' high degree.

She has kilted her coats o' green satin,
She has kilted them up to the knee,
And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald MacDonald,
His bride and his darling to be.

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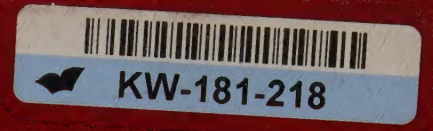
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